The Saturday Evening
POST
July 4, 1959 — 15¢

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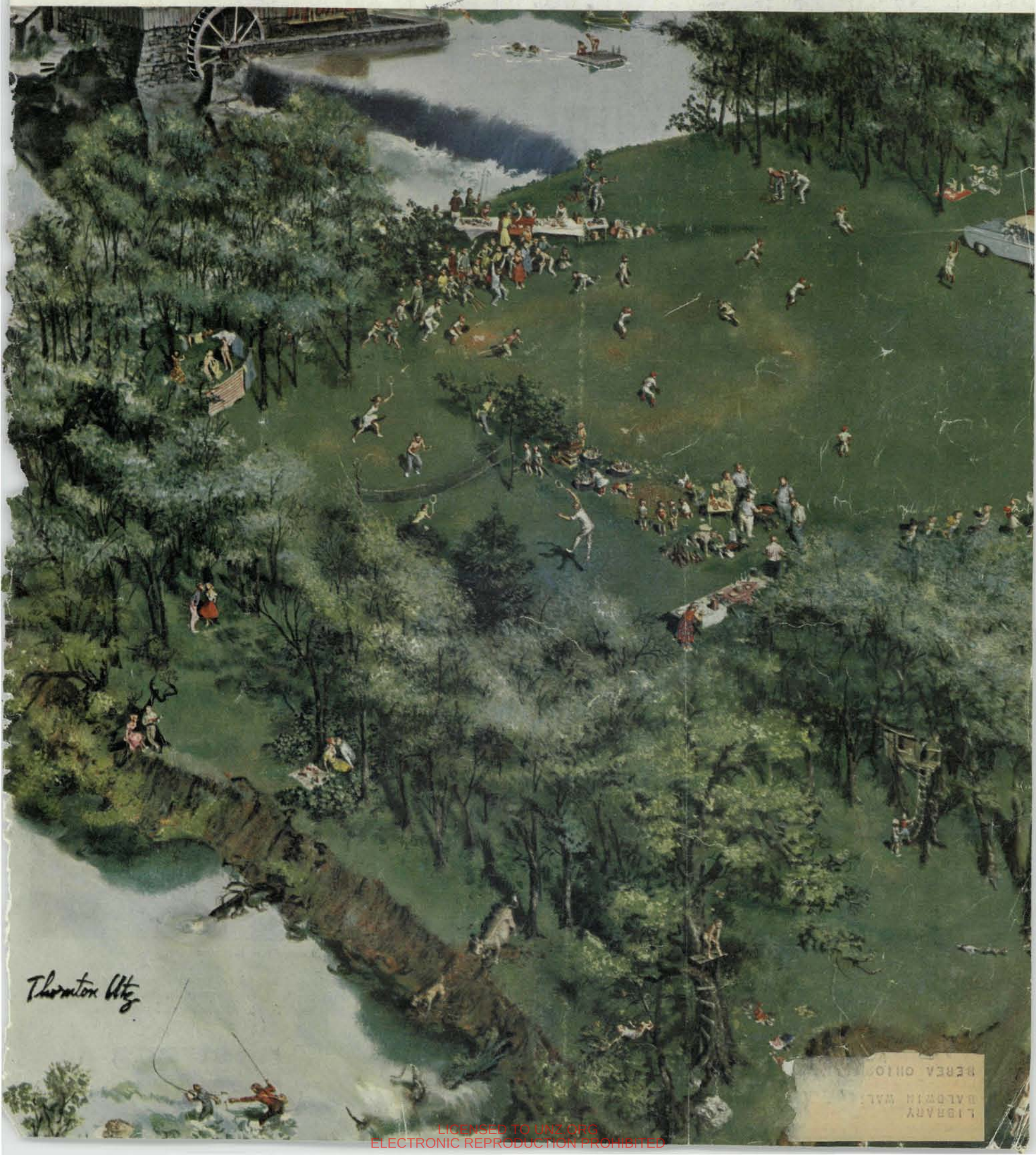
HOW HOFFA GOT THAT WAY
By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

WALTER REED HOSPITAL
By BEVERLY SMITH, JR.



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The Budds' old attic has become the family hideaway

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The flooring store craftsman gave the Budds' new floor a handsome custom design. Starting with Vinyl Corlon in Mosaic Styling 6515, he expertly cut in two of many shapes in Vinyl Decorator Inlays. The result, a lot of extra beauty for little extra cost!

All's quiet downstairs even when the youngsters dance upstairs. That's because Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment was installed under the Corlon. It's a layer of soft foam that cushions footsteps for luxurious comfort, reduces noise transmitted through the floor to downstairs rooms.

There's more fun, less work for the Budds with this new floor. In such a popular room, accidents will happen, but spilled things wipe up without effort. See Armstrong Vinyl Corlon at your flooring store. You'll be pleased with its moderate price.

SEND FOR FREE ROOM PORTFOLIO describing the ideas in this Family-Attic-Hideaway. *Sketch plan and list of furnishings are included. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5907 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 79-J, Box 919, Montreal, Quebec.*

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

WATCH ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE, ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, CBS-TV

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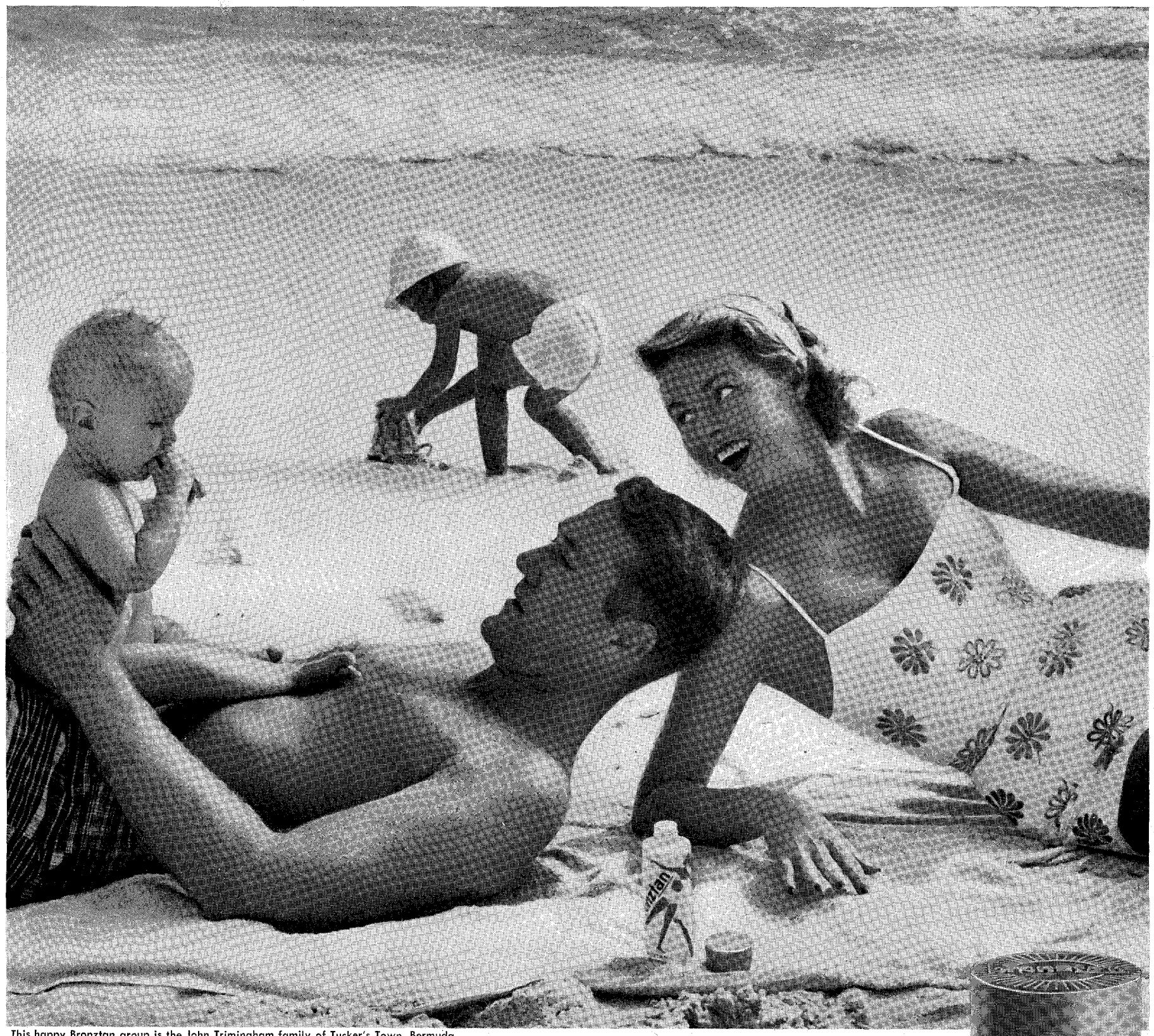
B-17



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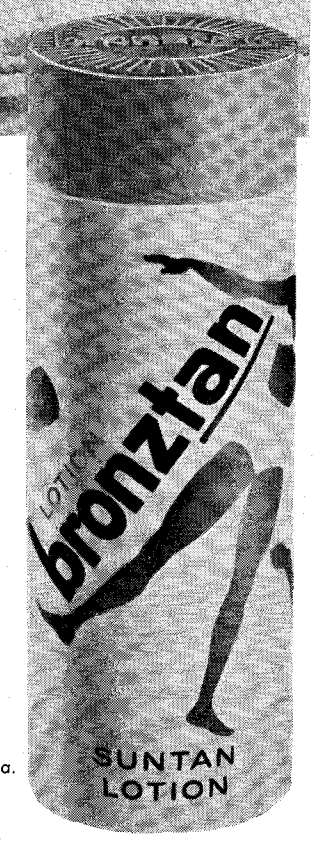

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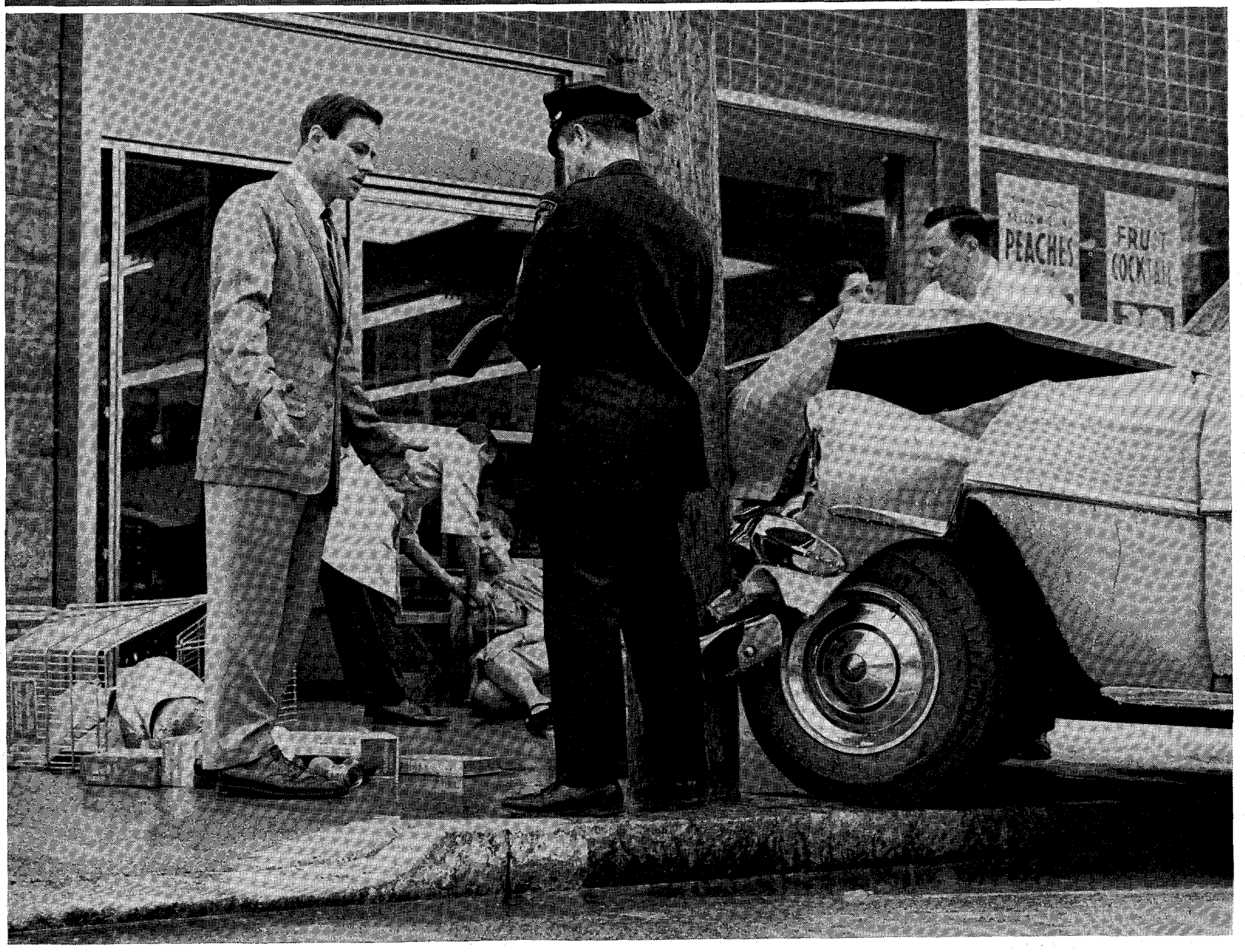

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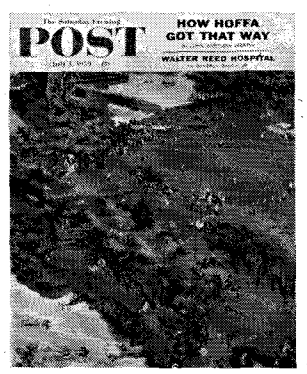

THE COVER

This is a Thornton Utz-eye view of a fine time being had by all, except in a few cases. The dog being chased by tin cans (lower right) is probably depressed; and up in the northeast corner a motorist has suffered a depleted tire, a mutilated window and a broken heart. Also, when Mr. Umps, behind home plate, tries to decide whether a legitimate home run or a ground-rule double has been hit, the resulting hassle may wound his holiday spirit. But nearly everywhere the mood is atingle with *joie de vivre.* Sun baths and water baths and ozone and food. And, of course, love; in the spooning department, soft music, tender words, a kiss or three and food. By the way, if that cow wants to have a real picnic, she should go stick her head into the ladies' boudoir (upper left) and moo.

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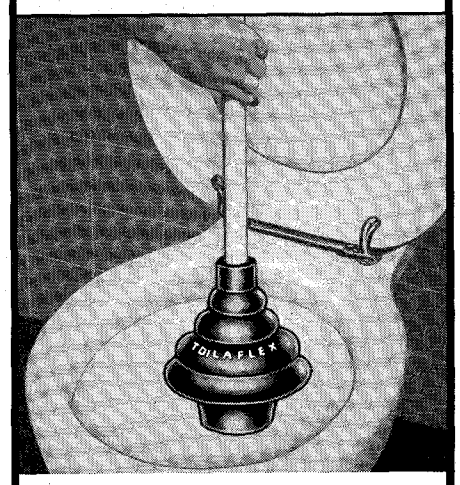
CLOGGED TOILETS
in a jiffy!



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For positive insurance against stuffed toilet, have a "Toilaflex" in your home.

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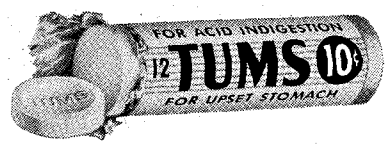
AT MOST HARDWARE STORES

ACID INDIGESTION?
KEEP YOUR TUMMY UNDER TUMS CONTROL!



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WOMEN'S: Tan, Red, White, Black
MEN'S: Tan, Brown, Black
CHILDREN'S: Tan, Red, White $6.95

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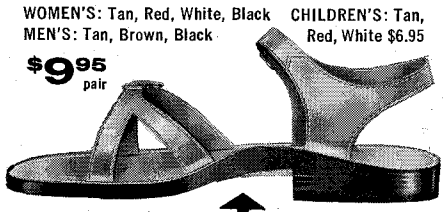

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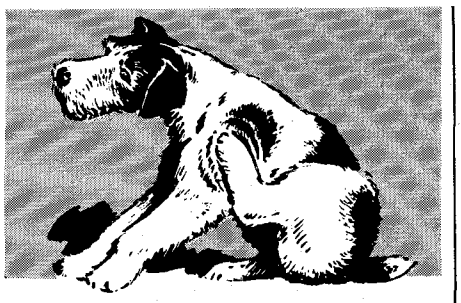
At all Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Shops, leading Shoe & Dept. Stores. If not available locally, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 61P, Chicago, Ill.



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HEAL DOGS' ITCH-SORES

STOPS SCRATCHING IN MINUTES

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Discovered by a famous veterinarian, Dr. A. C. Merrick—SULFODENE works almost instantly to stop fungus itch (often called 'summer itch,' 'mange,' 'eczema,' or 'hot spots'). Quickly promotes healing. Even the most frenzied itching relieved instantly. Open sores heal over. Scales disappear . . . hair grows back!

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LIQUID MEDICATION

Westchester Vet. Prods., White Plains, N.Y.

COOLER CHEST!

THIS all-aluminum chest will hold a full case of beverages. Equipped with a bottle opener, a drain plug, and removable food tray, it is ideal for picnic or traveling enjoyment.

To earn yours send us three 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10 each or five 2-year *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions at $6 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your home at the full advertised price. Both new and renewals count but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write your order on plain paper and mail with your name and address and full remittance to us. Offer good in continental U.S. only, until November 30, 1959. Sorry, no cooler chests may be sold for cash.

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OLD HICKORY
Straight BOURBON Whisky
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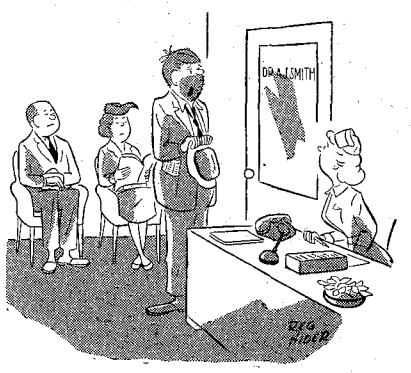
Letters

Good Night, Nurse



"Could he see me first? I'm left over from yesterday."

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed the enclosed cartoon [above] of the Post of May 30.

Thought you would get a chuckle from comparing it with this clipping [below] from the Johnstown Tribune-Democrat of June 2.

ROBERT WALTER
Johnstown, Pa.

the United States Chamber of

DOCTOR FORGOT HIS PATIENT— LOCKED IN OFFICE

GREELEY, Colo. (AP)—A patient, forgotten in an examination room, needed police help to get out of a doctor's office after closing time Monday.

The doctor and his nurse each thought the other had dismissed the patient, who called police from inside the locked office.

Patrolmen summoned the nurse who opened the door.

Small-Town Snobbery

Dear Sirs:

Author Shirley Jackson [STRANGERS IN TOWN, May 30] might have lived in the same small town that we did at one time. The situation was not so pointed as in her interesting story, but just to live quietly and respectably and mind our own business seemed to be cause for suspicion.

We lived there for seven years, and tried to take part in the community; but left almost strangers, although people seemed to know a lot about us. Miss Jackson could well have used an experience of mine, for one of my neighbors used to report to her office that I washed my personal laundry at noon, which gave rise to speculation as to whether or not I put on fresh underthings twice a day. Ye gods! How nosy can people get?

MRS. JOHN FISHER
Burlingame, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

I greatly enjoyed the story . . . but it brought back memories, because we once moved to just such a small town. . . .

When we moved in, there was such a tangle of purple morning-glories in the little, fenced-in side yard that some of them had crept through the broken pane of glass in the kitchen door and were laughing in at us. . . . Later we were to find that the morning-glories were about the only friendly things around there, because the people in that little town . . . were downright frigid toward anyone who was not born and bred there. . . .

I loved to sew; so when one day we went down to the small tavern and I saw the owner's wife piecing on a quilt, I suggested that she let me borrow the pattern. You'd have thought I was an escapee from the lunatic's home, from the way she looked at me. . . .

Another time a beloved dog died because no one would let us use a phone to call the veterinarian. . . .

Some kids finally told me that the reason they didn't like us was that someone said an old man who kept goats used to live in our house and the place was unhealthy. . . .

I hope some of those folks in that little town will manage to read Strangers in Town. Because it certainly is a story about them.

LOUISE WEIBERT SUTTON
Evansville, Ind.

Lumbering Beasts

Dear Sirs:

Shades of Paul Bunyan! What in the world is a "timberbeast?" In this northwest country and in the logging industry I've heard over the past forty years about every name ever applied to those who engage in woods work. We have whistle punks, bull cooks, fallers, buckers, donkey punchers, lokie engineers, brakies, S.I.'s and many more—but never a timberbeast. Verne Athanas' two-part story beginning in the May 23 issue is extremely interesting and well written, but to call a high climber or any logger a "timberbeast" would be an insult.

JOHN R. BARFIELD, SR.
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Just where and how did Verne Athanas get his knowledge of lumbering? . . .

In a large lumber-manufacturing plant one will find some highly skilled and well-paid specialists who are generally referred to with a measure of respect, certainly not as a "sawdust monkey." Possibly times have changed since I was a young man, but back in those times if anyone had used the term "beast" or "monkey," right there somebody would have gotten himself coldcaulked. (It's pronounced "colekok," Verne.)

BOB GOETHE
Charleston Heights, S. C.

Gandy dancer Athanas, 1935.

● *Author Athanas worked alongside loggers (timberbeasts) for many years as speeder monkey, gandy dancer and crum boss. He reiterates: "To a timberbeast, any sawmill worker is a sawdust monkey or sawdust eater."* —ED.

(Continued on Page 6)

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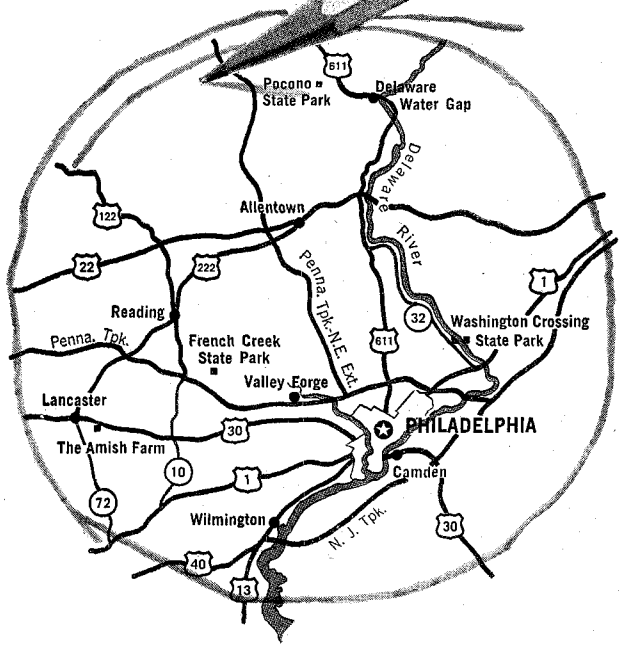
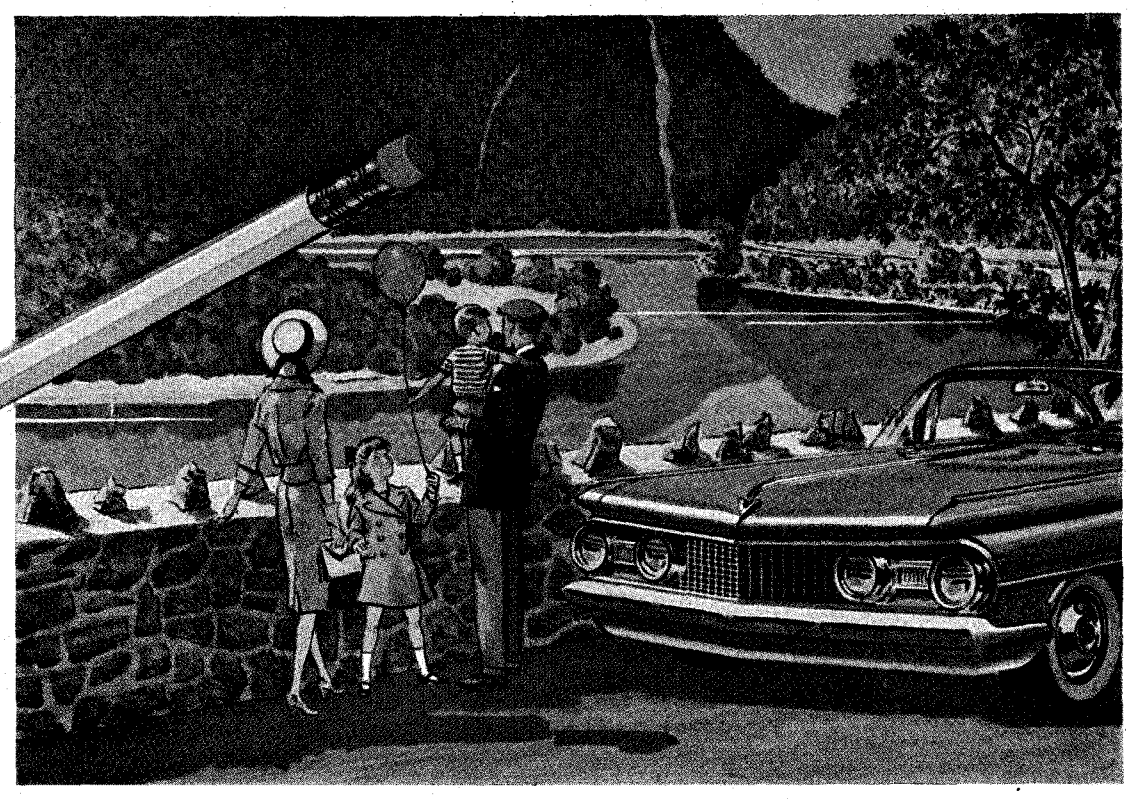
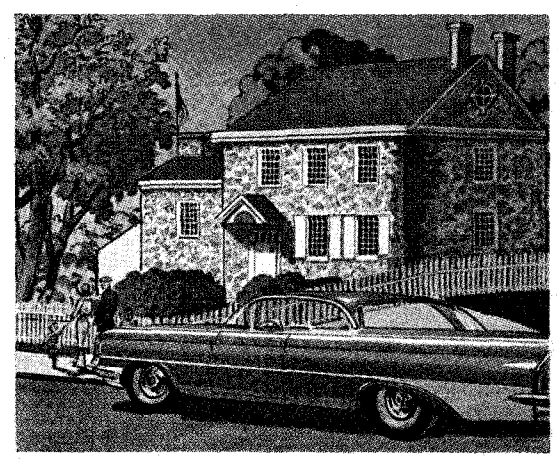
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

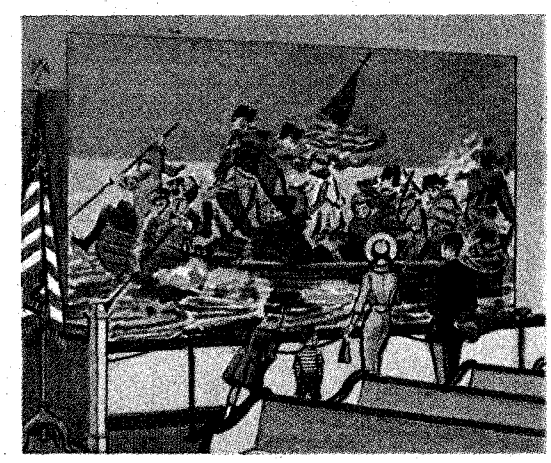




1. One of the most bewitching drives anywhere is through the Delaware Water Gap, majestic entrance to the Pocono Mountains vacation area. But how about the countryside around you? How long since you've really *looked* for a change of scenery?



2. Brush up on local history. In this Circle, the roads lead to such shrines as Washington's Headquarters in Valley Forge and Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Anywhere you drive, *your* map is a guide to historical landmarks, too.



3. And why not take advantage of your state parks? At Washington Crossing Park, for example, you can step into a little church and see the famous painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware" —and this one is the original.

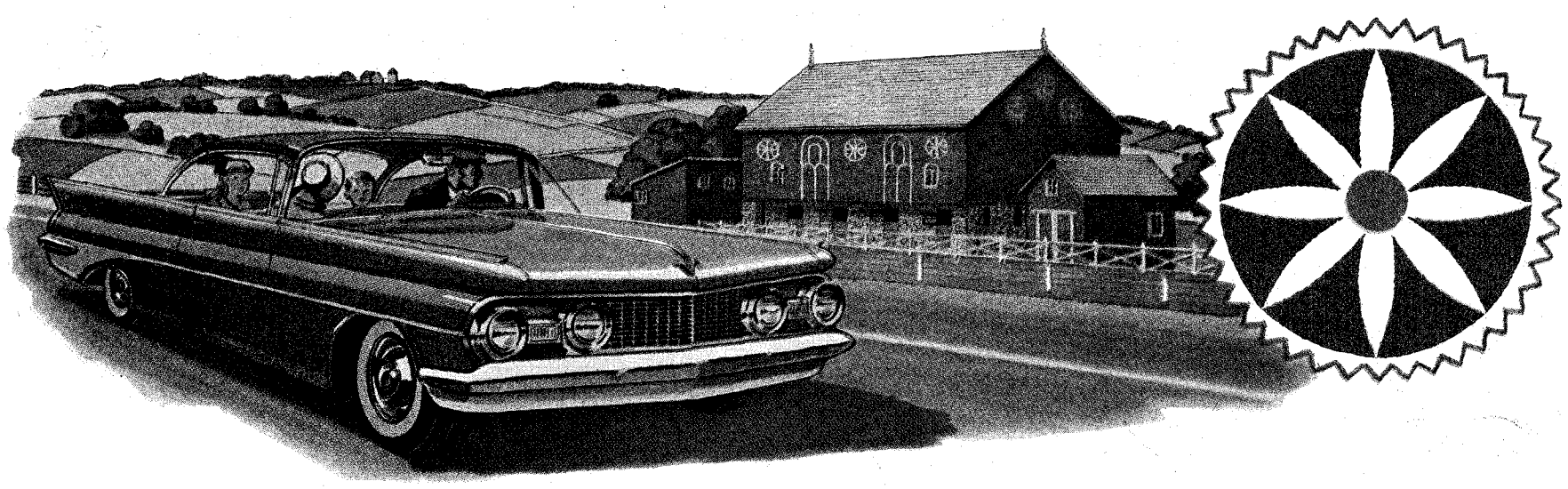
Here's another example—an *Old Pennsylvania* Magic Circle—of the pleasures that literally surround you, anywhere you live and drive. Just for fun, take a pencil and mark off your own Magic Circle—on any good road map.

You've got the car, and if you're missing out on this kind of fun, you aren't enjoying half of what your car investment offers you.

ETHYL ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL CORPORATION

This series of advertisements is published by Ethyl Corporation, to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl Corporation manufactures antiknock compounds used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.

4. You can show your family the "country customs." Pennsylvania Dutch country, near Lancaster, is an Old World treasure of "hex" decorated barns, fairs, auctions, and wonderful people. In *your* Circle, a leisurely drive through back roads can be just as rewarding.



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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

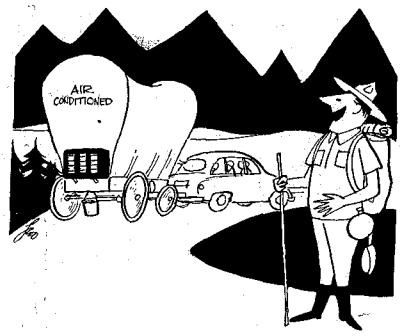
The Kitchen Sink

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading Paul Schubert's article, YOU CAN GET AWAY FROM IT ALL [May 30], and have finally managed to control my laughter.

Mr. Schubert's list of equipment, including cots, two stoves, tables, chairs, and even a kitchen sink, sounds as if Mr. Schubert is not "getting away from it all," but is taking it all with him. If he's going to lug all that stuff around, he might as well stay at home with the air conditioner turned off. The effect is the same.

I have lived, hiked, and camped in the Smoky Mountains for most of my twenty-three years, and in that time I have discovered that it is possible to survive with only . . . thirty to forty pounds of gear, including food, and depending on the season and the length of the trip. . . .



I have slept warmly in the mountains of Colorado at temperatures as low as twenty-five degrees below zero, using only what I carried on my back.

BILL DOGGETT
Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

The self-reliance and inventiveness developed by living simply in the out-of-doors makes men out of boys. And the man is much freer to appreciate the deep beauties of his surroundings when unencumbered by rakes, chairs, charcoal cookers and alcohol.

SHARON A. FAIRLEY
Mt. Holyoke College
South Hadley, Mass.

"Killer" Crawford

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed reading KILLER AT THE CARD TABLE [by Stanley Frank, May 23] and was reminded of a local wit who described a player of John Crawford's type as "a fellow who knows all the rules when they're in his favor."

H. F. NORRIS
Columbus, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Having published an article on how to take unfair advantage of your opponents at the bridge table by means of psychological trickery, why not go a short step further and give your readers pointers on the use of marked cards and secret signals between partners?

W. L. PENDERGRAFT
Columbus, Texas

Dear Sirs:

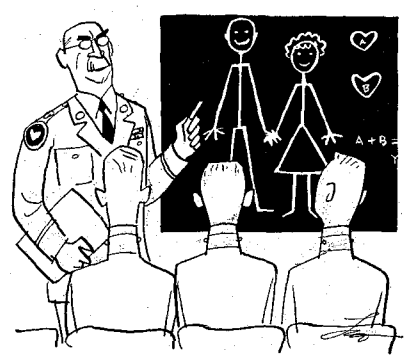
In the circles in which I play bridge—at a twentieth of a cent a point—some of Mr. Crawford's tactics would have only one name: dirty bridge. Perhaps when the stakes become higher, this becomes strategy?

A. P. HUNTINGTON
Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Officer's Mate, 1/c

Dear Sirs:

In reference to Cadet Peter Dawkins' statements [MY LIFE AT WEST POINT, as told to Harold H. Martin, May 30] about the cadets' lack of preparation for marriage: After twelve years of marriage to a West Pointer (class of '46), I can truthfully say that once he fully realizes that



his wife is not a plebe, things go along quite smoothly.

Incidentally, this education may take several years.

MRS. E. A. LEMBECK II
Arlington, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

A truly inspiring article.

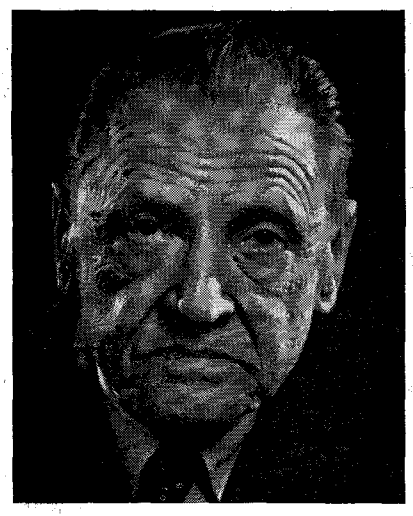
PFC. WILLIAM GORMAN, USMC
Quantico, Va.

Dear Sirs:

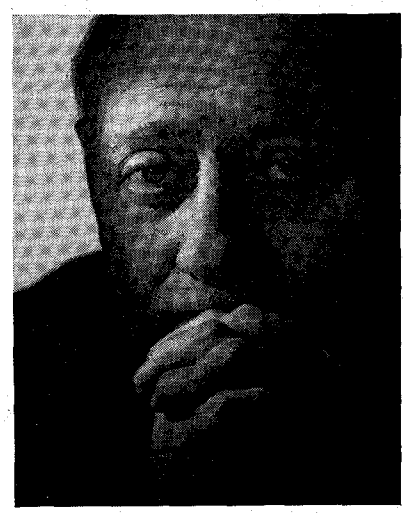
Dawkins is strictly from Cubesville. He leaves me cold, cold, cold—like BRRRRR!

C. BROWN
Honolulu, Hawaii

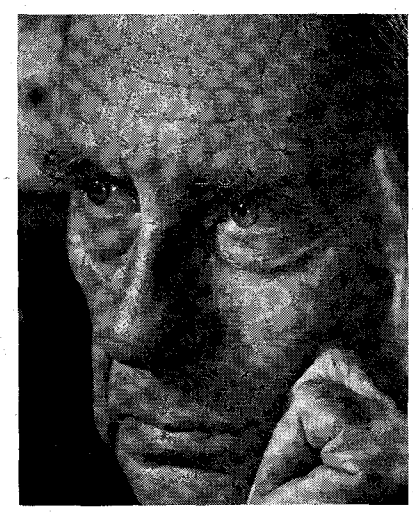
MOLE, WRINKLE, DIMPLE



Maugham.



Gerard.



Gropius.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks to the Post, the whole world
may now view
The intimate side of the erudite few.
In oversized blow-ups of each rugged
face,
With breathless excitement we hasten
to trace
Every mole, wrinkle and dimple;
Every scar, whisker and pimple;
Each little blackhead and pore
We never suspected before. . . .
Thus from great men who are writing
our history
The Post has removed every vestige of
mystery.

LEONARD ORMEROD
North Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

A few more of the pictures such as the one of Dr. R. W. Gerard [Adventures of the Mind, 28: YOUR BRAIN AND YOUR BEHAVIOR] in the May 30 issue of the Post and I'll be ready for mental examination. Do they have to be so *big?*

GRACE KNACK
Liberty, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

When you publish the Adventures of the Mind series in book form—soon, I hope—it would seem imperative that you include the uniformly good, sometimes outstanding, portrait photographs which accompanied the articles.

ALVIN DUIS
Sidney, Nebr.

● *The book, which will not be illustrated, is scheduled for fall publication. Details will be announced in a forthcoming issue.* —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–From Verne Athanas. • 6–Karsh; Arnold Newman; Philippe Halsman. • 13–U. S. Army; Larry Keighley. • 14–Larry Keighley; Wide World; Larry Keighley. • 15–Wide World. • 16, 17–Edwin Georgi. • 18–Arnold Newman. • 20, 21–Paul Nonnast. 22, 23–John Titchen. • 24–Fred Otnes. • 25–European; Camera Press. • 26–Ollie Atkins; anonymous. • 27–Ollie Atkins. • 28, 29–Mac Conner. • 30–Harry Saltzman; Charles Higgins–Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. • 31–Morgan Kane. • 32–Larry Keighley; William M. Stephens. • 33–Two by Larry Keighley; William M. Stephens; Larry Keighley. • 36–Austin Briggs. • 56–Larry Keighley. • 68–Larry Keighley. 80–Anonymous; Frank Ross; Ernest Libby; Pictorial Parade.

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SUPER ROAD LUG
Powerful off-the-road traction PLUS long, smooth highway mileage

HI-MILER CROSS-RIB
Shatters highway tread-wear records

Hi-Miler, Road Lug—T. M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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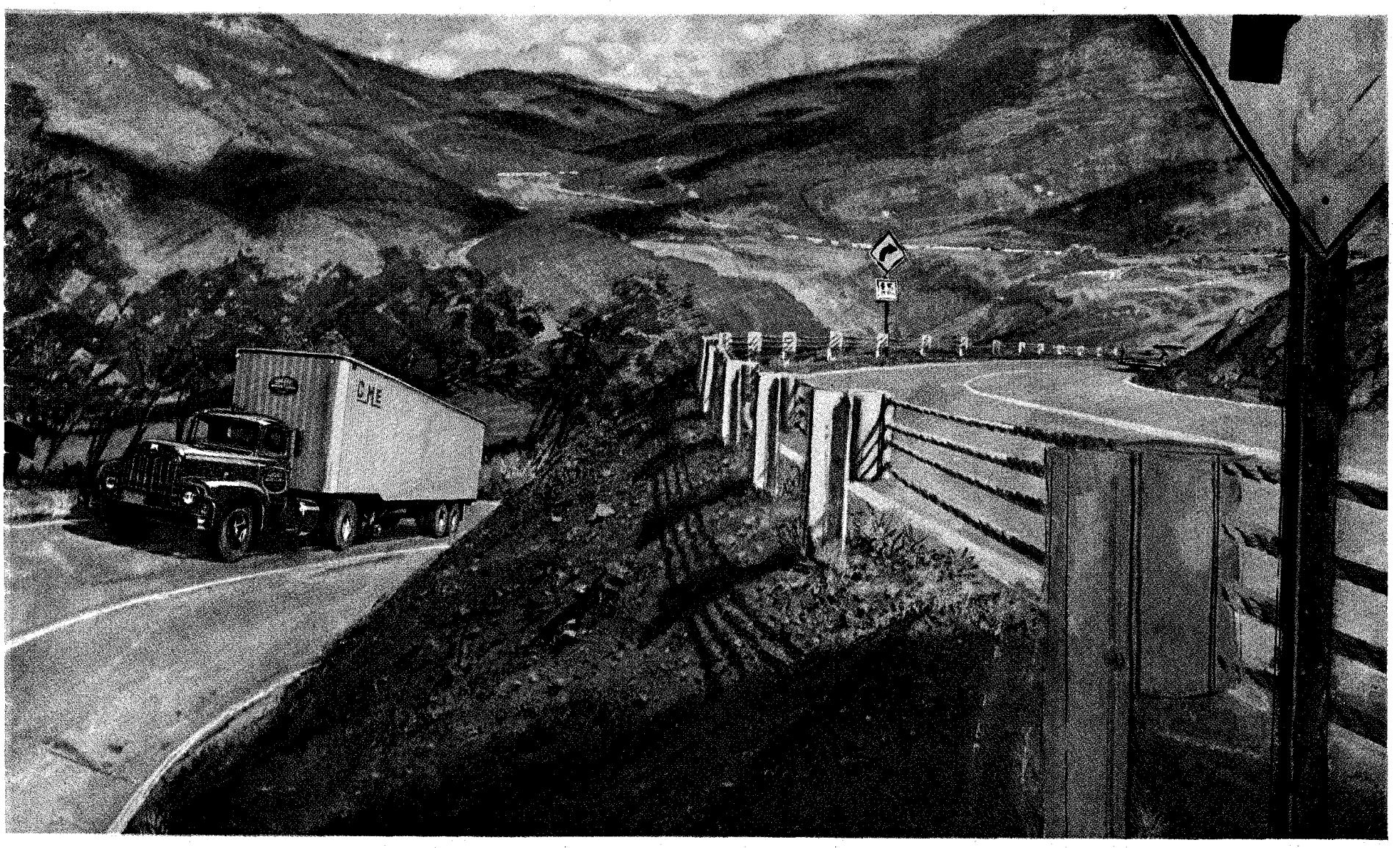
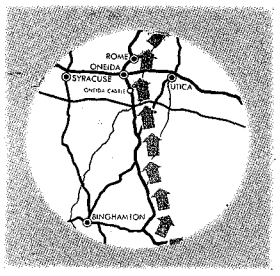
"Cabin Hill to Oneida Castle – we built up our tire mileage over 100%!"



Cossitt Motor Express of Hamilton, N.Y., find Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs real money savers on their hard-driving hauls



"We handle cargo from a large part of upstate New York into the metropolitan area," says L. Allen Cossitt, President of this hustling company. "A lot of our runs combine fast turnpike travel with Catskill Mountain grade-climbing.

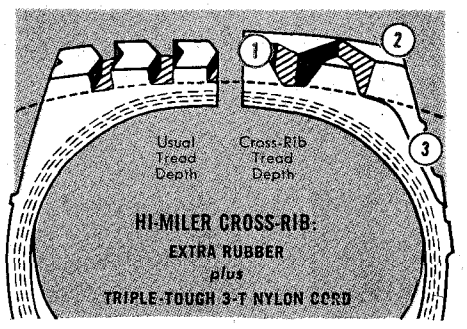
"But even wet, slippery roads don't upset our schedules since we've been using Cross-Ribs. Sideslips no longer are a threat, and the greater traction sees that we get through tough spots."

Cossitt Express further detail their satisfaction with Cross-Ribs in a simple but eloquent dollars-and-cents quotation from their carefully detailed cost records. "Last year," says Mr. Cossitt, "our business increased better than 11% over the year before. We covered 15% more miles to earn it.

"But our tire cost-per-mile was *9% LESS.*"

Mr. Cossitt is specific about tire mileage from Cross-Ribs. "We used to average 40,000 original tread miles from our previous tires. Our Cross-Ribs are averaging 82,000 – over 100% more. And they're better on recaps, too."

The super-tough extra tread on Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs—the ruggedness of their 3-T Nylon Cord construction – is racking up similar records among big and small highway haulers all over the world. Just request the details from your Goodyear dealer – or write Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.



①60% thicker nonskid tread! ②Cooler-running tread design. ③Triple-Tough 3-T NYLON Cord. (Goodyear triple-tempers Nylon cord in an exclusive process involving Tension, Temperature and Time, to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH—for longest tire life, most recaps, lowest cost-per-mile!)

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Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening

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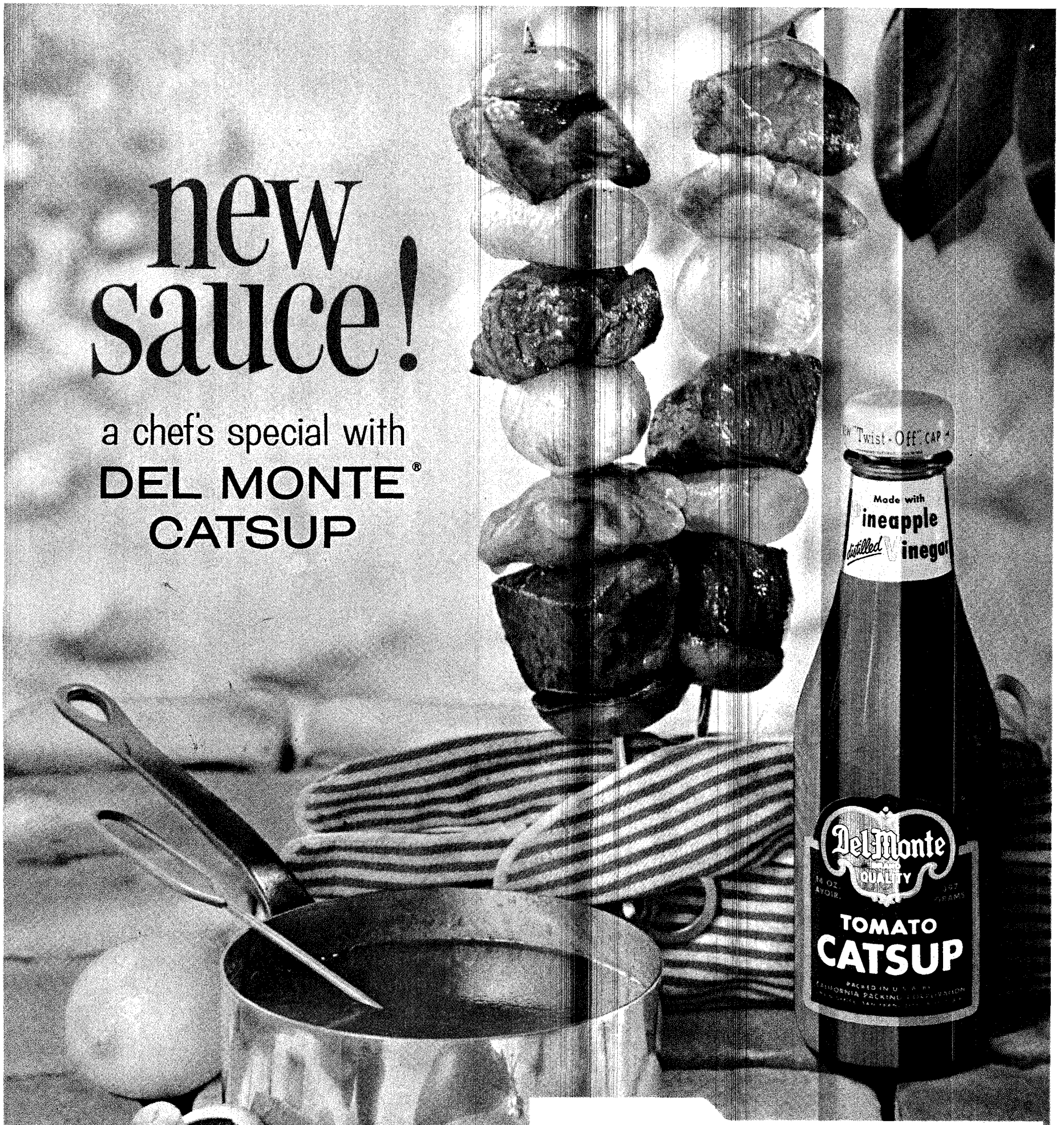
new sauce!

a chef's special with
DEL MONTE® CATSUP



SUPER SAUCE (use it to marinate and to baste!)

DEL MONTE Catsup tastes livelier! The pineapple distilled vinegar accents the flavor of ripe tomatoes, zesty spices.

- ½ medium onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, sliced
- ¼ cup olive or salad oil
- ¾ cup DEL MONTE Catsup
- ½ cup water
- 1 lemon, thinly sliced
- ¼ cup tarragon vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. Best Foods Mustard with Horseradish
- 3 Tbsp. Worcestershire Sauce

Sauté onion, garlic in oil till tender. Add remaining ingredients; cover. Simmer 15 min.; strain. (Makes 2 cups.) Pour 1 cup warm sauce over 3 lbs. beef cubes. Marinate 1-5 hours. Thread kebabs of beef, mushrooms, parboiled carrots, summer squash, onions. Use remaining sauce to brush kebabs and baste as they broil.

DEL MONTE CATSUP CAN HELP YOU WIN KAISER FOIL'S COOKOUT CHAMPIONSHIP! RULES AT GROCERS' NOW

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Philadelphian pays $12 a month for a General Electric Thinline that cools two bedrooms

THINLINE AIR CONDITIONERS

Left, below: For $320 including installation, the Williams have a Thinline Air Conditioner to cool an 18' x 15' bedroom and a 10' x 15' bedroom. As these case histories prove, no air conditioning job is too tough for General Electric Thinlines . . .

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

THE JOB: Cooling two bedrooms at low cost *. . . Mrs. William Williams wanted an air conditioner she could rely on to cool an 18′ x 15′ bedroom and an adjoining 10′ x 15′ bedroom.*

THE ANSWER: For $12 a month—$320 including installation—Mrs. Williams' schoolteacher daughter bought the 9,000 BTU* General Electric Custom *Thinline*. "It's attractive," says Mrs. Williams, "and it's a powerful cooler, too. We have a boarder who visits with us in our rooms and she says our *Thinline* is a 'God-sent friend'."

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

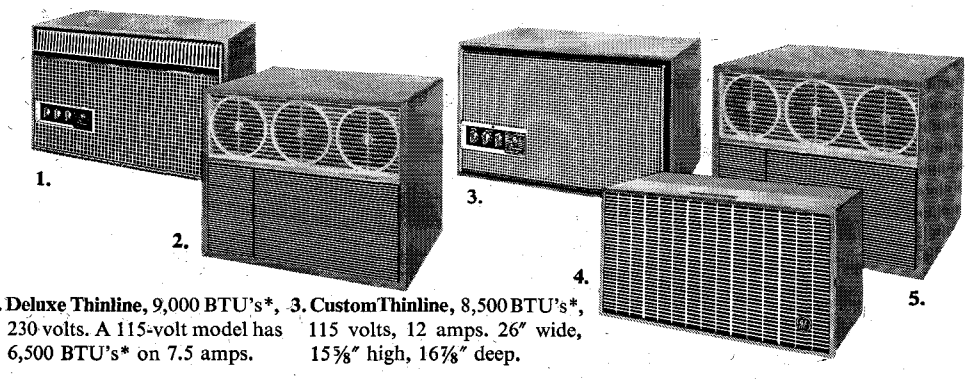
THE JOB: A respiratory condition *was bothering 81-year-old Mrs. Feeley. The doctor recommended air conditioning, and Mrs. Feeley's widowed daughters, Mrs. R. L. Brandes and Mrs. Murcheson, complied.*

THE ANSWER: A 1 hp, 10,000 BTU* General Electric *Thinline* in each of two bedrooms and a 1½ hp, 14,500 BTU* *Thinline* in the dining room window cool the well-shaded, 6-room bungalow and helped clear up Mrs. Feeley's condition. An added benefit: "It sure helps our dispositions to come home to a cool house," says Mrs. Murcheson.

HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA

THE JOB: Sopping humidity and occasional cold weather *confront Mr. and Mrs. William F. Dentzer, causing mildew and salt spray erosion.*

THE ANSWER: Three 1 hp, 10,000 BTU* All-Weather *Thinlines* cool and heat this 1,890-square-foot home, hold humidity down. Each *Thinline* drains 2.9 pints of water per hour from the air. A fourth All-Weather does the apartment over the garage. So mildew, heat and cold snaps all bow to the *Thinlines*. As Mr. Dentzer puts it, "I paid $1,100 for our four *Thinlines* and wouldn't part with them for $5,000."



1. Deluxe Thinline, 9,000 BTU's*, 230 volts. A 115-volt model has 6,500 BTU's* on 7.5 amps.

2. Super Thinline, 16,000 BTU's*, 2 hp. A 1½ hp model packs 13,000 BTU's*. Both 230 volts.

3. CustomThinline, 8,500 BTU's*, 115 volts, 12 amps. 26″ wide, 15⅝″ high, 16⅞″ deep.

4. Thinette, 6,000 BTU's*, 7.5 amps, 115 volts. 13″ x 13″ x 25″. You-do-it installation.

5. All-Weather Thinline, 10,000 BTU's* of cooling; 10,000 BTU's* of heating.

Easy to afford, General Electric *Thinlines* are your biggest bargain in comfort. Comfortable terms available through General Electric Credit Corporation or through other reputable financing institutions. Ask your G-E dealer which *Thinline* is right for you. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

**Capacities tested and rated in compliance with National Electrical Manufacturers' Assn. Standards CN 1-1958.*

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Editorials

We Can't Let the Caribbean Go Red by Default

For some reason it has been difficult to arouse much concern, among either politicians or the public, about what is going on to the south of us in Latin America. Since the success of Castro in displacing one brutal dictatorship with what looks like another, there have been sporadic reports of attempted raids on neighboring Caribbean countries; Panamanian grumbling about United States administration of the Panama Canal reaches a daily new high, and leftist broadcasts from a dozen stations, identifiable and otherwise, spray the area with anti-United States propaganda.

The possibility is that we may be witnessing the beginning of a Red-sponsored development in that area from which the Geneva conference was intended to distract our attention.

The present Communist threat to Latin America is to some extent our responsibility. As Edward Tomlinson points out in his new book, Look Southward, Uncle! (Devin-Adair), during World War II, "Washington recommended to our neighbors that it would be a helpful gesture for allied solidarity" if several Latin-American countries, which had never recognized the U.S.S.R., should do so. They also legalized local Communist parties.

Having accepted the principle of nonintervention in inter-American disputes, the United States acts principally through the Organization of American States, which Roy R. Rubottom, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, described recently as "both a practical reality and a symbol of an ideal toward which we are striving in our international relationships." Mr. Rubottom concedes, however, that the present tension in the Caribbean area "puts the OAS again to a severe test of its capacity to maintain peace and security." As of now the OAS cannot intervene in a Latin-American dispute unless both parties agree to bring their differences before it. Obviously no such request would be made by a Communist-supported group which had taken over a small but strategically important country in that area.

The abortive invasion of Panama in April was squelched by the local armed forces backed by the determination of this country and the OAS to prevent an overthrow of the De La Guardia government. Nevertheless Sen. George Smathers of Florida has stated that, had the Communists managed to land no more than 250 men in Panama, they would have had a good chance of overthrowing the government. Senator Smathers has suggested a naval and air patrol of the area set up by the Organization of American States. The senator suggests a mobile unit which would patrol the area and protect a threatened country "while the issue was being settled, as it should be, around the conference table."

The conference table is appropriate in most circumstances, but should it appear that a Communist beachhead is being attempted in this hemisphere, there would be little to confer about. In the end such a challenge would have to be met by this country on the principle that, as the Monroe Doctrine stated it in 1823, we would "consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

It is likely that the heads of our fellow American states would welcome such a statement. One wonders, though, how it would be received in this country. The notion that our first duty in this hemisphere is to be "against dictators," regardless of our national interest, is widely accepted. When students at sophisticated universities, like Harvard and Princeton, can "go wild" over the bearded Castro, of whose purposes and connections they knew next to nothing, it is disturbing to imagine the reaction of "intellectuals" to a sober, unsentimental restatement of the Monroe Doctrine.

Nevertheless, it remains true that, as the pre-Castro Havana Post stated, "all that stands between any individual state upon which Communist Russia might have designs is the United States of America, without whose military power the target country would be next to defenseless." Perhaps cooperation in the threatened area would improve if that simple fact were stated more often.

The Hula Hoop May Be a Capitalist Fad, But it Has the Reds Jumping, Too!

By VICTOR LASKY

Is the hula hoop America's secret weapon in the cold war? One might think so after reading the press of some Communist nations. The hoop, it appears, is a capitalist-inspired fad aimed at "degrading" the masses.

This incredible propaganda campaign against a child's toy is dividing the Communist world. The official Red Chinese News Agency has launched a series of attacks on the Communist press of other nations "for running publicity campaigns boosting the nauseating craze that began in the United States and spread to other capitalist countries."

The craze had its origins about a year ago when two young West Coast toymakers, having heard of the huge sales of hoops in Australia, manufactured a couple and tried them out—successfully—on neighborhood children. Ever since, millions of hoops have been sold in the United States, and the fad spread to other parts of the world.

In France the hoop got off to a quick start after authoress Françoise Sagan, with typical lack of inhibition, permitted herself to be photographed with a hoop in orbit. So phenomenal were London sales that the fad was quickly noted on the editorial page of the staid Times. In Germany ex-boxing champion Max Schmeling turned hoopster for the benefit of newsreel cameras. In Finland a hoop marathon was staged. Japan's Prime Minister Kishi was presented with one on his sixty-second birthday.

The first Communist country to succumb to the craze was Yugoslavia, perhaps because its leadership, as Comrade Khrushchev has insisted, consists of "capitalistic-minded deviationists." Last November Belgrade officially announced their forthcoming production. On January 17, 1959, a Belgrade factory put the hoops out for sale. They were quickly gobbled up by small-fry deviationists. Soon three other factories were put to work turning out hoops in huge quantities.

Red Poland was not far behind. But bureaucracy being what it is, actual sales of hoops were held up until the price commission could decide what to charge. The delay infuriated a leading Warsaw magazine. "If the Ministry of Light Industry and the Chamber of Artisans do not quickly embark on the production of hoops," its editors thundered, "we will be seriously delayed in hoop progress, particularly on the international level."

Faced with this tremendous public demand, the bureaucrats were forced to take action. Finally, Radio Warsaw announced the good news to an impatient public:

"Today is a historic day," an announcer breathlessly intoned. "The price commission has finally fixed hoop prices. There has been a tremendous demand for hoops. But, as you know, we are dependent on production, and production has been dependent on the price commission. Now everything should be all right."

Meanwhile, East Germany's Red government appointed a "special committee for physical culture and sport" to investigate the potentialities of the hoop. After lengthy deliberations, the committee decided that, despite their "capitalist" origin, the hoops were useful for physical development. Their manufacture is now under way.

In Russia, however, the hoops don't appear to stand a chance. Although Khrushchev has not yet handed down a final judgment, several Soviet newspapers have denounced hooping as "undignified" and—the worst sin of all—"uncultured."

Apparently this is one area in which the Kremlin does not seek to enter into "peaceful competition" with the United States.

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"Do not regret growing old. It is a privilege denied to many."

Most of us cling to some antiquated ideas about growing old. We think of life's later years as a time when we will be "on the sidelines"—spending lonely and idle hours in a rocking chair.

There's no denying that old age has certain drawbacks. But the unpleasant picture you may have of it is out of date. Today, many of our senior citizens—*and there are more than 15 million of them aged 65 or older*—enjoy travel, recreation, good health and the satisfaction of serving their communities.

If you'd like to follow in the footsteps of those who are still living usefully and happily after retirement, you should start some intelligent planning—*long before your 65th birthday*. For instance, you will want to plan for your health, economic security and the active role you'd like to take in your community.

To help you live to a *healthy* old age, be sure to: (1) *have regular health examinations* . . . (2) *eat enough, but not too much of the right foods daily* . . . (3) *practice good health habits, including regular exercise* . . . (4) *develop interests for your leisure time.*

Health Examinations. Regular check-ups can be your most important safeguard against the chronic or degenerative diseases which occur most commonly in the middle and later years. Your periodic examinations may disclose trouble while it can still be "nipped in the bud"—or its progress delayed.

The Right Foods. Build your diet around those foods that will supply enough protein, vitamins, and minerals—and keep your weight from creeping up. Meat, milk, eggs, poultry, fish, vegetables, fruits, bread and cereals—these foods in suitable amounts will help keep your body in good repair and your weight in check. Always avoid fad diets.

Good Health Habits. Habits of exercise, sleep and recreation can make a big difference in how you feel. For instance, regular exercise will help keep your muscles in tone and your circulation active. With your doctor's help, you can work out a plan for living that will conserve your physical and mental resources.

Interests for Your Leisure Time. Chances for happiness are slim at any age unless your leisure is occupied with activities of either personal or social value. So, develop hobbies or take part in community affairs. Such activities will stimulate your mind and keep you in touch with people of all ages.

Your chances of living to a ripe old age are good. That's why you should also take an interest in the things that are being done today—perhaps in your own home town—to make the lives of all our senior citizens more rewarding. *What we do for others today, others may someday do for us.*

So, look ahead and plan wisely. And as time slips by and "the future" becomes the present, you will find it is bright—because you have made it so.

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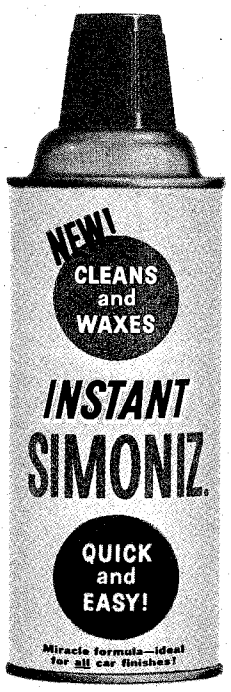
NEW! MIRACLE FORMULA—IDEAL FOR ALL* CAR FINISHES!



Genuine paste wax plus cleaner ...in a push button can

Now you can clean and wax your car—*quick* and *easy*. Now you can enjoy all the beauty, all the lasting protection of a Simoniz Paste Wax job—without the hard work. Just spread Instant Simoniz, rub in well, let dry, and wipe to brilliant luster. Instant Simoniz! In a modern push button can. Try it.

*All car finishes—new acrylics, melamines, lacquers, and enamels—look better, last longer, shine brighter with Instant Simoniz care.

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Gives you a real Simoniz job without the hard work

cleans and waxes... quick and easy!

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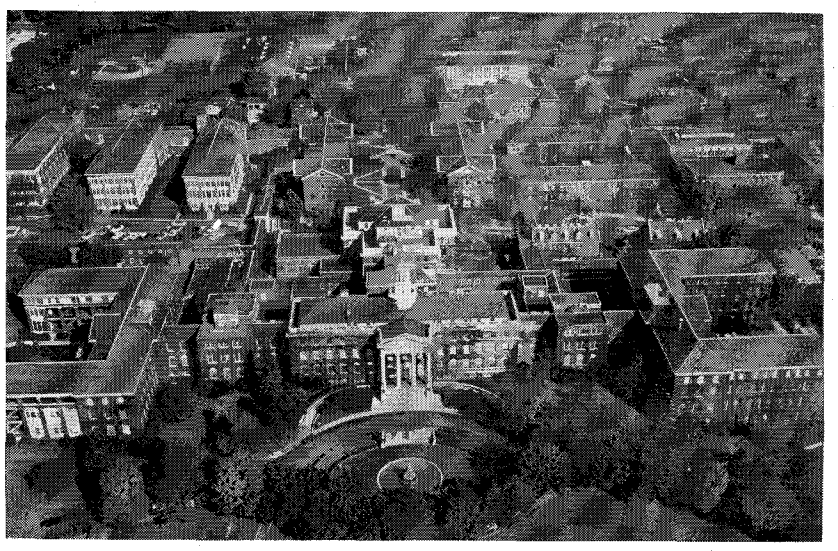
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

HOSPITAL OF FAMOUS PATIENTS

By BEVERLY SMITH, Jr.
Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post

For fifty years Washington's renowned Walter Reed Army Hospital has cared for soldiers and statesmen. Here any GI gets the same medical care as a Prince of Arabia or a President of the U.S.



Walter Reed Medical Center, named for the Army surgeon who conquered yellow fever, covers 320 campuslike acres in Washington, D.C.

Three years ago on the night of June 9, 1956, the civilized world anxiously waited word from the Walter Reed Army Hospital and Medical Center in Washington, where President Eisenhower was undergoing major abdominal surgery for ileitis. The news, when it came, was good. There was a similar tension last February while at the same hospital physicians studied the condition of the man who had come to personify the policy of the free world vis-à-vis Russia: the late John Foster Dulles. This time the news was bad and grew more tragic during succeeding months as Mr. Dulles fought his courageous battle against cancer.

In March while Secretary Dulles still hoped to resume his full duties, he was twice visited at Walter Reed by Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan and Foreign Minister Lloyd, accompanied by President Eisenhower. The four men discussed the Berlin crisis. This is the first time, so far as I know, that a hospital has been the setting for

Anesthesia room: Here, in individual curtained compartments, patients are prepared for surgery. After anesthesia is complete, the curtains are drawn back (below), and patients are wheeled into the operating rooms.

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Until a strict Army order put an end to the fun, wheel-chair patients used to race backward down the corridors at speeds estimated up to thirty m.p.h. Now, as shown above, traffic travels at a safer pace.

Dr. Walter Reed (1851–1902). His goal: "In some way at some time to alleviate human suffering."

conferences of major heads of state. In early May former President Truman, himself once a Walter Reed patient, called to see Mr. Dulles and the critically ill General Marshall. Three days later Mr. Eisenhower brought his guest, Sir Winston Churchill, to visit the same two noted patients.

Such events have carried the name of Walter Reed around the world. Now is a good time, in its fiftieth-anniversary year, to see how this great hospital developed; also to recall the unusual fortuities and fortitudes by which it got its name, its start and its traditions. This was a case where destiny turned on a hair, or rather a lack of hair: specifically, on the inability of a certain Doctor Reed to grow whiskers.

In the 1870's beards were in full style and flower, especially in the medical profession. Patients regarded a doctor's facial foliage as the warranty of his wisdom, the essential appurtenance of his dignity, benignity and bedside manner. This was a cruel handicap to a brilliant young physician named Walter Reed, who could raise a mustache but not a beard. In 1874 he began to despair of earning enough in private practice to get married on.

"It is a remarkable fact," he wrote (July 18, 1874) to the girl of his choice, Emilie Lawrence, "that a doctor's success during the first decade depends more on his beard than on his brains . . . I can boast none of the former." Therefore, he confided, he planned to take the exams for a commission as an Army surgeon, which would give him a modest but reliable income. In 1875 he passed the exams, married Emilie, and was commissioned a lieutenant in the United States Army Medical Corps.

Beardlessness led on to greatness. For private practice would never have given Dr.

In the scrub room before surgery are (from left): the Army's Surgeon General, Maj. Gen. Leonard Heaton, surgical resident Maj. Latimer Booth, and Brig. Gen. James Forsee, deputy commander of Walter Reed. General Heaton was head of the hospital prior to becoming Surgeon General.

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Walter Reed the opportunity in 1900 to lead the team of Army physicians and enlisted men who gambled their lives to prove that yellow fever is transmitted by the *Aëdes aegypti* mosquito. Thus the dread yellow jack, which used to slay its thousands every year in the tropics and had ravaged many American cities, was at last brought under control.

One of Reed's associates, Dr. Jesse Lazear, died of the self-administered fever. Another doctor, several enlisted volunteers and one civilian volunteer barely survived the wasting, painful disease. Major Reed, engrossed in the work, neglected an appendix infection which was to take his life in 1902, at the age of fifty-one.

The experiments were heroic, the results historic. They made life safer over great areas of the globe. Incidentally, they expedited the building of the Panama Canal. Earlier French efforts to cut a canal through the Central American jungles had been stalled by the yellow-fever toll among the workers.

Finally, Walter Reed's achievement supplied the inspiration for the hospital named in his honor. It first opened in 1909—a small establishment with eighty beds and half a dozen Army doctors. In a half century it has grown to a vast medical complex staffed by 4800 persons, military and civilian: doctors, research men, nurses, technicians, ward attendants and other helpers. Its buildings occupy 320 beautifully landscaped acres. It normally accommodates about 1500 patients and in wartime has taken care of nearly 3000 at a time. It also serves about 5000 out-patients a week.

More important than the growth in size and numbers has been the ever higher standard of medical care. In its beginnings Walter Reed was just another military hospital. But the name itself carried a certain magic. And here over the years hundreds of dedicated men made discoveries and perfected techniques which have benefited not only the armed forces but mankind everywhere. Since World War II Walter Reed has taken its place as one of the world's renowned medical centers.

Besides the famous patients mentioned earlier, many foreign celebrities have come to Walter Reed for treatment, among them President U Win Maung of Burma, the little Prince Mashhur of Saudi Arabia, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat of Thailand, India's Chief of Staff Gen. K. S. Thimayya, and the late Gen. Sir John Dill of Great Britain.

Staff members are proud that so many notables, able to afford the best care in the world, have chosen to come to Walter Reed. But they are annoyed by the false public impression, created by the headlines, that Walter Reed caters primarily to VIP's and "the Brass." In fact, the vast majority of patients are enlisted men and their dependents. The greatest pride of the doctors is that private and President receive medical care of the same quality. The private's accommodations are less spacious and luxurious; usually he is placed in a ward. But he, too, if his condition requires it, has a private room and nurses around the clock. And for him, too, if his case is especially critical and baffling, specialists from afar are flown in for consultation.

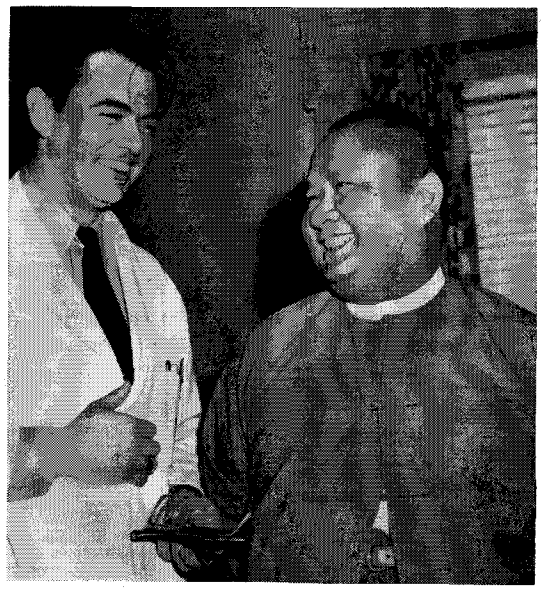
One physician, who first came to Walter Reed as a private in World War II, said:

(Continued on Page 68)

VIP's: DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

The President, with Mrs. Eisenhower, waving to a group of well-wishers outside his window at Walter Reed, where he spent three weeks in 1956 following his ileitis operation.

The late John Foster Dulles as he entered Walter Reed in April, stricken with cancer. Despite the best efforts of modern science, he died there five weeks later.



President U Win Maung of Burma visited Walter Reed for four days in 1957 to undergo an examination for a head injury which he suffered falling from a horse.

Gen. John J. Pershing, who spent his last years at the hospital, once panicked the staff by "going AWOL." He was later found quietly dining in his old hotel.

Prince Mashhur, the lame three-year-old son of Arabia's King Saud, was treated at Walter Reed in 1957. Since then much of his paralysis has disappeared.

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"Whatever you were to him, I don't know," Mrs. Merryman said. "Was he with you all those times he was away?"

THE OTHER WOMAN

By JOSEPH CARROLL

Is this the worst discovery that a loving wife can make about her husband?

It ought to be all in a day's work for an experienced lawyer like Ken Taverner, and a short day's work at that if all went well, and yet he had been troubled from the beginning by the sense that he was quite the wrong man for the case. It was not even a case as yet and might never become one. It was only a "delicate matter" of the sort he had often handled with expert and perfunctory tact over the years. But every mention of the name of Justine Aherne started a memory, almost the memory of a memory so long ago it seemed, and his sympathies were upset.

A lawyer ought not to have sympathies except those retained for a fee. And Justine Aherne was nothing to him. He had never even seen her, face to face, as presently he would be seeing her if she was true to her word. She was only a figure seen by a very young man in a balcony seat, over hundreds of heads in a darkened theater. This was a memory to which many thousands were entitled, one with no privilege for affection, the ridiculous emotion that the name persisted in stirring up. It was like nostalgia for a home he had never had.

He wondered if his partners would think it ridiculous, too, if he tried to beg off the Merryman matter. He decided they would—and would be right. Mrs. Will Merryman was an important client, and neither he nor the firm could afford his little misgivings. Besides, he should in the ordinary human way be feeling sorry for Mrs. Merryman, who was a wronged and blameless widow. He gave her his attention again as she sat in the deep leather chair next to the desk in his plain office, with nothing but books to decorate it.

"It isn't the money, of course," Mrs. Merryman said.

"Of course," Ken murmured. It never was the money. It was the principle of the thing, a devotion to abstract justice, and feathers for the nest were only incidental. In Mrs. Merryman's case this might well be so; her nest was well feathered and it remained to be seen exactly what she wanted out of the meeting with Justine Aherne which she had asked Ken to arrange. It was bound to be harrowing for everybody except—just possibly—Justine Aherne.

"I want to find out," Mrs. Merryman said, "what claim this woman has on Will, if any. Would she take it into court, do you think?"

"I don't know," Ken said. "She was hard to reach. The newspapers found that out. They never did reach her."

"They ran enough pictures of her," Mrs. Merryman said. "She must be very beautiful."

"She was," Ken said cautiously. "But the pictures were all from the files. She's been retired for years, though she isn't what you'd call old." He held back a sigh. If Justine Aherne was old, so was he, and he supposed he had a year or two on her.

"She can have the money," Mrs. Merryman said. "But not the way Will seemed to want her to have it in that peculiar document he left. I can't believe he knew what he was doing when he wrote that. I was with him every day until the end. He didn't speak to me, but that was because he was so ill. He only looked at me. If only the newspapers hadn't got hold of that paper, it need never have come out."

Uncomfortably Ken said, "But it would have had to come out. He asked the doctor and two others from the hospital staff to witness it. They even had a notary. It was all too formal for the hospital people to ignore it. In conscience, they couldn't have. He was a dying man. They needn't, I admit, have made it so easy for the press to make a sensation out of it. But the most dedicated people are likely to lose their minds at the chance of making headlines."

And headlines Will Merryman's death had made. It would (Continued on Page 49)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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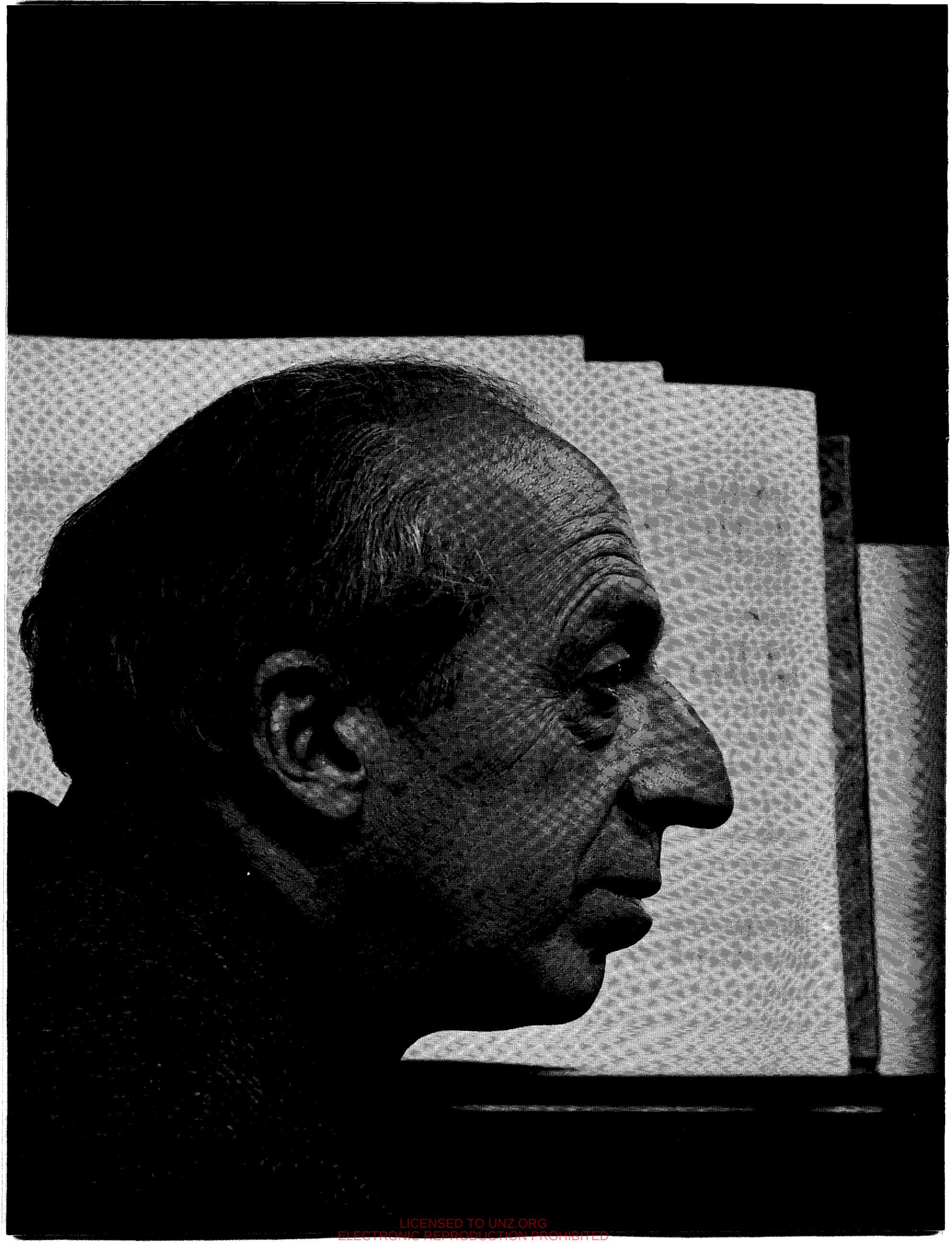

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The Pleasures of Music

By AARON COPLAND

That music gives pleasure is axiomatic. Because this is so, the pleasures of music may seem a rather elementary subject for discussion. Yet the source of that pleasure, our musical instinct, is not at all elementary—it is, in fact, one of the prime puzzles of consciousness. Why is it that sound waves, when they strike the ear, cause, as a British critic describes it, "volleys of nerve impulses to flow up into the brain," resulting in a pleasurable sensation? More than that, why is it that we are able to make sense out of these nerve signals so that we emerge from engulfment in the orderly presentation of sound stimuli as if we had lived through a simulacrum of life? And why, when safely seated and merely listening, should our hearts beat faster, our toes start tapping, our minds start racing after the music, hoping it will go one way and watching it go another, deceived and disgruntled when we are unconvinced; elated and grateful when we acquiesce?

We have a part answer, I suppose, in that the physical nature of sound has been thoroughly explored; but the phenomenon of music as an expressive, communicative agency remains as inexplicable as ever. We musicians don't ask for much. All we want is to have one investigator tell us why this young fellow seated in row A is firmly held by the musical sounds he hears, while his girl friend gets little or nothing out of them, or vice versa. Think how many millions of useless practice hours might have been saved if some alert professor of genetics had developed a test for musical sensibility.

The fascination of music for some human beings was curiously illustrated for me once during a visit I made to the showrooms of a manufacturer of electronic organs. As part of my tour I was taken to see the practice room. There, to my surprise, I found not one but eight aspiring organists, all busily practicing simultaneously on eight organs. More surprising still was the fact that not a sound was audible, for all eight performers were listening through earphones to their individual instrument. It was an uncanny sight, even for a fellow musician, to watch these grown men mesmerized, as it were, by a silent and invisible genie. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 38*

About the Author

Aaron Copland has been acclaimed the "Dean of American Composers." Born in Brooklyn fifty-eight years ago, he was the first American to study composition with Nadia Boulanger, who later taught so many of his musically gifted compatriots. Some of his best-known compositions draw their inspiration from folk sources, notably the ballets Rodeo, Billy the Kid, and Appalachian Spring. The latter score won a Pulitzer Prize in 1945. He is also a compelling lecturer and writer on music. This article was originally presented as a lecture last April at the University of New Hampshire. Photograph by Arnold Newman

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The Great Golden Coin

By DAN GALLERY

Millions of people were doomed until two men in a bar found the simplest solution of all.

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Reporters and radio commentators flashed their versions of what was happening to all corners of the globe.

Once upon a time just after the beginning of the Atomic Age there were two great nations, more powerful than any others on earth. They were progressive nations, had great natural resources and produced the greatest scientists, engineers and inventors the world had ever seen.

They split the atom, developed nuclear propulsion and built huge rockets that carried men and whole laboratories of scientific equipment into outer space. They put satellites into orbit around the earth, sent expeditions to the moon and back, and established colonies on Mars. Many of the greatest scientific discoveries in history were made at this time.

But these two nations did not trust each other very much. So they also built thousands of hydrogen bombs, any one of which could obliterate the biggest city on earth in a microsecond. They fitted these bombs in the noses of small rockets with a range of only about six thousand miles, but with devilishly accurate guidance systems. They mounted these rockets on launching pads at the bottom of deep concrete wells located all over the northern hemisphere, bore-sighted the guidance systems on each other's big cities and kept the rockets constantly ready to launch on an instant's notice by the push of a button.

This naturally made the inhabitants of both countries get a little bit nervous. Husbands began beating their wives more often than it was necessary. Mothers quit beating their children, and juvenile delinquency came to be regarded as normal teen-age behavior. Everybody began running around with other people's husbands and wives, and a game called Russian roulette became very popular.

Everybody knew that a rocket war would be a suicidal business of mutual obliteration. Everybody knew that no sane human being ever would give the order to fire one of those rockets because, although it was quite possible for either side to destroy all the big cities of the other in about fifteen minutes, it was quite impossible for either side to destroy the other's underground rocket batteries. So the nation which fired first would itself be obliterated thirty minutes after the order for the sneak attack by a retaliation attack launched soon after the first (Continued on Page 61)

Illustrated by Paul Nonnast

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Collector

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Philip Hatch, of Windsor, Vermont, has been saving his own auto license plates for thirty-five years and other people's for nineteen. Now he has more than 5000, a few of which are shown here, nailed to the side of his barn. They're not worth anything, he says, but a collector's zeal is founded less on the collection's value than on its completeness. Philip Hatch aims to get at least one plate for every year from every state in the Union. The first United States auto license of record was New York's of 1901. Right now Mr. Hatch is working on Pennsylvania—1906, 1907 and 1910 are missing. The two plates he is holding are the latest issues from the nation's two newest states.

The Hatch collection illustrates two trends—toward lighter, more simplified design, and toward conformity. Some of the older plates, such as the bright red 1911 New York tag hanging upside down at the bottom of the picture on this page, weigh as much as a pound and a half. Others came in a variety of sizes and shapes. Today the average plate weighs four ounces or less, and since 1956 all have been standardized at six-by-twelve-inches in size.

What does a collector do when he completes his collection? Well, Mr. Hatch is starting to acquire foreign license plates. The possibilities are staggering. He may have to build another barn. ❁ Photograph by John Titchen

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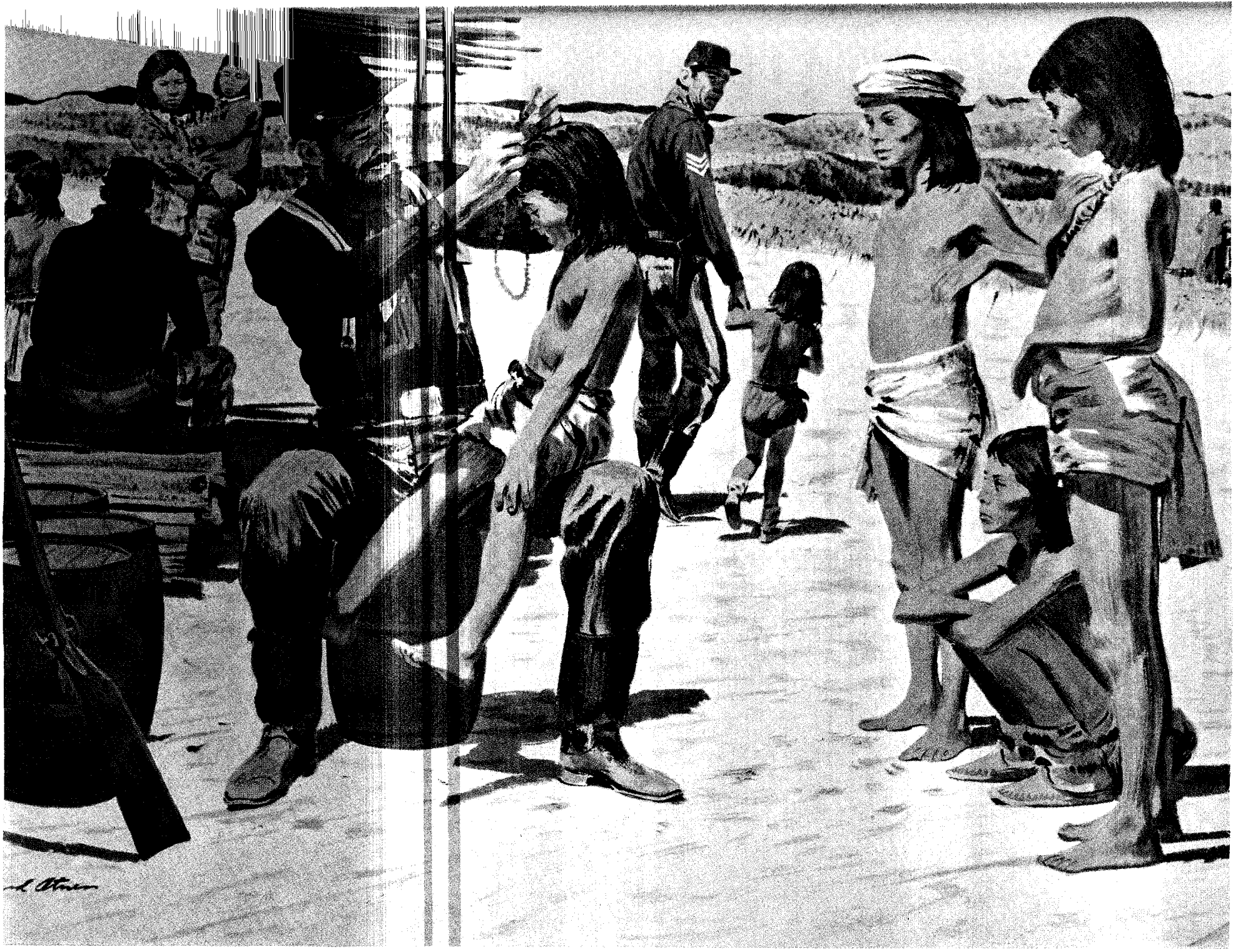

The little Indians swarmed over the lonely mountain station, playing games with the soldiers and sitting on their knees to beg for trinkets.

The Attack on the Mountain

It was a new Apache trick: using squaws and kids to soften up the soldiers.

By GLENDON SWARTHOUT

This is about a general and a petticoat and three squaws and a rat roast and a sergeant and some other soldiers and a mutt dog and an old maid and a message.

The general was Orlando R. Thurman. He followed George Crook and preceded General Miles in charge of the military department of Arizona, in which vast command the Apaches, still feisty in the 'Eighties, were accustomed to breaking out of the agencies, stealing horses and cattle, burning ranches, deceasing the settlers, and being beat-all scampish. Tender in the beam, he was disinclined to spend much time in the saddle, as Crook had done, preferring to reign over reviews and fancy-do's and let the terrain and the latest in tactics conduct his campaign for him.

To this end he scattered his cavalry in troops across that area most pested by the Indians, ready to strike at any raiding band close-range, and also set up the most intricous, cosmographical system of observation and communication ever seen in the West. The finest telescopes and heliostats were obtained from the chief signal officer in Washington. The heliostat consisted of a mirror set on a tripod and covered with a shutter; by means of a lever which alternately removed and interposed the shutter, long or short flashes of light coded out words, the distance depending on the sun's brilliance and the clearness of the atmosphere. Men from an infantry regiment were trained, then stuck up on peaks so as to form a network. (Continued on Page 65)

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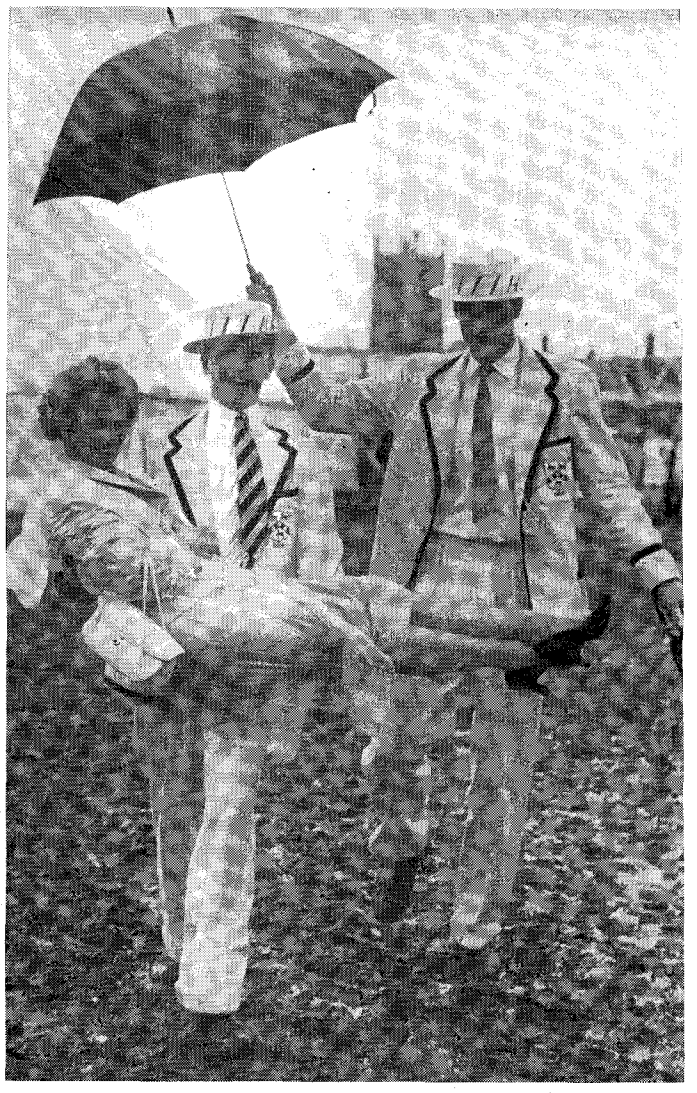
Rowing's No. 1 Spectacle

This week the world's best oarsmen race for international glory at the little English town of Henley. For excitement and charm this classic sporting event is unique.

By SAMUEL B. GRIFFITH

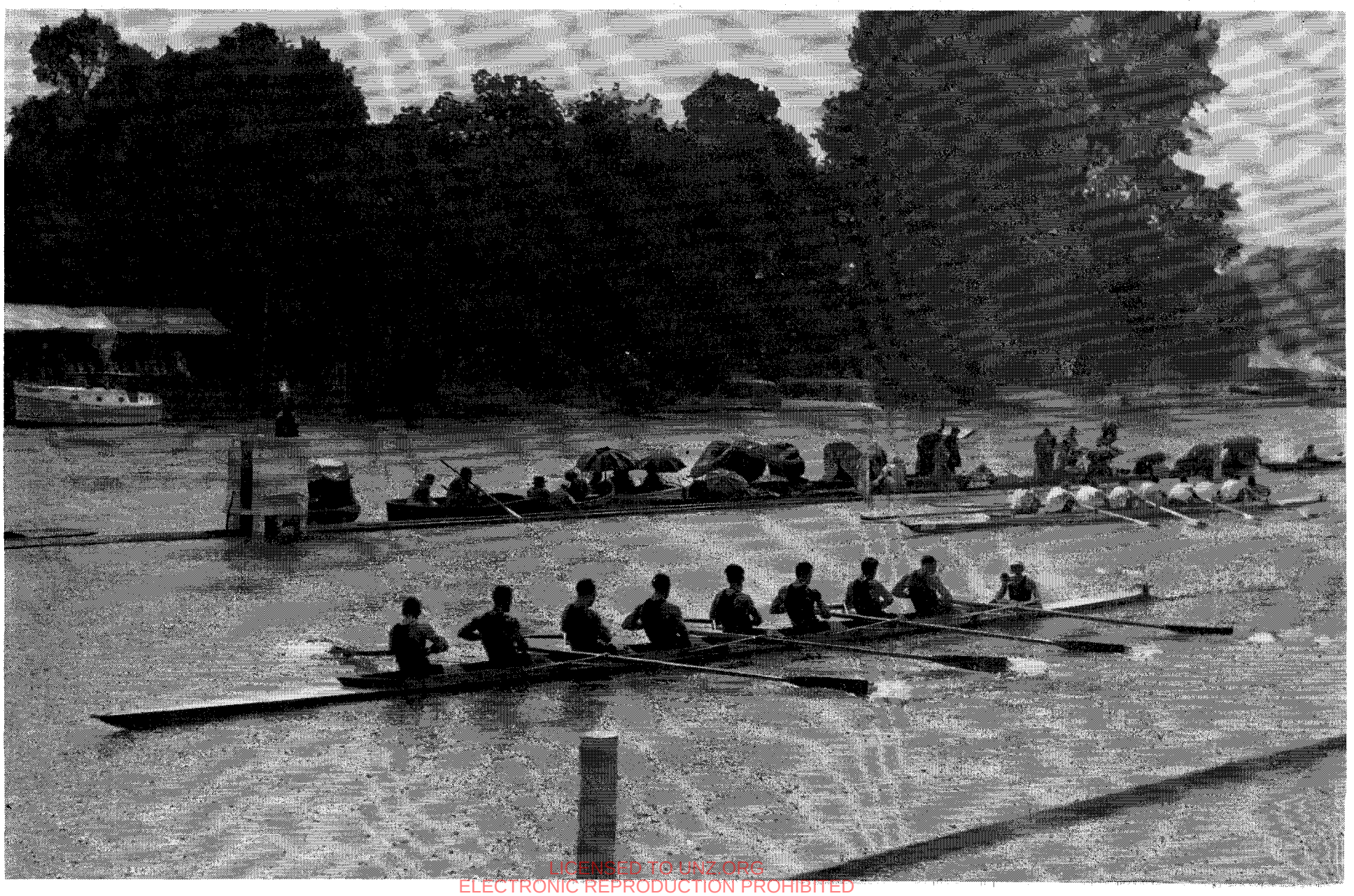
Under a summer sky the Henley Reach, the most historic stretch of water in the oarsman's world, is ordinarily peaceful. Here the Thames flows straight as an arrow for a mile and a half toward Marlow on its course to the sea. Between the graceful stone bridge at one end of the reach and Temple Island at the other, swans rest lightly on the placid water, and pipe-smoking anglers wait patiently. Near the banks cows ruminate in the lush meadows of Buckinghamshire to the north and Berkshire to the south. By the riverside picnickers spread blankets and unpack their baskets. Close to the shores punters pole slowly. The only indications that this is the age of the machine are occasional motorboats, running almost silently with muffled exhausts, and the Salters steamers, which proceed with a decorum not usually associated with river excursions.

This bucolic atmosphere is disturbed every year about the middle of June when Her Majesty's Swan Master, Mr. Fred Turk, arrives to "up" swans, a necessary preliminary to the Henley-on-Thames Royal Regatta, which takes place on the reach during the first week of July. "Upping" (Continued on Page 77)



Part of the show is the crowd—many in boaters and blazers—that swarms to the banks of the Thames.

The Trud Club of Leningrad defeating the University of Washington in the first heat of the 1958 Grand Challenge Cup. The Russians also won in the finals, but later the Huskies took a return match in Moscow.



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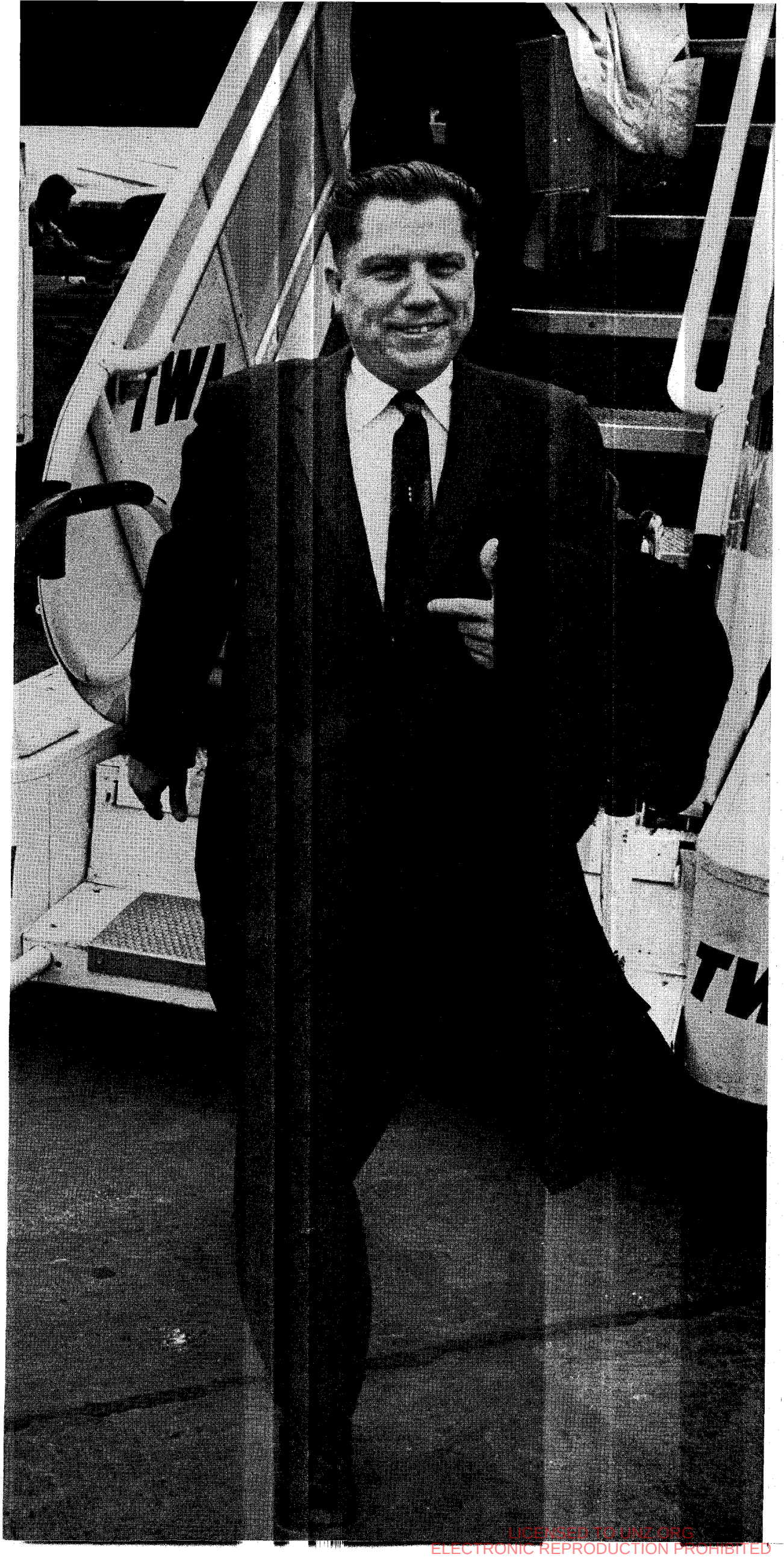

THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA

PART TWO

The Making of a Labor Boss

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

During the strike-ridden '30's Jimmy Hoffa battled his way up in the union, fought in the streets, and once was arrested eighteen times in one day.

1939: This police mug shot was taken when Hoffa was arrested after a picket-line disturbance in Detroit. The charges against him were dismissed.

Today Hoffa is continually on the move, tending to the affairs of his far-flung labor empire. Unlike his predecessor, Dave Beck, who usually traveled with a retinue, Hoffa makes many of his trips alone.

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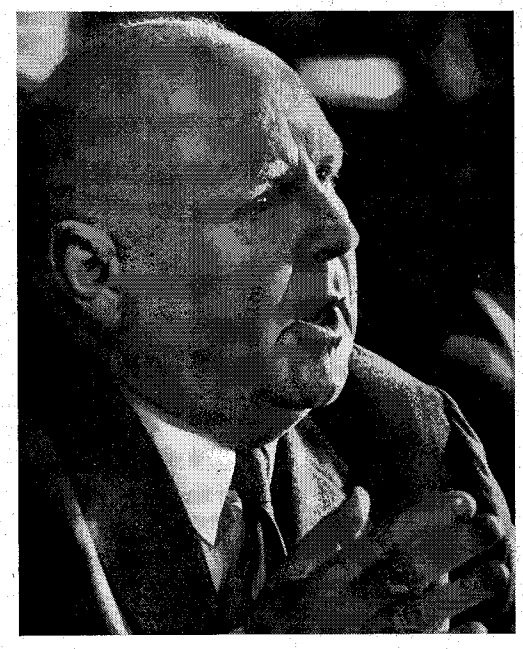
Since the creation of the McClellan committee on labor rackets two and a half years ago, the Teamsters Union has at times appeared more a gigantic criminal conspiracy than a labor union. But the truth, often lost sight of in the uproar, is that the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers is very much a labor union—an enormous structure of economic power, dynamic and growing, with a past and a future, representing well or ill the interests of more than 1,500,000 American working men and women. Let us see what the Teamsters Union does when it isn't being investigated. And let us see what the man is like who runs it, Jimmy Hoffa.

The Teamsters Union is the biggest in the world. In recent years it has been growing at a time when most unions were shrinking, though some evidence indicates its membership has dropped a little lately. Nobody knows how much money it has. Nobody knows how many contracts it has with employers. Jimmy Hoffa, Teamster president, has said, "Every place there's a road, we're at it." The Teamsters' economic power is enormous. A weak union can't win a strike without its help. To put a small company out of business it doesn't even need a picket line—one man sitting in a car at the plant gate to turn back delivery trucks is enough. The Teamsters Union has a strangle hold on the country.

The Teamsters' basic jurisdiction is over truck drivers, both city-cartage and long-line drivers, and these make the core of the union membership and the lash of its economic power. But its



Arrow above and photograph at left show Beck at the committee hearings that brought his downfall from the presidency in 1957. Says Hoffa of the Beck debacle, "He went to Europe, then he came back and spluttered and splittered all over the place and finally took the Fifth."

jurisdiction, granted by the old AFL, is very broad. In Jimmy Hoffa's mind it includes every working man or woman not already organized.

Teamster locals enjoy more autonomy than the locals of, say, the United Auto Workers. This does not necessarily mean they enjoy more democracy. Democracy is a problem in any union. But in the Teamsters only members who have paid their dues before the first of the month are eligible for election to office; in practice most rank-and-filers' dues are paid by checkoff—forwarded by the employer—and so they usually arrive after the first of the month; the only men who pay dues personally are the union officers, and so more often than not they are unopposed.

The Teamsters Union has restricted itself to "the fight for more and better"—more money and better conditions. Jimmy Hoffa has said, "That political or social stuff—ah-h. It's not important. I don't think the drivers expect me to be holding social gatherings for them or to go on the air and tell what's wrong in Germany or Italy. Running a union is just like running a business. We're in the business of selling labor. We're going to get the best price we can." He wants and gets all that the truck operators can pay, but no more. Truckers are, by and large, underfinanced small businessmen. They cannot stand a long strike and are virtually at Hoffa's mercy. He says his union has fewer strikes than any other. He has a vested interest in truckers' survival. He knows more about trucking than many truckers know.

The Teamsters Union has long been a gadfly to other unions. It is militant, always organizing new workers, including some claimed by other unions. It is a free-wheeling union, tolerant of wrong-doing; once at a Teamster convention a local leader accused of absconding with the treasury explained he had lost it shooting craps and, this being the case, he was forgiven. Its underdog feeling runs strong. Trucks are

(Continued on Page 53)

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DEATH WALK

By ARTHUR MAYSE

In the forest lurked a dreaded enemy. Their only weapon would be useless against it.

"Do you think we'll be found soon?" Linn asked Mike.

"You're already found," Mike replied. "But getting you out may take a wee bit longer."

Linn and her father, Morgan Halsted, were the survivors of a light-plane crash in the rugged Maxada sector of the British Columbia Coast Range. Mike Clendon, a young Canadian prospector on a trek through the wilds, pulled them from the wreck. Morg's foot was crushed and badly in need of medical attention. His only hope for survival was that Mike could somehow carry him out to civilization sixty miles away.

Linn, engaged to another man, was cool toward Mike. She argued against the brutal, overland trek, preferring to await rescue by air. Overriding her objections, Mike set out with the feverish cripple on his back and the reluctant Linn trailing behind.

II

"You're a good trotting horse, son. Nice gait. Steady."

"It's the position. Put me on the rail and I break every time. Do you have to lean back, Morg?"

"Blame that animal you shot for breakfast, the marmot or whatever you call it. Damn thing gave me a bellyache. Do you think you could spare me a touch from the bar?"

"If I went near the bar she'd claw me. We'll have a highball before dinner. D'you know, Morg, this would be easier if you were a stiff?"

Halsted was lighter than he had estimated—not over one hundred and sixty pounds. For once he had guessed wrong; he owed someone a box of chocolates or an overstuffed panda. The impression of heft and size was an illusion. Of course, when they hit the rockslide on the descent to Maxada glacier, the going would be tougher. But for now, jogging down through the chain of alpine meadows, it wasn't too bad.

"If I were a stiff, Mike? You know, this interests me."

"Well, I never had to pack one out personally, but this partner I may have mentioned a time or two briefed me. You double 'em up, see, Morg? While still warm, if possible. Lash neck and ankles together and load them on a packframe. You can carry just about anything on a good board except a live man." He was breathing easy, for Halsted was helping him, keeping his weight high. "Ves Jones tailored me that rig your little hellcat of a daughter is carrying, the winter after our first trip."

They plodded on their extended pickaback, very chummy. Presently Mike said, "Look around, will you? See how she's doing."

Halsted turned his head. "Tagging along like the tail on a kite. My old granny once said, teaching me my manners, that horses sweat, men perspire and ladies glow. The kid's sure enough glowing. Do her good; she was getting fat."

"She ought to shed the coat, save it for the breaks. Is she still burned, would you say?"

"Yep. Takes after her Irish mamma. Me, I blow up and it's over. Linny will nurse a grudge like an elephant that's been slipped a turpentined peanut. You just be glad you're not marrying her."

"Lost her mother young, she told me."

"Right at the start, and a bad break for us both. That's no excuse for the way she's acting, though. Lend me your pencil, son. I've nothing to do up here. I might as well scribble a codicil to my will. I'll cut her off, by the holy, without a nickel!"

"Morg, quit bouncing, will you? You're not quirting a winner home!"

"No?" Halsted said it quietly from over his head. "That might be a matter of opinion. There's a couple of things I'd like to ask of you while we're still fresh. I don't count on coming out in any neck-and-ankles lash-up, but I know that could happen. If it does, stick with Linny at least until her fellow takes over. He's probably headed north right now, and he's a good man and a smart lawyer even though we don't sing off the same page. The kid's not quite as grown up as she believes. You'll do that, Mike?"

"It's a promise."

"Now the other thing. You may not have noticed, but I'm hot as a pistol. It may be sulfa reaction—I never could tolerate the stuff. If it isn't, let's not dally around and risk gangrene. If you think the foot should come off, take it off."

"It's your foot, Morg. You'll be the judge of that."

"If I reach that shape, I won't be a fit judge of anything. Linny ought to know. I'll see she does and I'll also put it in writing. I want your promise on that too, boy."

Mike promised; his fingers were already crossed. "Now," he said, "forget that. We're all coming out."

(Continued on Page 73)

She knelt over him as he lay in the creek bed.

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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The Bandanna Bandit

By ANNE SELBY

He spoke gently, picked his victims from the Social Register and forgave those who were short of cash. He charmed the watchdogs and he baffled the police for years.

During the last six years the most newsworthy character on Philadelphia's upper-income Main Line was a burglar—polite, soft-spoken and charming to dogs. He never stole very much, but he had a great talent for remaining at large. His escapades made a whole town laugh—all but the police, who were understandably annoyed.

The burglar wore a bandanna mask and pointed a gun, but few of his victims took him seriously. Sometimes he woke them, and thus a few got a fairly good look at him. He turned his back when women got out of bed to put on their robes; once he cautioned a woman to put on a house coat, because the night was chill. A seventy-five-year-old woman spoke of his visit—and his conversation—as "all very peaceful." Before leaving one house he shook hands with the man he had just robbed and handed him back his watch. In another house he refrained from yanking out the telephone when the victim identified himself as a doctor who might be called by patients.

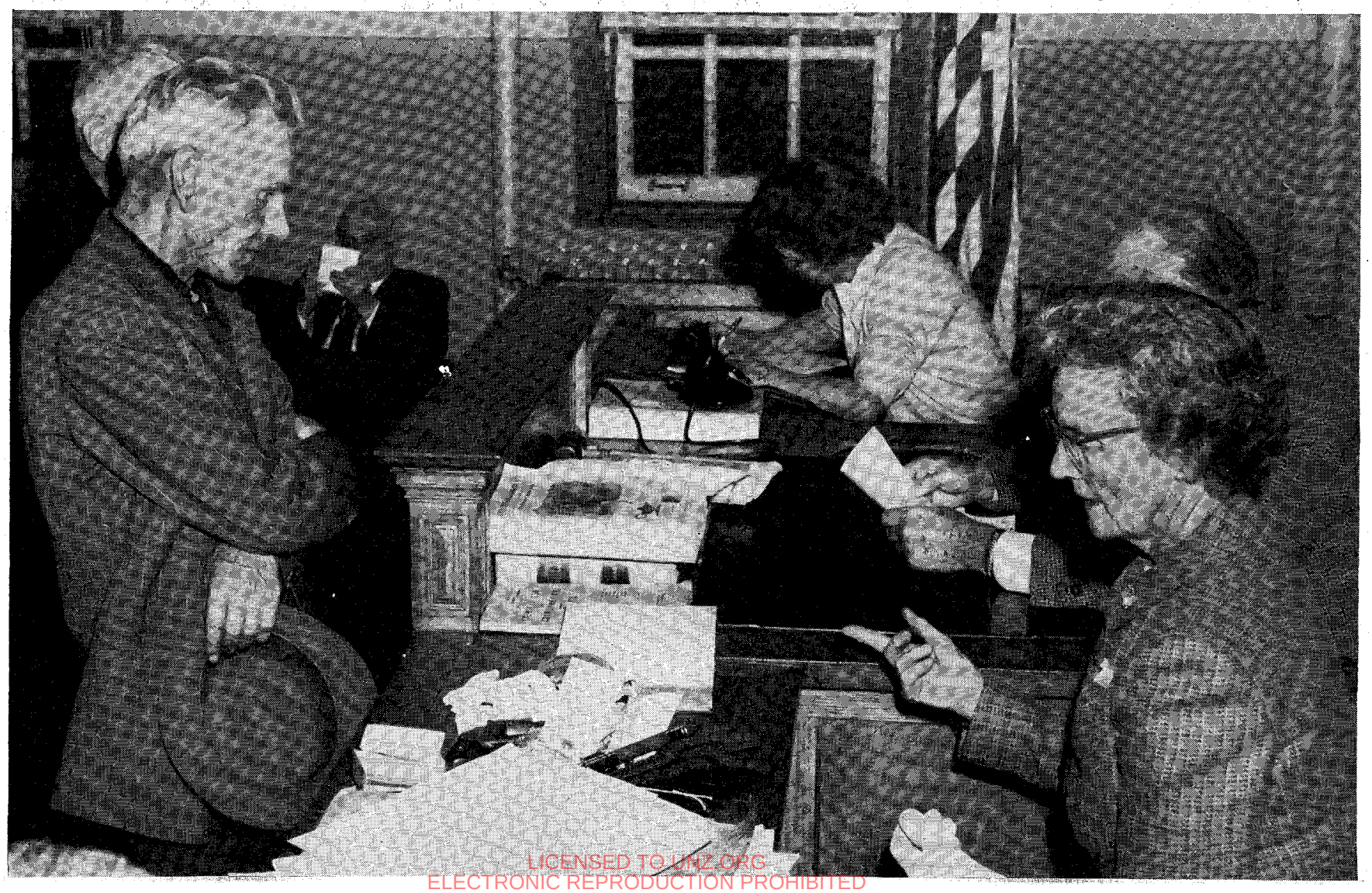
In time the bandanna bandit became a standard conversation piece in country-club locker rooms, at cocktail parties and at candlelit dinners. Some thought he was a low-budget Robin Hood, who used the Social Register as a guide to homes worth robbing. Who might next be honored by a visit from the softhearted burglar? Was your house big enough to invite his attention? The house of distinction was the house that he had visited.

The newspapers reported the bandanna bandit's exploits in full detail. Reporters reached the burgled houses almost as soon as the police, and victims found themselves talking kindly of their predawn visitor. His voice, they said, was soft; and though his grammar wasn't perfect, his manners were those of a gentleman. Then, too, there was something beguiling about an intruder who promised not to disturb the children of the house. One victim spoke with sadness because the bandit's gun-toting hand shook as if with nervousness; and he was so thin, poor fellow!

(Continued on Page 51)

Pennsylvania state trooper Herbert Hoffman, who helped catch the bandanna bandit, with a bloodhound he used to track the robber to his hiding place.

After his capture, Henry Sliva (left) was identified as the bandanna bandit by Mrs. Howard Wood, Jr., of Conshohocken, Pa. He had burglarized her home the day before.



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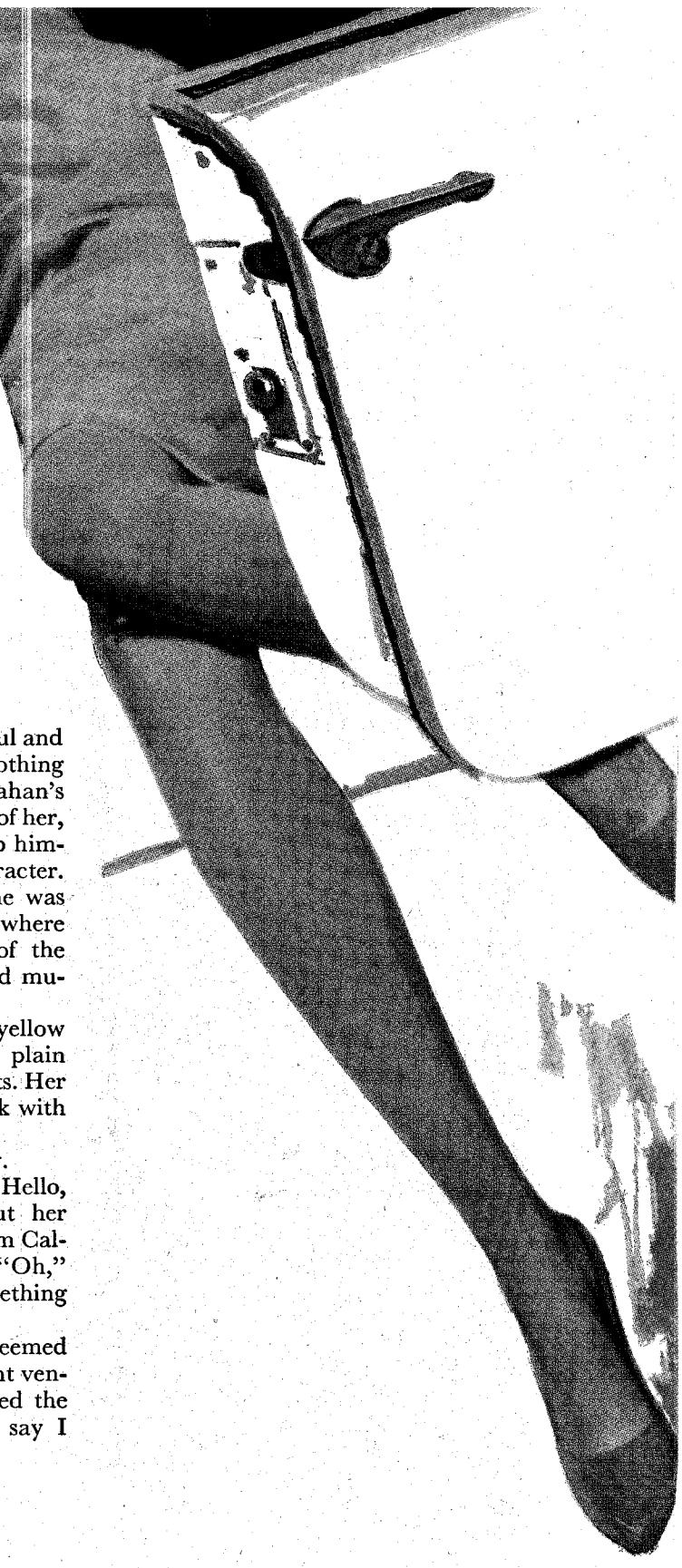
It was a warm but still cousinly kind of kiss
that should not have burned him like a new tattoo

ANYTHING FOR LOVE

By WILLIAM FAY



First she took his money. Then she asked him to help her get married—to another man.

Freddie Stapes, who had been with Callahan for some time now, came in from the high shine of the August day to the coolness of the small adobe that the Mexicans called a dressing room. Freddie was a little man with a twisted nose and a radar-sensitivity to his own rights in a grasping world. He carried a fighter's head protector and a pair of fatly padded training gloves. He kept looking over his shoulder, as though for some reason he were in danger of being nipped in the leg.

"Well, she's outside," Freddie announced. "The marines must have made a dry landing in Tijuana."

"Who's outside?"

"Goldilocks. The sergeant's daughter. The one you gave the five hundred dollars to get her old man out of jail." Freddie spoke as though the money had been his. "At the Legion Stadium in Hollywood, remember?"

Callahan got up from the long wooden table and they walked out into the Mexican barnyard that had been improvised as a place for fighters to train. He was tall for a middle-weight—rangy, good-looking and thirty-one years old, with a tanned and undented profile that endorsed his defensive skill. You could tell at a glance why he was being considered for the second male lead in SIX-GUN PLAYHOUSE, a television series soon to get under way.

She was there all right, a tall girl, beautiful and undisturbed, as though she had done nothing larcenous in league with her old man. Callahan's heart swelled heavy as a rain cloud at sight of her, and there wasn't much he could do to help himself, other than to wish he had more character. She didn't see him as he approached. She was watching the action in the training ring, where two Mexican bantamweights, mindless of the August heat, were committing spirited and mutual assault.

Her name was Dolly Crane. She wore a yellow dress and sat like a queen on one of the plain pine benches you could occupy for fifty cents. Her hair was blond, and it was knotted in back with a piece of ribbon.

"Hello," said Callahan, not endearingly.

This was when she turned and saw him. "Hello, Nick," the sergeant's daughter said, but her bright smile faded quickly. She glanced from Callahan to the forbidding face of Freddie. "Oh," she said; then, to Callahan, "Is something wrong?"

"Nothing more than usual," he said. It seemed to him, against the background of his recent ventures into television, that his voice attained the proper pitch of cool civility. "Let's just say I never expected to see you in Tijuana."

(Continued on Page 71)

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The LADY and The SHARKS

Dr. Eugenie Clark, a marine specialist who looks like a college girl, probably knows as much about sharks as anyone else in the world. The reason: She's not afraid to meet them on their own terms.

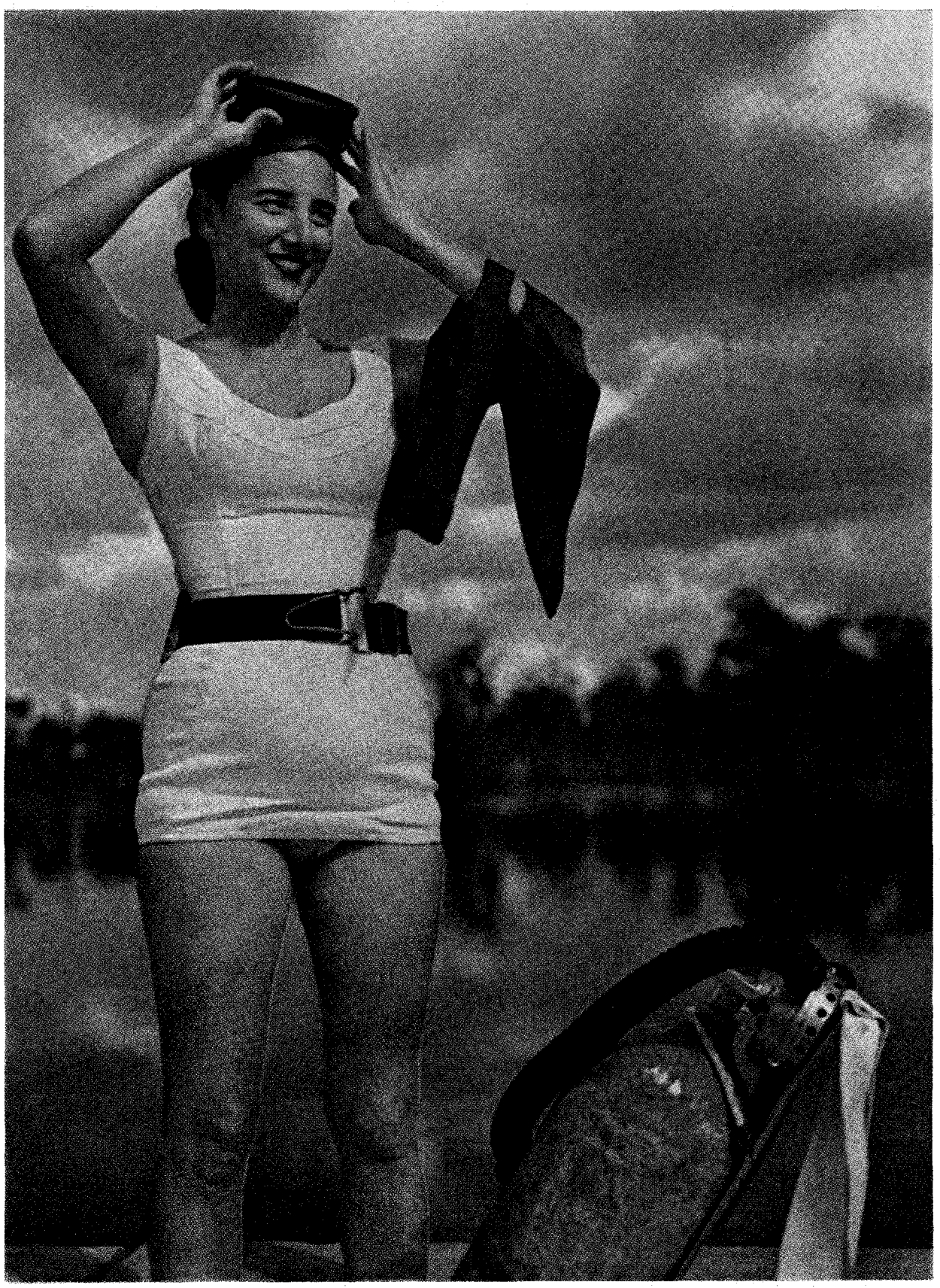
By WILLIAM M. STEPHENS

Three times a week a pretty, dark-haired, dark-eyed young woman walks briskly onto a dock at Placida, Florida, carrying a bucket of fish in one hand and a notebook in the other. She comes to a halt at an edge of the dock which overlooks a fenced-in portion of Gasparilla Sound, and in this seagoing "corral" several large sharks swim in a lazy, circular pattern. She's going to feed her captive sharks—but first the supposedly dull-witted beasts have to prove that they have learned how to order a meal.

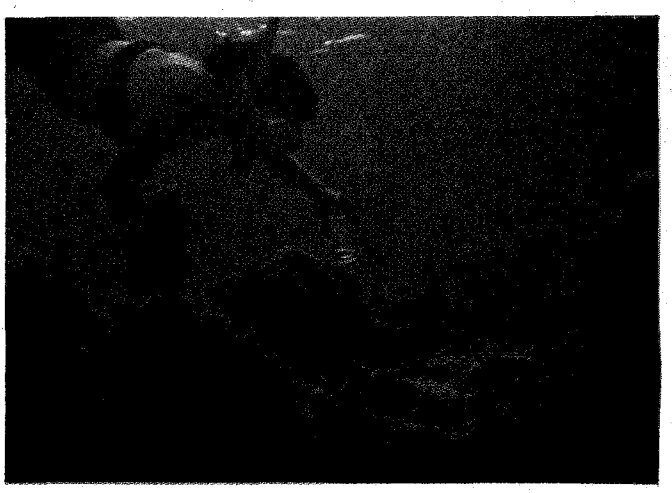
An assistant lowers a target-carrying device into the water. Almost immediately one of the sharks breaks away from the circle and pushes the target with its nose, causing a bell to ring. At the sound of the bell the young woman starts counting by seconds, and her assistant drops a fish on a line into the water. The shark wheels and swims directly to the spot where the bait has been lowered and gulps it in.

"He took it," calls the assistant. The young woman jots in her notebook that this particular shark—"male, lemon"—hit the target and collected his dinner just seven seconds later. And now the bell rings rapidly as one shark after another hits the target, then turns to the platform to be fed.

The young woman, dressed in sport shirt and Bermuda shorts and looking something like a college student, is proving that sharks—one of the least understood of the world's beasts—can be trained to perform a sequence of acts. And this experiment is just one of the many she has carried out in various parts of the world to improve our knowledge of marine life. For she is Dr. Eugenie Clark, a thirty-seven-year-old, 115-pound ichthyologist and director of the Cape Haze Marine Laboratory. When not (Continued on Page 46)



"I wouldn't trade places with any other woman in the world," says Eugenie Clark, who thinks nothing of skin-diving in shark-infested waters to carry on her work as director of Florida's Cape Haze Marine Laboratory.



Doctor Clark prowling the ocean floor off the Cayman Islands. She uses a glass jar to collect specimens of smaller fish.

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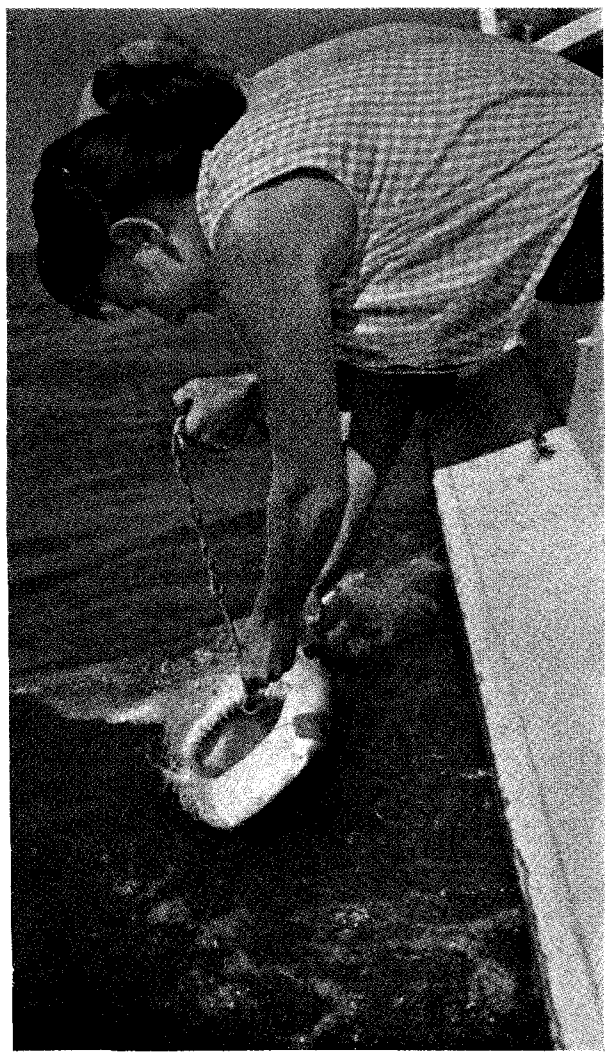
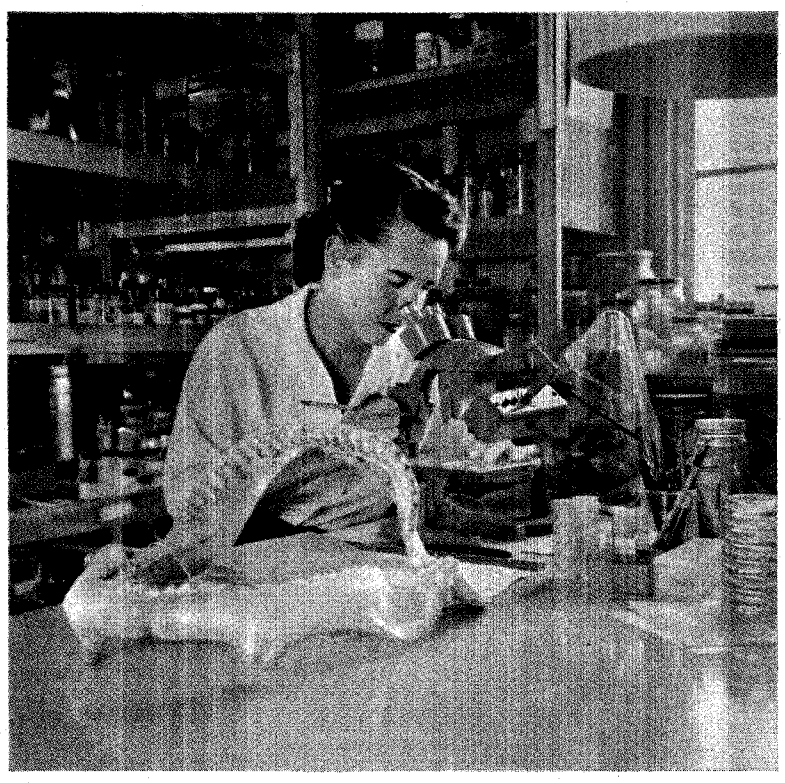


To keep her pen at Cape Haze stocked with live sharks, Doctor Clark first catches them on a hook and line. Then she renders them harmless by spraying an anesthetic over their gills, as she is doing above.

The comely shark hunter with her husband, orthopedic surgeon Ilias Konstantinu, and three of their four children: (from left) Hera, Iris and Themistocles. Not shown is eight-month-old Nikolas.

Instead of laying eggs, most sharks give birth to live young. Below, Doctor Clark and her assistant, Capt. Oley Farver, perform a Caesarean operation on a dying brown shark which was injured when it was caught. Its litter consisted of nine young sharks, all of which were born slightly premature and failed to survive, despite Doctor Clark's efforts.



In her lab she is conducting research on a substance found in shark liver which may inhibit cancer in human beings. The awesome jaws in the foreground came from one of her record catches—an eleven-foot-ten-inch dusky shark.

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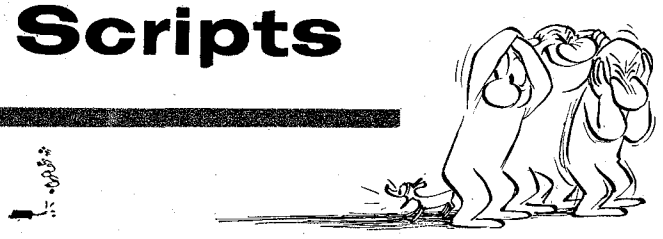
Post Scripts



On the House

Our house has need of paint and plaster,
Cracks in the ceiling bode disaster.
The floor is scuffed and needs refinishing,
The once-fine look is fast diminishing.
It's not for lack of funds or pride
We don't redo the whole inside. . . .
This house of ours, so mauled and dented,
Is, as you may have gathered, rented.

RICHARD ARMOUR

TELLTALE SIGNS

Chalked on a sidewalk (1948):

Jimmy Carter Hates Girls.

Written on a fence (1950):

JIM CARTER THINKS NANCY LEE JONES IS A JERK!

Inscribed on a book cover (1952):

Carter says: Down with wommen!

Painted on a Model A (1954):

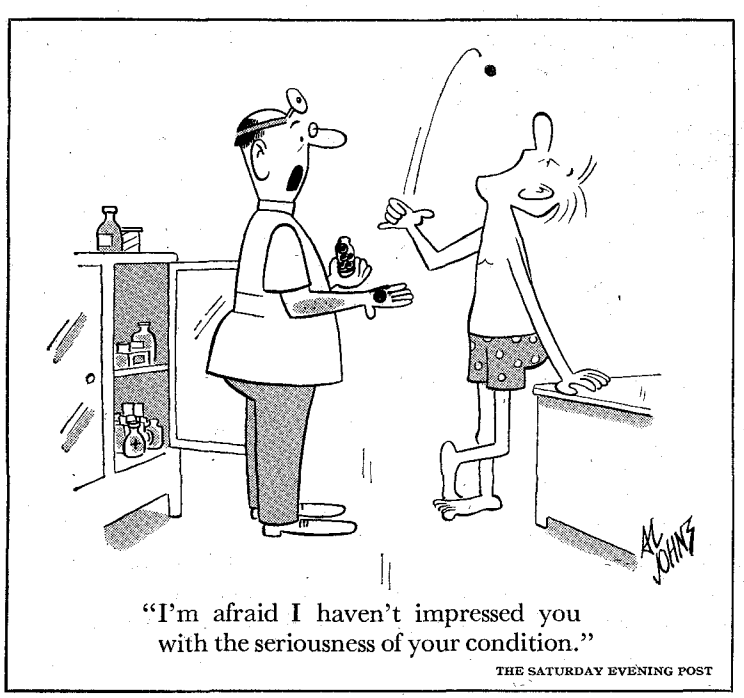
NO FEMALES ALLOWED

Carved on a tree trunk (1957):

Engraved inside a platinum ring (1959):

J.C. to N.L.J.—All my love—June 6, 1959

KAY NELSON



"I'm afraid I haven't impressed you with the seriousness of your condition."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Curious Affair of the Bronze Ash Tray

"Thank 'eavens you've come, sir!" said Chief Inspector Beadle, as we entered the huge smoking room of the Mayfair Club. "P'r'aps you'll let me watch and give me a 'int or two as you go along, like?"

"Is this the body?" rapped my friend Alfred Matham, steely-eyed private enquiry agent.

"Yerce," replied the chief inspector. "Pore gemmun. Name o' Colpitts."

Colpitts had been struck a heavy blow on the head by a bronze ash tray. The only other occupant of the smoking room at the time of the crime had been Sir Henry Lemmings.

"'Fraid I can't help you chaps much," said Sir Henry, turning his monocle upon Matham. "I was seated at one end of this large oak table, smoking my after-luncheon cigar. Colpitts was at the other end. I noticed my bronze ash tray was at his end of the table. I rose, nodded to the fellow, and slid my ash tray down to my end of the table. Whereupon he rose and slid the ash tray down to his end of the table. Whereupon I slid it back to my end, whereupon he slid it back to his end, whereupon I slid it back to my end, whereupon he slid it back to his end."

"During this time did you observe anything which might supply a motive for the crime?"

Sir Henry thought carefully for a moment; then: "No. I can't say that I did."

Matham threw himself into a chair.

"Since there is no apparent motive for the crime . . ." he began. His voice trailed off and he closed his eyes reflectively. There was a long silence.

"'E's gorn asleep," said the inspector finally, snubbing out his cigar in a pot of sand provided for that purpose and lighting a fresh one.

I aroused Matham with difficulty. When he was quite awake:

"Yer 'aven't bin and noticed any clues, sir, 'ave yer?" enquired Beadle respectfully.

Matham selected a fresh Régie from a curiously wrought silver cigarette case with great deliberation; then: "Yes! This bit of cigar ash on the floor," he rapped. "Does it suggest anything to your mind, Woxley?"

"Nothing whatever," I said blankly.

Matham examined the ash briefly through a powerful lens.

"From its color," he said tersely, "I should say that the murderer had been smoking an El Fumio cigar!"

"Fancy!" said the chief inspector admiringly. "Same as what I smokes!"

From several mysterious scratches on the wall, at a height of about ten feet; as well as from several particles of what appeared to be sand, Matham deduced that the murderer was a man about eight feet tall who had recently been to the seaside.

"That should be enough for the Yard to be going on with," he murmured. "May I ask that you report the result to me, Beadle?"

"I'll report wivout fail, sir—lessee, now. I'm to look for a man eight feet tall, wiv sand in 'is ears, 'oo smokes the same kinder cigar as me."

"Quite," enjoined Matham; then: "Coming, Woxley?"

"Yerce," I said. "I mean, yes!"

JOHN BAILEY

He Didn't Have a Leg to Stand On

The argument snapped and crackled,
But keeping my dignity,
I heeded the voice of reason
When the fellow insulted me.

I heard his irrational ranting—
Then with a superior grin
And reason no one could question,
I booted him on the shin.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Office Geometry

Mistakes in office routine are equal to the sum of the squares employed.

The viewpoints of any two assistants are together less than the viewpoint of the boss.

Office absenteeism for the year varies directly with the length of the World Series.

A man's usefulness to the company varies inversely with the length of the memos he writes.

The angle of the accountant is always sharper than the angle of any expense account.

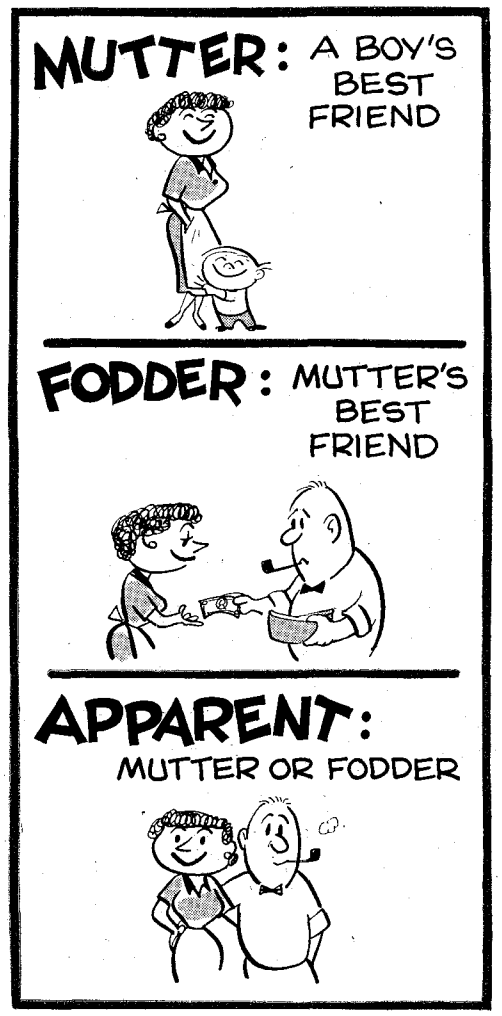
Any lunch hour is greater than sixty minutes.

The boss's nephew has position, but no magnitude.

The line of the office wolf, if continued indefinitely, will reach the ears of his wife.

DAVID SAVAGE

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE

Dining Dilemma

What will we serve the Nelsons tonight,
That's hearty as well as inviting?
A rarebit on toast? Some leftover roast?
Nutritious—but not too exciting.
A water-cress salad, with pineapple ice?
A compote, unique and delicious?
A chutney soufflé, with pistachio parfait?
Exciting—but not too nutritious.
As food connoisseurs the Nelsons are tops,
They're experts; on that you may quote us;
They go for the rare and delectable fare.
They also get hungry, we notice.
It would simplify matters for host and for guest,
And we'd find it quite easy to thrill them,
If the foods which are filling would leave them impressed,
Or the food that's impressive would fill them.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

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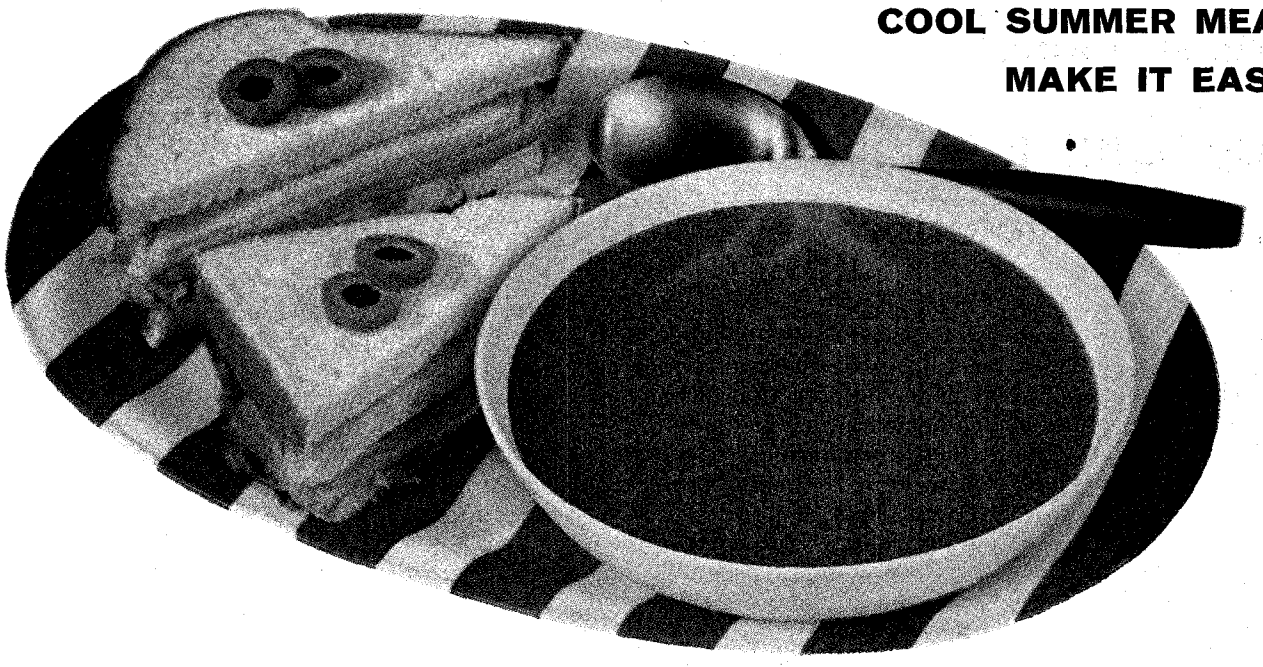
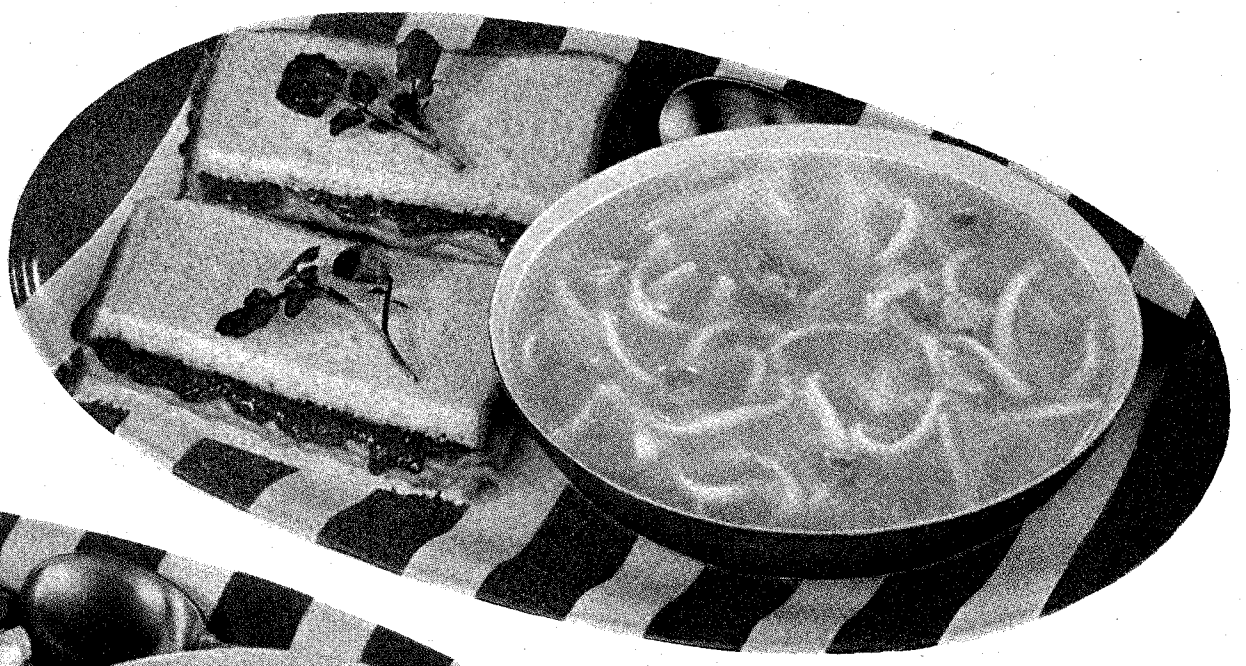
July 4, 1959

SOUP 'N SANDWICHES

COOL SUMMER MEALS NEED ONE HOT DISH!
MAKE IT EASY! MAKE IT SOUP!

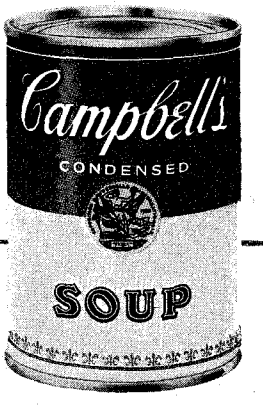


M'm! Good! Nourishing good!
A husky ham-and-cheese sandwich . . . with Campbell's Tomato Soup as your delicious "one hot dish." Quick to fix, too! All Campbell's Soups are ready in just 4 minutes.



A lunch that peps you up
when the weather gets you down. The sandwich — a favorite: peanut butter and jelly. The "one hot dish": Chicken Noodle Soup . . . delicious every time 'cause it's Campbell's.

Wholesome combo! Thrifty, too!
Have an egg-salad sandwich. Campbell's Vegetable Soup as your "one hot dish," gives you 15 garden vegetables. Like all Campbell's Soups, costs less than 7¢ a serving.



ONCE A DAY . . . EVERY DAY—SOUP!

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR SOUP TODAY?

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Island of Hate

By WARD HAWKINS

On this bloody battle hung the fate of the whole revolution.

Unknown to the revolutionists, the American tourist, Jill Corby, had learned of their plans to attack Boca Rio prior to her release from the rebel camp. Despite the debt she owed the American soldier of fortune, O'Brien, for saving her life when the guerrilla leader had ordered her killed, Jill felt it her duty to inform the government authorities. But she did so with misgivings.

"You're worried about this man O'Brien?" her father asked.

"I can't think of him as a criminal."

"You'd better," her father said quietly. "I think you just signed his death warrant."

CONCLUSION

One hundred and twenty-six men came into Vilar's camp for the action at Boca Rio. Some of these were experienced guerrilla fighters, some were raw recruits. Some had good equipment, some had none. Because O'Brien had been a marine and knew training methods, the task of making these men into an effective fighting force fell to him. It was impossible. There were only twenty-four hours left.

But he was the only one who worried. For the rest, the fact they would be led at Boca Rio by Tomás Vilar was enough. What was the use of dry-firing rifles, digging foxholes and learning grenades? Vilar was invincible. He would take them to Boca Rio. He would order them to do this and that, and they would do it magnificently. There was nothing to worry about. They were sure of an easy victory.

O'Brien was most concerned about the naval training station in Boca Rio. It was odd that a fortress built by the Spaniards centuries ago would be an obstacle to present-day arms and methods. But it was so. The stone walls were thick, the barred gates were strong. If they could not force a quick entrance, they had failed. There was no hope of scaling the walls or time to destroy them.

O'Brien laid out a duplicate of the training station on a slope near camp—palm trees marked a side entrance, a steep slope was a curving flight of stone steps, an open space a guardroom, the top of the slope the parapet where the naval guns commanded the harbor. He drilled the men here relentlessly.

"These are not men!" Sgt. Julio Peña said, swearing. "These are burros, O'Brien. You and I can do better alone. Why do we waste time on them?"

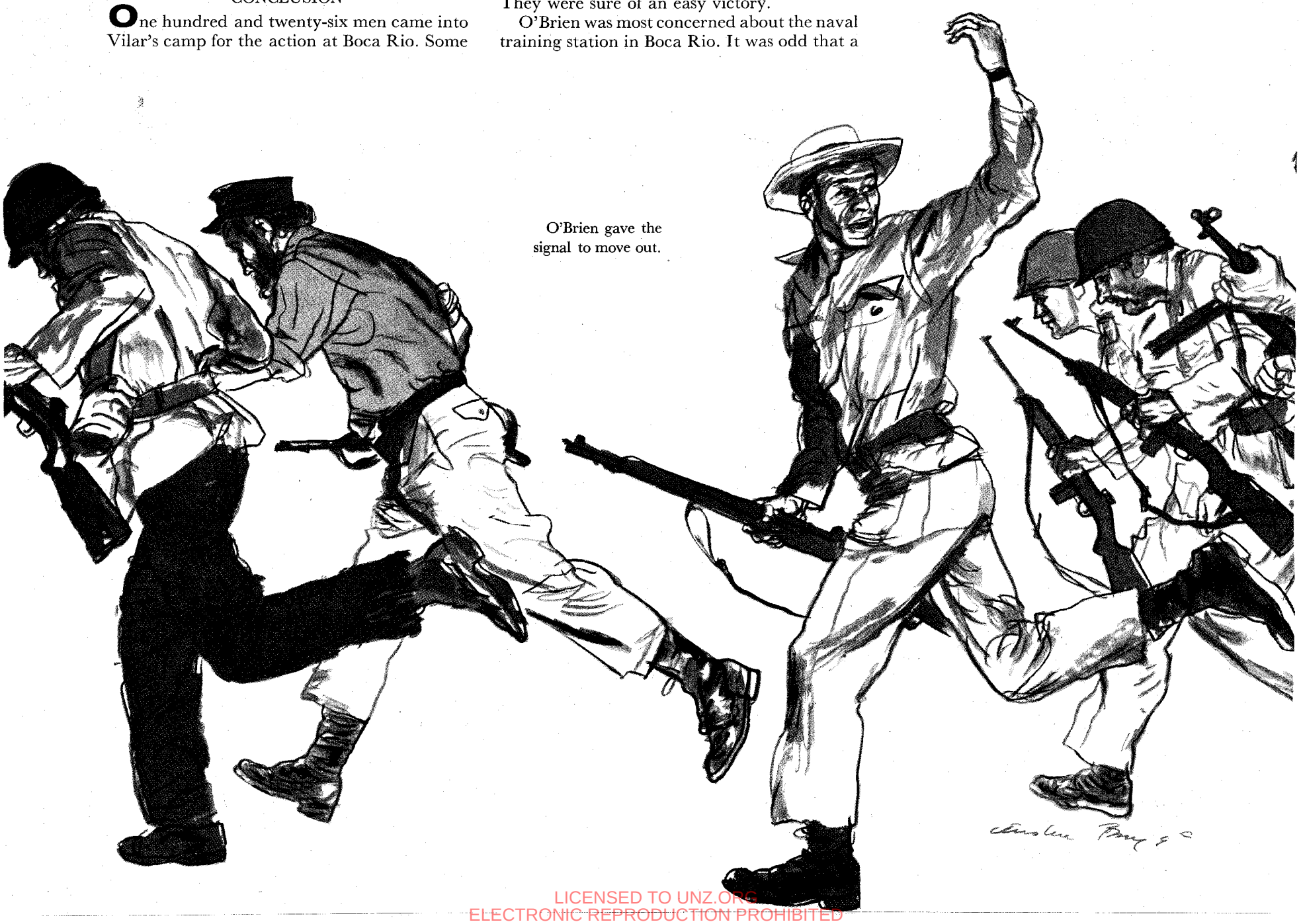
It was true that on each attack one man or another would forget his position, one would be early, one would be late, one would not appear at all. O'Brien looked at the sun—it was past noon—and wiped sweat from his beak-nosed face.

"You are hungry," he said to the men. "And tired. But you will not eat and you will not rest until this thing is done right. We will stay until midnight if that is necessary."

The men groaned as soldiers anywhere.

"All right, sergeant," O'Brien said. "Once more."

Carlos Diaz came for O'Brien then. The boy stood out of the way and watched the men attack the slope, (Continued on Page 58)



O'Brien gave the signal to move out.

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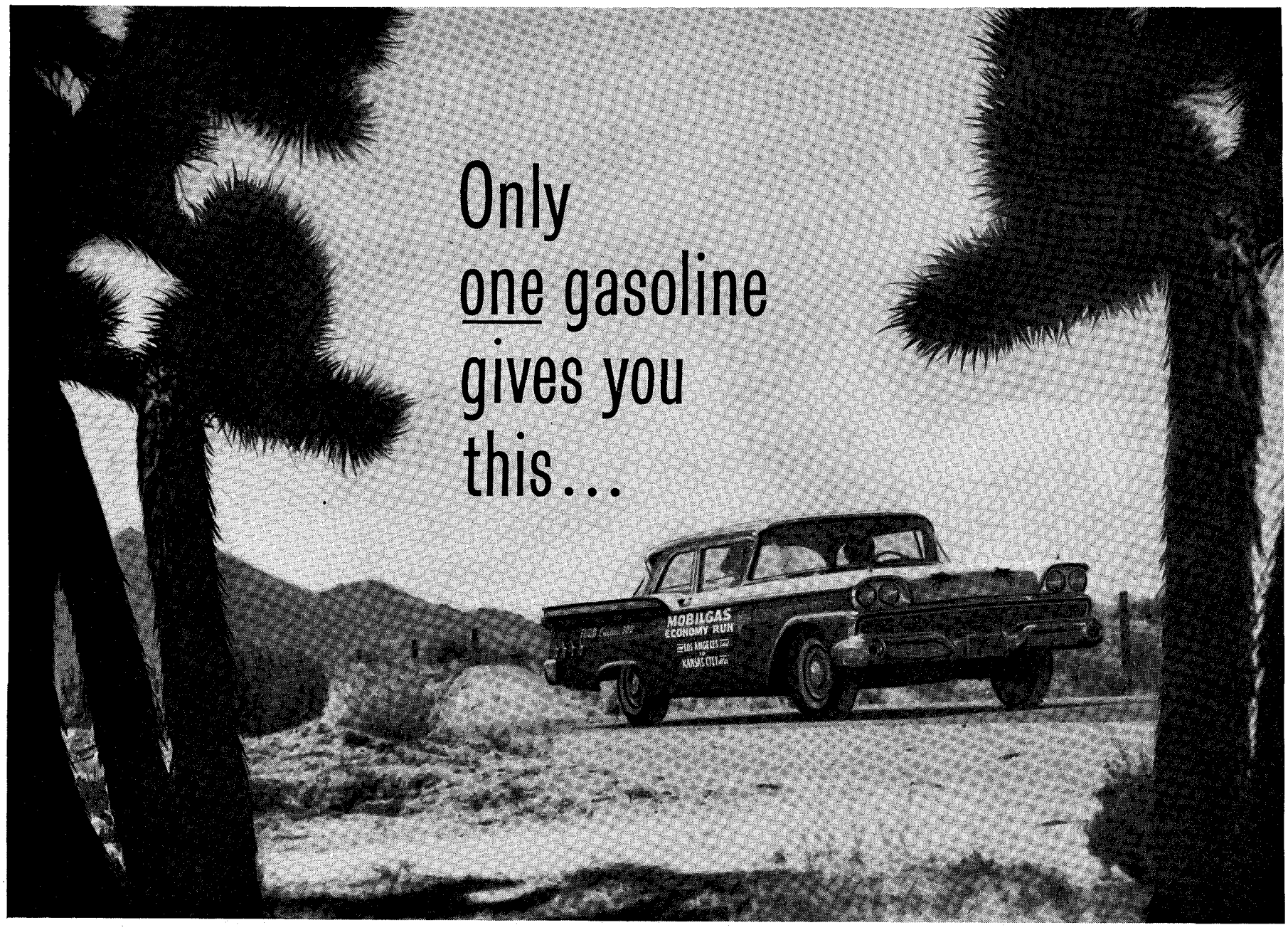
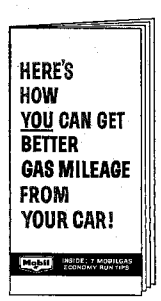


PROVED MILEAGE ECONOMY

THE NEW CAR GASOLINE

Mobil

In the Mobilgas Economy Run, 47 brand new stock cars, driven by people like you, averaged **19.44 miles per gallon** using Mobilgas Special, The New Car Gasoline. Try it yourself—the one gasoline that has proved its mileage economy publicly in every make of American car.



If you want to get better gas mileage from your car—and save money—send for this helpful booklet that tells how. Write: Mobil Gas Saving Booklet, Mobil Oil Company, P.O. Box 1860, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

YOU'RE MILES AHEAD WITH MOBIL

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The Pleasures of Music

(Continued from Page 19)

On that day I fully realized how mesmerized we ear-minded creatures must seem to our less musically inclined friends.

If music has impact for the mere listener, it follows that it will have much greater impact for those who sing it or play it themselves with some degree of proficiency. Any educated person in Elizabethan times was expected to be able to read musical notation and take his or her part in a madrigal sing. Passive listeners, numbered in the millions, are a comparatively recent innovation. Even in my own youth, loving music meant that you either made it yourself or were forced out of the house to go hear it where it was being made, at considerable cost and some inconvenience. Nowadays all that has changed. Music has become so very accessible that it is almost impossible to avoid it. Perhaps you don't mind cashing a check at the local bank to the strains of a Brahms symphony, but I do. Actually, I think I spend as much time avoiding great works as others spend in seeking them out. The reason is simple: Meaningful music demands one's undivided attention, and I can give it that only when I am in a receptive mood and feel the need for it. The use of music as a kind of ambrosia to titillate the aural senses while one's conscious mind is otherwise occupied is the abomination of every composer who takes his work seriously.

Thus, the music I have reference to in this article is designed for your undistracted attention. It is, in fact, usually labeled "serious" music in contradistinction to light or popular music. How this term "serious" came into being no one seems to know, but all of us are agreed as to its inadequacy. It just doesn't cover enough cases. Very often our "serious" music *is* serious, sometimes deadly serious, but it can also be witty, humorous, sarcastic, sardonic, grotesque and a great many other things besides. It is, indeed, the emotional range covered which makes it serious and, in part, influences our judgment as to the artistic stature of any extended composition.

Everyone is aware that so-called serious music has made great strides in general public acceptance in recent years, but the term itself still connotes something forbidding and hermetic to the mass audience. They attribute to the professional musician a kind of initiation into secrets that are forever hidden from the outsider. Nothing could be more misleading. We all listen to music, professionals and nonprofessionals alike, in the same sort of way, in a dumb sort of way, really, because simple or sophisticated music attracts all of us, in the first instance, on the primordial level of sheer rhythmic and sonic appeal. Musicians are flattered, no doubt, by the deferential attitude of the layman in regard to what he imagines to be our secret understanding of music. But in all honesty we musicians know that in the main we listen basically as others do, because music hits us with an immediacy that we recognize in the reactions of the most simple-minded of music listeners.

It is part of my thesis that music, unlike the other arts, with the possible exception of dancing, gives pleasure simultaneously on the lowest and highest levels of apprehension. All of us, for example, can understand and feel the joy of being carried forward by the flow of music. Our love of music is bound up with its forward motion; nonetheless it is precisely the creation of that sense of flow, its interrelation with and resultant effect upon formal structure, that calls forth high intellectual capacities of a composer, and offers keen pleasures for listening minds. Music's incessant movement forward exerts a double and contradictory fascination: On the one hand it appears to be immobilizing time itself by filling out a specific temporal space, while generating at the same moment the sensation of flowing past us with all the pressure and sparkle of a great river. To stop the flow of music would be like the stopping of time itself, incredible and inconceivable.

To the enlightened listener this time-filling forward drive has fullest meaning only when accompanied by some conception as to where it is heading, what musico-psychological elements are helping to move it to its destination, and what formal architectural satisfactions will have been achieved on its arriving there.

Musical flow is largely the result of musical rhythm, and the rhythmic factor in music is certainly a key element that has simultaneous attraction on more than one level. To some African tribes rhythm *is* music; they have little more. But what rhythm it is! Listening to it casually, one might never get beyond the ear-splitting poundings, but actually a trained musician's ear is needed to disengage its polyrhythmic intricacies. Minds that conceive such rhythms have their own sophistication; it seems inexact and even unfair to call them primitive. By comparison our own instinct for rhythmic play seems only mild in interest—needing reinvigoration from time to time.

It was because the ebb of rhythmic invention was comparatively low in late-nineteenth-century European music that Stravinsky was able to apply what I once termed "a rhythmic hypodermic" to western music. His shocker of 1913, The Rite of Spring, a veritable rhythmic monstrosity to its first hearers, has now become a standard item of the concert repertory. This indicates the progress that has been made in the comprehension and enjoyment of rhythmic complexities that nonplused our grandfathers. And the end is by no means in sight. Younger composers have taken us to the very limit of what the human hand can perform and have gone even beyond what the human ear can grasp in rhythmic differentiation. Sad to say, there is a limit, dictated by what nature has supplied us with in the way of listening equipment. But within those limits there are large areas of rhythmic life still to be explored, rhythmic forms never dreamed of by composers of the march or the mazurka.

Tone color is another basic element in music that may be enjoyed on various levels of perception from the most naïve to the most cultivated. Even children have no difficulty in recognizing the difference between the tonal profile of a flute and a trombone. The color of certain instruments holds an especial attraction for certain people. I myself have always had a weakness for the sound of eight French horns playing in unison. Their rich, golden, legendary sonority transports me. Some present-day European composers seem to be having a belated love affair with the vibraphone. An infinitude of possible color combinations are available when instruments are mixed, especially when combined in that wonderful contraption, the orchestra of symphonic proportions. The art of orchestration, needless to say, holds endless fascination for the practicing composer, being part science and part inspired guesswork.

As a composer I get great pleasure from cooking up tonal combinations. Over the years I have noted that no element of the composer's art mystifies the layman more than this ability to conceive mixed instrumental colors. But remember that before we mix them we hear them in terms of their component parts. If you examine an orchestral score you will note that composers place their instruments on the page in family groups; reading from top to bottom it is customary to list the woodwinds, the brass, the percussion and the strings, in that order. Modern orchestral practice often juxtaposes these families one against the other so that their personalities, as families, remain recognizable and distinct. This principle may also be applied to the voice of the single instrument, whose pure color sonority thereby remains clearly identifiable as such. Orchestral know-how consists in keeping the instruments out of each other's way, so spacing them that they avoid repeating what some other instrument is already doing, at least in the same register, and thereby exploiting to the fullest extent the specific color value contributed by each separate instrument or grouped instrumental family.

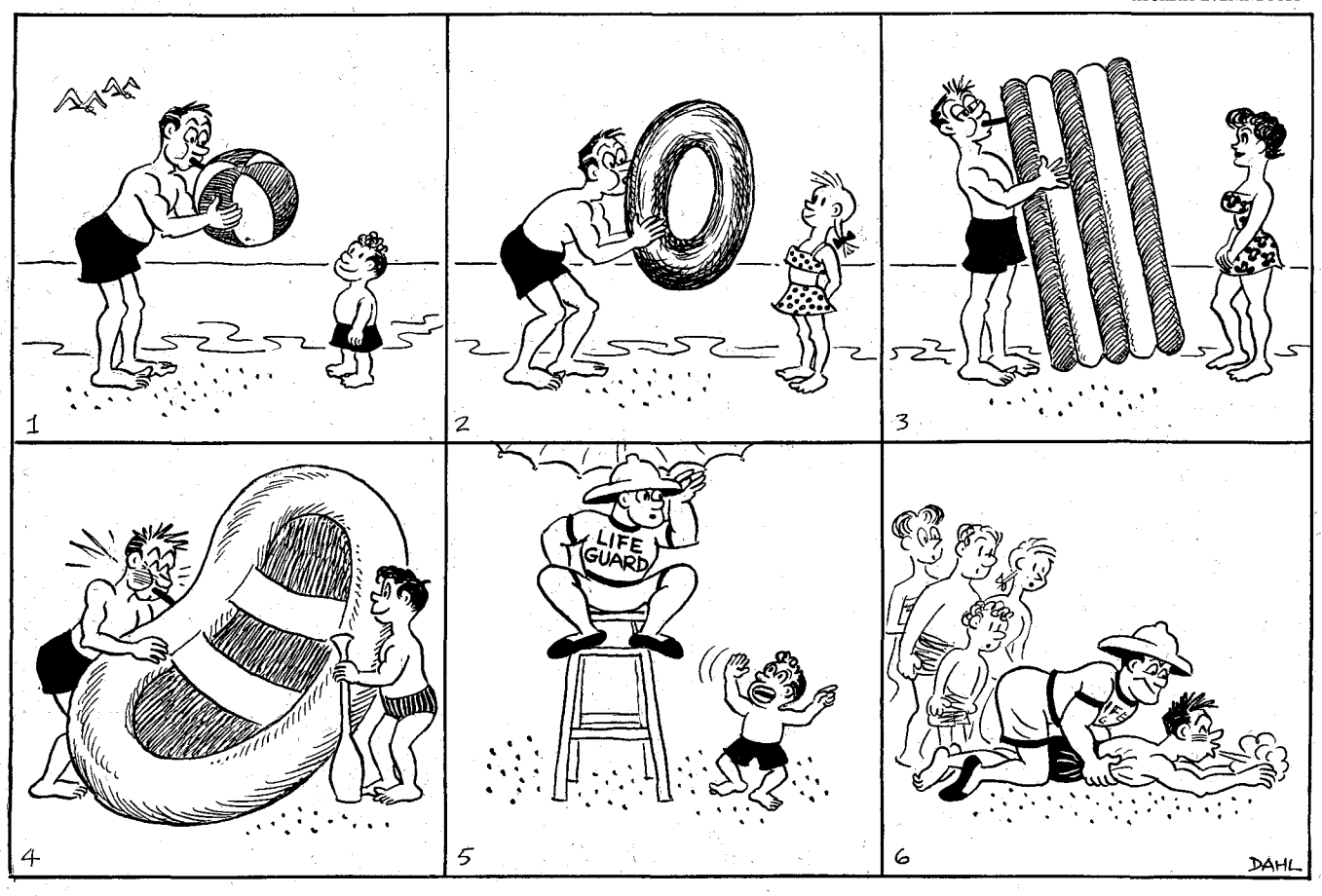
In modern orchestration, clarity and definition of sonorous image are usually the goal. There exists, however, another kind of orchestral magic dependent on a certain ambiguity of effect. Not to be able to identify immediately how a particular color combination is arrived at adds to its attractiveness. I like to be intrigued by unusual sounds which force me to exclaim: Now I wonder how the composer does that?

From what I have said about the art of orchestration, you may have gained the notion that it is nothing more than a delightful game, played for the amusement of the composer. That is, of course, not true. Color in music, as in painting, is meaningful only when it serves the expressive idea; it is the expressive idea that dictates to the composer the choice of his orchestral scheme.

Part of the pleasure in being sensitive to the use of color in music is to note in what way a composer's personality traits are revealed through his tonal color schemes. During the period of French impressionism, for example, the composers Debussy and Ravel were thought to be very similar in personality. An examination of their orchestral scores would have shown that Debussy, at his most characteristic, sought for a spray-like iridescence, a delicate and sensuous sonority such as had never before been heard; while Ravel, using a similar palette, sought a refinement and precision, a gemlike brilliance that reflects the more objective (*Continued on Page 42*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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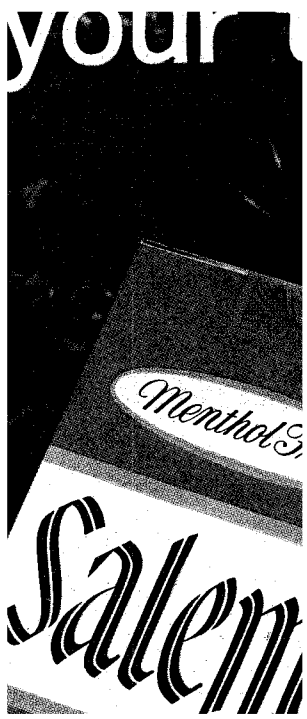

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For people who watch TV— bu

GOOD

is the most REWARDIN

When you read AMERICA'S GREAT MAGAZINES...

My Very Fair Lady By Richard Maney

The press agent for history's most successful musical hit reveals some of the backstage crises which have afflicted his show.

The author. Before the show opened in New York, he promised to "crawl over broken bottles" if it didn't run for two years. It ran six fourth.

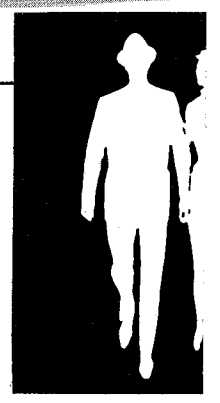
In the course of thirty-five years as a press agent, it has been my pleasure—or at any rate my job—to beat the drums for some 140 stage plays, musical shows and assorted theatrical ventures. I am paid to foment publicity which flatters the attractions whose cause I plead and to kid that publicity once it starts to glow. It isn't always an easy assignment—five times out of six the law of averages defeats me.

Sixty of the shows for which I have huffed and puffed and plotted turned up their toes within two weeks of their New York christening. Only forty had profitable runs. Agitating for a flop can be as frustrating as yodeling in an echo chamber. Newspapers hesitate to boost mishaps that have been clobbered by the critics and boycotted by the public, lest they be charged with compounding a nuisance. Even subpoenas and the promise of free transportation to and from the theater would not have recruited an audience for some of these specimens.

But with the opening of My Fair Lady, now in its fourth year on Broadway, my professional position took an unprecedented turn. Drama, feature and photo editors whom I had so often wooed in the past suddenly began to besiege me. Radio and television mahatmas, syndicated columnists, wire-service foremen and other arbiters of time and space, often in the past suspicious of my advances, courted me openly. Bidding for opportunities to glorify the show, to inflate the reputation of its cast and creators, reached such a pitch that, for the first time in my career, I could indulge in discrimination. It was a novel and exhilarating state of affairs.

My Fair Lady is a press agent's dream because, from the start, it has generated its own.

Below, the Chicago company in the Eliza Doolittle scene. Diane Todd as Eliza shocks spectators by yelling at her boss in Cockney. Michael Evans (in soft hat) plays Higgins.



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love DOING things more...

READING

DOING of all!

(center), during her first visit to the U.S. in eight on and Julie Andrews, the stars of the original cast.

Princess Soraya of Iran (center) with replacement leads Sally Ann Howes and Edward Mulhare. His feud with Actors Equity helped boost ticket sales.

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he New York Film
ntinued on Page 110

Mamie Eisenhower (right) with her sister, Mrs. G. Gordon Moore, and Presidential pilot Col. William Draper outside the Mark Hellinger Theater. Ike caught the last 40 minutes after making a speech nearby.

es Coliseum,
ts (below, rear) were needed to handle the crowds.
d in a downtown auditorium.

After more than 1,800 New York performances, theatergoers are still flocking to the Hellinger's box office, and the end is not yet in sight.

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Post pages are spiced with variety—stories and sketches with people interest. Like the press agent wizardry that helped make "My Fair Lady" one of the all-time musical hits. Post writing is so easy to take—and it takes you so easily backstage where the big, exciting *inside* story makes the event more meaningful to you.

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(*Continued from Page 38*) nature of his musical personality. Color ideals change for composers as their personalities change. A striking example is Igor Stravinsky, who, beginning with the stabbing reds and purples of his early ballet scores, has in the past decade arrived at an ascetic grayness of tone that positively chills the listener by its austerity.

For contrast we may turn to a Richard Strauss orchestral score, masterfully handled in its own way, but overrich in the piling on of sonorities, like a German meal that is too filling for comfort. The natural and easy handling of orchestral forces by a whole school of contemporary American composers would indicate some inborn affinity between American personality traits and symphonic language. No layman can hope to penetrate all the subtleties that go into an orchestral page of any complexity, but here again it is not necessary to be able to analyze the color spectrum of a score in order to bask in its effulgence.

Thus far I have been dealing with the generalities of musical pleasure. Now I wish to concentrate on the music of a few composers in order to show how musical values are differentiated. The late Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, never tired of telling performers that if it weren't for composers they would literally have nothing to play or sing. He was stressing what is too often taken for granted and, therefore, lost sight of—namely, that in our Western World music speaks with a composer's voice, and half the pleasure we get comes from the fact that we are listening to a particular voice making an individual statement at a specific moment in history. Unless you take off from there you are certain to miss one of the principal attractions of musical art—namely, contact with a strong and absorbing personality.

It matters greatly, therefore, who it is we are about to listen to in the concert hall or opera house. And yet I get the impression that to the lay music lover music is music, and musical events are attended with little or no concern as to what musical fare is to be offered. Not so with the professional, to whom it matters a great deal whether he is about to listen to the music of Monteverdi or Massenet, to J. S. or to J. C. Bach. Isn't it true that everything we, as listeners, know about a particular composer and his music prepares us in some measure to empathize with his special mentality? To me Chopin is one thing, Scarlatti quite another. I could never confuse them, could you? Well, whether you could or not, my point remains the same: There are as many ways for music to be enjoyable as there are composers.

One can even get a certain perverse pleasure out of hating the work of a particular composer. I, for instance, happen to be rubbed the wrong way by one of today's composer idols, Sergei Rachmaninoff. The prospect of having to sit through one of his extended symphonies or piano concertos tends, quite frankly, to depress me. All those notes, think I, and to what end? To me, Rachmaninoff's characteristic tone is one of self-pity and self-indulgence tinged with a definite melancholia. As a fellow human being I can sympathize with an artist whose distempers produced such music, but as a listener my stomach won't take it. I grant you his technical adroitness, but even here the technique adopted by the composer was old-fashioned in his own day. I also grant his ability to write long and singing melodic lines, but when these are embroidered with figuration, the musical substance is watered down, emptied of significance. Well, as André Gide used to say, "I didn't have to tell you this, and I know it will not make you happy to hear it." Actually, it should be of little concern to you whether I find Rachmaninoff digestible or not. All I am trying to say is that music strikes us in as many different ways as there are composers, and anything less than a strong reaction, pro or con, is not worth bothering about.

By contrast, let me point to that perennially popular favorite among composers, Giuseppe Verdi. Quite apart from his music, I get pleasure merely thinking about the man himself. If honesty and forthrightness ever sparked an artist, then Verdi is a prime example. What a pleasure it is to make contact with him through his letters, to knock against the hard core of his peasant personality. One comes away refreshed, and with renewed confidence in the sturdy, nonneurotic character of at least one musical master.

When I was a student it was considered bad form to mention Verdi's name in symphonic company, and quite out of the question to name Verdi in the same sentence with that formidable dragon of the opera house, Richard Wagner. What the musical elite found difficult to forgive in Verdi's case was his triteness, his ordinariness. Yes, Verdi is trite and ordinary at times, just as Wagner is long-winded and boring at times. There is a lesson to be learned here: The way in which we are gradually able to accommodate our minds to the obvious weaknesses in a creative artist's output. Musical history teaches us that at first contact the academicisms of Brahms, the *longueurs* of Schubert, the portentousness of Mahler were considered insupportable by their early listeners, but in all such cases later generations have managed to put up with the failings of men of genius for the sake of other qualities that outweigh them.

Verdi can be commonplace at times, as everyone knows, but his saving grace is a burning sincerity that carries all before it. There is no bluff here, no guile. On whatever level he composed, a no-nonsense quality comes across; all is directly stated, cleanly written with no notes wasted, and marvelously effective. In the end we willingly concede that Verdi's musical materials need not be especially choice in order to be acceptable. And, naturally enough, when the musical materials are choice and inspired they profit doubly from being set off against the homely virtues of his more workaday pages.

If one were asked to name one musician who came closest to composing without human flaw, I suppose general consensus would choose Johann Sebastian Bach. Only a very few musical giants have earned the universal admiration that surrounds the figure of the eighteenth-century German master. What is it that makes his finest scores so profoundly moving? I have puzzled over that question for a very long time, but have come to doubt whether it is possible for anyone to reach a completely satisfactory answer. One thing is certain: We will never explain Bach's supremacy by the singling out of any one element in his work. Rather it was a combination of perfections, each of which was applied to the common practice of his day; added together they produced the mature perfection of the completed *oeuvre*.

Bach's genius cannot possibly be deduced from the circumstances of his routine musical existence. All his life long he wrote music for the requirements of the jobs he held. His melodies were often borrowed from liturgical sources, his orchestral textures limited by the forces at his disposal, and his forms, in the main, were similar to those of other composers of his time, whose works, incidentally, he had closely studied. None of these oft-repeated facts explains the universal hold his best music has come to have on later generations.

What strikes me most markedly about Bach's work is the marvelous rightness of it. It is the rightness not merely of a single individual but of a whole musical epoch. Bach came at the peak point of a long historical development; his was the heritage of many generations of composing artisans. Never since that time has music so successfully fused contrapuntal skill with harmonic logic. This amalgam of melodies and chords, of independent lines conceived linear fashion within a mold of basic harmonies conceived vertically, provided Bach with the necessary framework for his massive edifice. Within that edifice is the summation of an entire period, with all the grandeur, nobility and inner depth that one creative soul could bring to it.

It is hopeless, I fear, to attempt to probe further into why his music creates the impression of spiritual wholeness, the sense of his communing with the deepest vision. We would only find ourselves groping for words, words that can never hope to encompass the intangible greatness of music, least of all the intangible in Bach's greatness.

Those who are interested in studying the interrelationship between a composer and his work would do better to turn to the century that followed Bach's, and especially to the life and work of Ludwig van Beethoven.

The English critic, Wilfrid Mellers, had this to say about Beethoven recently: "It is the essence of the personality of Beethoven, both as man and as artist, that he should invite discussion in other than musical terms." Mellers meant that such a discussion would involve us, with no trouble at all, in a consideration of the rights of man, free will, Napoleon and the French Revolution, and other allied subjects.

We shall never know in exactly what way the ferment of historical events affected Beethoven's thinking, but it is certain that music such as his would have been inconceivable in the early nineteenth century without serious concern for the revolutionary temper of his time and the ability to translate that concern into the original and unprecedented musical thought of his own work.

Beethoven brought three startling innovations to music. First, he altered our very conception of the art by emphasizing the psychological element implicit in the language of sounds. Because of him, music lost a certain innocence, but gained instead a new dimension in psychological depth. Secondly, his own stormy and explosive temperament was, in part, responsible for a "dramatization of the whole art of music." The rumbling bass tremolandos, the sudden accents in unexpected places, the hitherto unheard-of rhythmic insistence and sharp dynamic contrasts, all these were externalizations of an inner drama that gave his music theatrical impact.

Both these elements, the psychological orientation and the instinct for drama, are inextricably linked in my mind with his third and possibly most original achievement—the creation of musical forms dynamically conceived on a scale never before attempted and (*Continued on Page 44*)

The Perfect Squelch

The church canvasser, taking part of his lunch hour, called upon a highly prosperous insurance broker. He quickly and concisely explained the church's budget and needs and asked for a generous contribution. The insurance executive grumpily agreed—and scrawled on his pledge card a promise to pay one dollar a week. Disappointed at the smallness of the pledge, the canvasser gently suggested that perhaps it could be a little larger.

"I'm a businessman who takes a business view of all financial matters," the insurance executive snapped. "What I have pledged is quite enough."

"Well," the canvasser said as he arose to leave, "with such a low premium rate, you can hardly expect much protection."

John Joseph

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(*Continued from Page 42*) of an inevitability that is irresistible. Especially the sense of inevitability is remarkable in Beethoven. Notes are not words, they are not under the control of verifiable logic, and because of that composers in every age have struggled to overcome that handicap by producing a directional effect convincing to the listener. No composer has ever solved the problem more brilliantly than Beethoven; nothing quite so inevitable had ever before been created in the language of sounds.

One doesn't need much historical perspective to realize what a shocking experience Beethoven's music must have been for his first listeners. Even today, given the nature of his music, there are times when I simply do not understand how this man's art was "sold" to the big musical public. Obviously, he must be saying something that everyone wants to hear. And yet, if one listens freshly and closely, the odds against acceptance are equally obvious. As sheer sound there is little that is luscious about his music—it gives off a comparatively "dry" sonority. He seems never to flatter an audience, never to know or care what they might like. His themes are not particularly lovely or memorable; they are more likely to be expressively apt than beautifully contoured. His general manner is gruff and unceremonious, as if the matter under discussion were much too important to be broached in urbane or diplomatic terms. He adopts a peremptory and hortatory tone, the assumption being, especially in his most forceful work, that you have no choice but to listen. And that is precisely what happens—you listen.

Above and beyond every other consideration, Beethoven has one quality to a remarkable degree—he is enormously compelling. What is it he is so compelling about? How can one not be compelled and not be moved by the moral fervor and conviction of such a man? His finest works are the enactment of a triumph, a triumph of affirmation in the face of the human condition. Beethoven is one of the great yea-sayers among creative artists; it is exhilarating to share his clear-eyed contemplation of the tragic sum of life. His music summons forth our better nature; in purely musical terms Beethoven seems to be exhorting us to Be Noble, Be Strong, Be Great in Heart, yes, and Be Compassionate. These ethical precepts we subsume from the music, but it is the music itself—the nine symphonies, the sixteen string quartets, the thirty-two piano sonatas—that holds us, and holds us in much the same way each time we return to it. The core of Beethoven's music seems indestructible; the ephemera of sound seem to have little to do with its strangely immutable substance.

My concern here with composers of the first rank like Bach and Beethoven is not meant to suggest that only the greatest names and the greatest masterpieces are worth your attention. Musical art, as we hear it in our day, suffers from, if anything, an overdose of masterworks, an obsessive fixation on the glories of the past. This narrows the range of our musical experience and tends to suffocate interest in the present. It blots out many an excellent composer whose work was less than perfect. It may be carping to say so, but the fact is that we tire of everything, even of perfection. It would be truer to point out, it seems to me, that the forerunners of Bach have an awkward charm and simple grace that not even he could match, just because of his mature perfection. The artist Delacroix had something of my idea when he complained about the playwright Racine that "perfection and the absence of breaks and incongruities deprive him of the spice one finds in works full of beauties and defects at the same time."

Part of the pleasure of involving oneself with the arts is the excitement of venturing out among its contemporary manifestations. But a strange thing happens in this connection in the field of music. The same people who find it quite natural that modern books, plays or paintings are likely to be controversial seem to want to escape being challenged and troubled when they turn to music. In the musical field there appears to be an unquenchable thirst for the familiar, and very little curiosity as to what the newer composers are up to. Such music lovers, as I see it, simply don't love music enough, for if they did their minds would not be closed to an area that holds the promise of fresh and unusual musical experience. Charles Ives used to say that people who couldn't put up with dissonance in music had "sissy ears." Fortunately, there are in all countries today some braver souls who mind not at all having to dig a bit for their musical pleasure, who actually enjoy being confronted with the creative artist who is problematical.

These adventurous listeners refuse to be frightened off too easily. I myself, when I encounter a piece of music whose import escapes me immediately, think, *I'm not getting this; I shall have to come back to it for a second or third try.* I don't at all mind actively disliking a piece of contemporary music, but in order to feel happy about it, I must consciously understand why I dislike it. Otherwise it remains in my mind as unfinished business.

This doesn't resolve the problem of the music lover of good will who says, "I'd like to like this modern stuff, but what do I do?" Well, the unvarnished truth is that there are no magic formulas, no short cuts for making the unfamiliar seem comfortably familiar. There is no advice one can give other than to say, "Relax—that's of first importance, and then listen to the same pieces enough times really to matter."

Fortunately not all new music must be rated as difficult to comprehend. I once had occasion to divide contemporary composers into categories of relative difficulty from very easy to very tough, and a surprising number of composers fitted into the first group.

One of the attractions of concerning oneself with the new in music is the possible discovery of important work by the younger generation of composers. The French critic Sainte-Beuve had this to say about discovering young talent, "I know of no pleasure more satisfying for the critic than to understand and describe a young talent in all its freshness, its open and primitive quality, before it is glossed over later by whatever is acquired and perhaps manufactured."

The young composers of today upset their elders in the traditional way by positing a new ideal for music. This time they called for a music that was to be thoroughly controlled in its every particular. What they produced, admirably logical on paper, often makes a rather haphazard and samelike impression in actual performance. After a first hearing of some of their works, I jotted down these observations: "One gets the notion that these boys are starting again from the beginning, with the separate tone and the separate sonority. Notes are strewn about like *disjecta membra;* there is an end to continuity in the old sense and an end of thematic relationships. In this music one waits to hear what will happen next without the slightest idea what will happen, or why what happened did happen once it has happened. Perhaps one can say modern painting of the Paul Klee school has invaded the new music. The so-to-speak disrelation of unrelated tones is the way I might describe it. No one really knows where it will go, and neither do I. One thing is sure, however; whatever the listener may think of it, it is without doubt the most frustrating music ever put on a performer's music stand."

Some of the younger European composers have branched off into the first tentative experiments with electronically produced music. No performers, no musical instruments, no microphones are needed. But one must be able to record on tape and be able to feed into it electromagnetic vibrations. Listening to the results, one feels that in this case we shall have to broaden our conception of what is to be included under the heading of musical pleasure. We will have to take into account areas of sound hitherto excluded from the musical scheme of things. And why not? With so many other of man's assumptions subject to review, how could one expect music to remain the same? Whatever we may think of their efforts, these young experimenters obviously need more time; it is pointless to attempt evaluations before they have more fully explored the new terrain.

No discussion of musical pleasures can be concluded without mentioning that ritualistic word "jazz." But, someone is sure to ask, is jazz music serious? I'm afraid it is too late to bother with the question, since jazz, serious or not, is very much here, and it obviously provides pleasure. The confusion comes, I believe, from attempting to make the jazz idiom cover broader expressive areas tha naturally belong to it. Jazz does not c what serious music does either in i range of emotional expression or in i depth of feeling, or in its universality language—though it does have unive sality of appeal, which is not the san thing. On the other hand, jazz does c what serious music cannot do—namel suggest a colloquialism of musical spee that is indigenously delightful, a kir of here-and-now feeling, less endurir than classical music, perhaps, but wi an immediacy and vibrancy that aud ences throughout the world find exhi arating.

Personally, I like my jazz free and u trammeled, as far removed from the re ular commercial product as possibl Fortunately, the more progressive ja men seem to be less and less restrain by the conventionalities of their idior so little restrained that they appear in fa to be headed our way. By that I mea that harmonic and structural freedon of recent serious music have had so co siderable an influence on the young jazz composers that it becomes increa ingly difficult to keep the categories jazz and nonjazz clearly divided. A ne kind of cross-fertilization of our tw worlds is developing that promises unusual synthesis for the future.

Thus, the varieties of musical pleasu that await the attentive listener a broadly inclusive. The art of music, wit out specific subject matter and litt specific meaning, is nonetheless a bal for the human spirit; not a refuge or e cape from the realities of existence, but haven wherein one makes contact with t essence of human experience. It is an i exhaustible font from which all of us c be replenished.

For readers who may wish to purs the subject further, the following boo are recommended:

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WHAT TO LISTEN FOR IN MUSIC
McGraw-Hill
$3.95

Copland, Aaron
OUR NEW MUSIC
McGraw-Hill
$4.50

Copland, Aaron
MUSIC AND IMAGINATION
Harvard University Press
$2.75

Sullivan, J. W. N.
BEETHOVEN
New American Library
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Tovey, Donald Francis
THE FORMS OF MUSIC
Meridian Books
$1.35

Hodeir, André
JAZZ: ITS EVOLUTION AND ESSENCE
Evergreen Books
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Turner, W. J.
MOZART: THE MAN AND HIS WORK
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A SHORT HISTORY OF MUSIC
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Dent, Edward J.
OPERA
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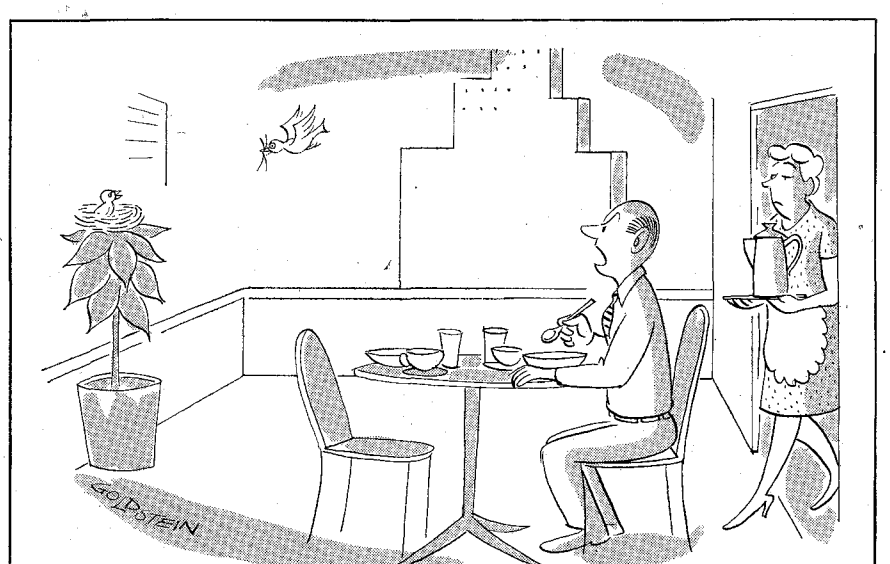

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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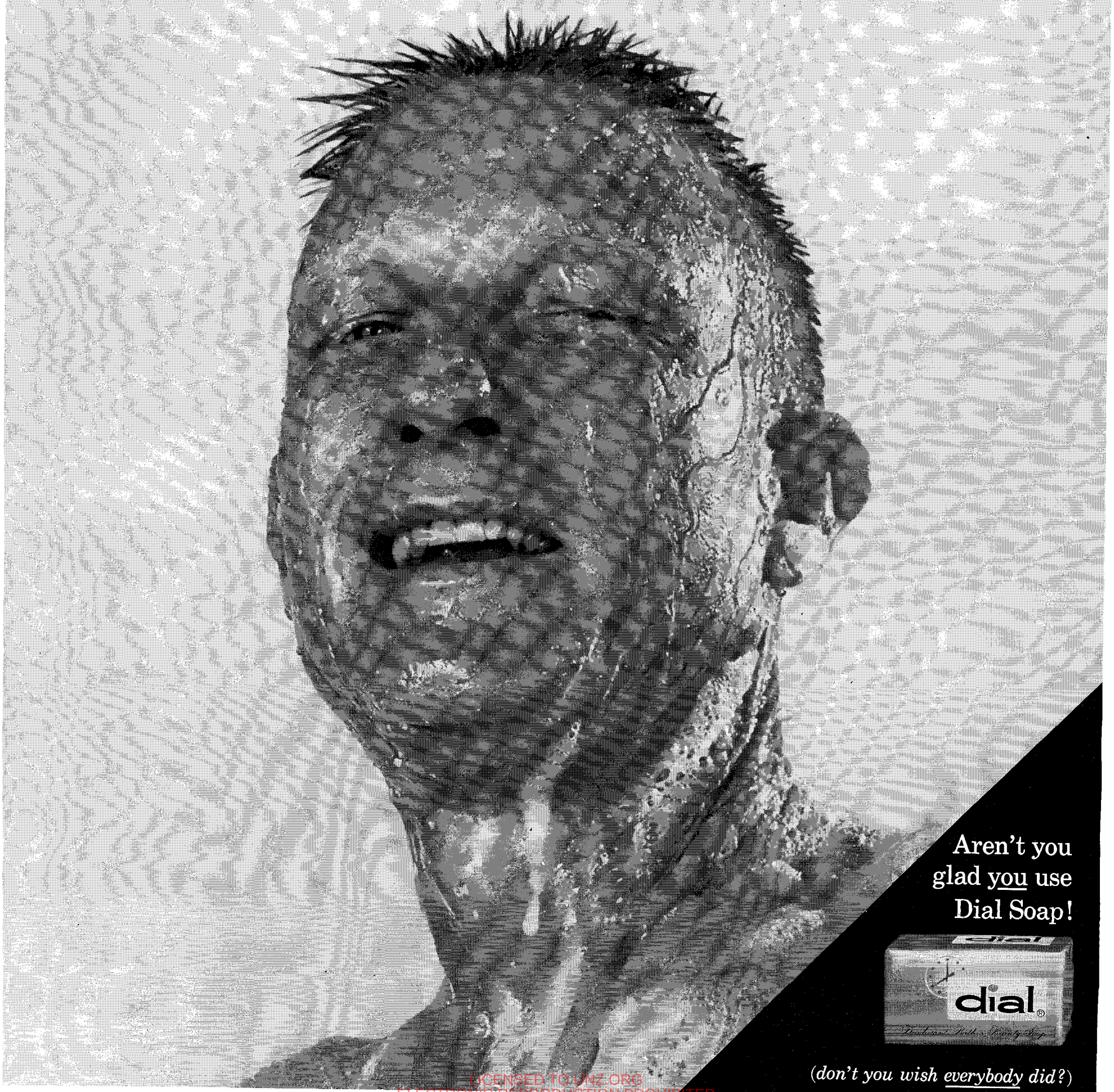

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The Lady and the Sharks

(Continued from Page 32)

observing sharks, working in her laboratory or caring for her four small children at home, she is likely to be found sixty feet or so below the surface of the Gulf of Mexico, collecting fish with spear or hand net. She respects sharks, but doesn't fear them, having dived extensively in shark-infested waters throughout the tropical world. All forms of marine life have interested her since she was a child; she has carried out a great deal of research on the anatomy of fishes, their mating and feeding habits and their distribution throughout the world. But currently she is concentrating on sharks, and for quite significant reasons.

"Sharks are among the most perfectly constructed creatures in nature," Doctor Clark says. "Some forms have survived for two hundred million years." When she enthusiastically tallies up all the remarkable characteristics of these fearsome fish, one begins to understand why they have survived so long with so little change. Sharks can eat almost anything; if a meal doesn't suit their digestion, some forms are supposed to be able to turn their stomachs inside out through their mouths. They have several rows of bladelike teeth and don't have to worry about losing these as they grow old—whole new rows are periodically replaced. And of special interest to medical science, sharks seem to be free of cancerous tumors; at least, no such growth has ever been found in a shark, although other forms of fishes have them.

Quite a number of organizations and institutions are eager to learn more about sharks. The United States Navy, for example. When World War II began, sharks were not considered officially to be a problem of consequence. Survival manuals issued to soldiers and sailors dismissed sharks lightly as "slow-moving, cowardly and easily frightened by splashing." Pilots forced down at sea were advised to strike any curious shark "on his tender, vulnerable nose."

Such advice, while reassuring, had one serious fault. It wasn't true. All too often, the Navy found, survivors of torpedoed ships and ditched aircraft were forced to fight off hungry sharks, and told of seeing their buddies eaten alive. The number of such shark attacks that could be authenticated was relatively small—but there is no way to estimate how many nonsurviving soldiers, sailors and airmen may have been attacked. Also, in recent years the number of reported shark attacks on skin divers and other swimmers has increased. As a result a Navy-sponsored Shark Research Panel is now at work to learn as much as possible about these controversial creatures in the hope that methods of preventing and avoiding attacks can be developed. Ichthyologists all over the world have been asked to help. Doctor Clark's experiments have enabled her to contribute to this study.

In private life Doctor Clark is Mrs. Ilias Konstantinu of Sarasota, wife of an orthopedic surgeon. An ordinary husband might have a qualm if his wife informed him at breakfast that she intended to go out that morning to bring in some live sharks, but it's a matter of routine in the Konstantinu household. Live sharks aren't easy to capture or keep, so Doctor Clark often takes personal charge of this touchy operation. With an assistant she goes into the open Gulf of Mexico and lays a 600-foot line, anchored at both ends. Near the line's center is a series of heavy hooks baited with mullet. These lines are set out in the afternoon.

Naturally there's a certain amount of suspense when Doctor Clark pulls these giant-sized trotlines the next morning. It isn't unusual for sharks of ten or eleven feet to be on the hooks. On some occasions the bait is gone and the hook has been straightened out, indicating a real monster has torn itself loose.

Now comes the part of the operation that Doctor Clark worries about the most—about the danger to the sharks, that is. Although sharks supposedly are extremely difficult to kill, their hardiness applies only when they are swimming free in their natural element—sea water. If one out of three of those hooked can be delivered alive to the shark pens, it's a good score. Most of the sharks caught on her trotlines fight themselves to exhaustion and death. These still are useful for dissection and study. The live ones must be handled carefully because they are easily injured when removed from the water. Their heavy bodies are supported not by bone, but by flexible cartilage, and when a shark is hoisted aboard a boat its internal organs usually are crushed by their weight. To avoid this problem, Doctor Clark uses a special collecting boat; it has a removable transom, or "gate," at the rear so that captured specimens can be floated aboard. When a shark is in a fighting mood, so much so that it might injure itself, its gills are sprayed with an anesthetic to quiet it. After being taken through the gate into the fenced-in sea corral at Cape Haze, the sharks are revived by "walking" them around the pen, keeping a flow of fresh water passing through their gills. The fact that there are

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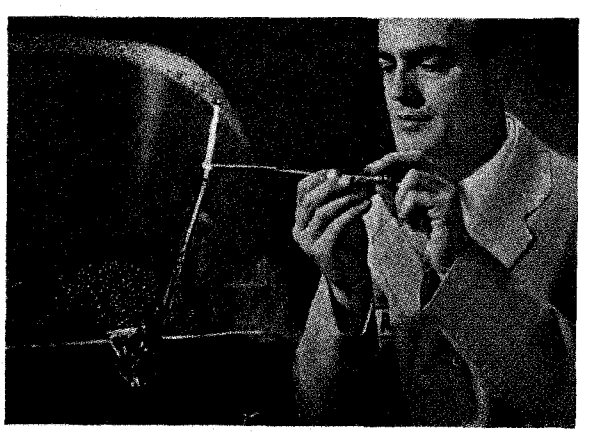

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other, lively sharks in the pen doesn't seem to bother Doctor Clark or her assistant, Oley Farver.

Doctor Clark was particularly frustrated by the recent loss of a tiger shark, one of the most dangerous species. She has been unable to get as many tiger sharks as she would like to have—only fourteen have snagged themselves on her hooks in four years, and few of these were in good condition when recovered. Then last fall, as Doctor Clark describes it, "We hooked a beautiful, small tiger shark which struck just as Oley was pulling in one of the baits. We were very excited— here was a fresh, uninjured specimen."

The collecting team was so excited, in fact, that it overdid things. First, Doctor Clark took a syringe and injected a small amount of anesthetic into the shark's mouth, onto the gills. She was pregnant at the time; in fact, she thinks nothing of continuing her work, including the diving, until a few weeks before a new baby is due. However, Oley Farver was afraid she might not be able to move fast enough to avoid being bitten by the shark. So he took the syringe and sprayed more anesthetic into the fish's mouth.

"That was too much," Doctor Clark recalls sadly. "All the way back to the lab I tried to keep that tiger shark alive by splashing its gills with water. Oley walked the shark around the pen for hours—but it never revived."

Tiger sharks have proved extremely difficult to keep in captivity because, as a rule, they refuse to eat. Once, however, Doctor Clark captured a ten-foot-long tiger male which didn't seem upset by being kept inside a fence, and within a few days was crunching whole ribs of beef as well as the carcasses of other sharks. Just about the time that Doctor Clark was congratulating herself on having perhaps the first tiger shark in history to thrive in captivity, one of those unforeseeable accidents occurred. A woman visitor with more curiosity than common sense lowered a large metal hoop on a stick into the water, apparently wanting to see if the tiger shark could swim through it. The shark did—almost—but got caught in the hoop and killed itself trying to get free. Since that time Doctor Clark has allowed no visitors, except during certain hours when they can be supervised.

Eugenie Clark's present preoccupation with sharks is the logical outgrowth of a remarkable career, much of it literally spent under water in seas where man-eating sharks are considered something of a problem. It is difficult for her to remember when she wasn't interested in swimming and fish. She was born in New York of a Japanese-Scottish mother and an American father who died when Eugenie was a baby. Her mother had been a swimming teacher and started taking Eugenie to the beach when the youngster was less than two years old. Fish came into Eugenie's life in a big way when she was nine; her mother, who then was working in a cigar store, found that the child could be left on Saturdays at the old Aquarium to amuse herself safely. The youngster became a collector of tropical fishes, snakes, toads and lizards which were kept in jars and boxes in the Clarks' small apartment.

Later, when going to Hunter College, Eugenie majored in zoology, and after graduation in 1942 she worked days as an industrial chemist, took night courses at New York University and held a part-time job as a lifeguard. Her research work in ichthyology for her master's degree led to a research assistant's job at Scripps Institute of Oceanography, La Jolla, California, and here, for the first time, she swam with a face mask and became a skin diver. She also made her first helmet dive and almost lost her life when a faulty hose cut off her air. After this near-tragedy she rested briefly, then dived again to erase the feeling of terror the accident had caused.

The young graduate student's research in fishlife was to take her to many seas, but first—while working on her Ph.D. at New York University—she spent several years at the American Museum of Natural History in research, probing the re-

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Caretaker

By A. D. FREEMAN

His shoes track shreds of
forest in;
Monday's beard on
Tuesday's chin,
He sits down and tells me all
That's happened since I left
last fall;
Marriages and deaths and
births,
Feuds, fires, frosts: epic of
earth's
Ten months. Engrossed, I
stare
At Homer in my kitchen
chair.

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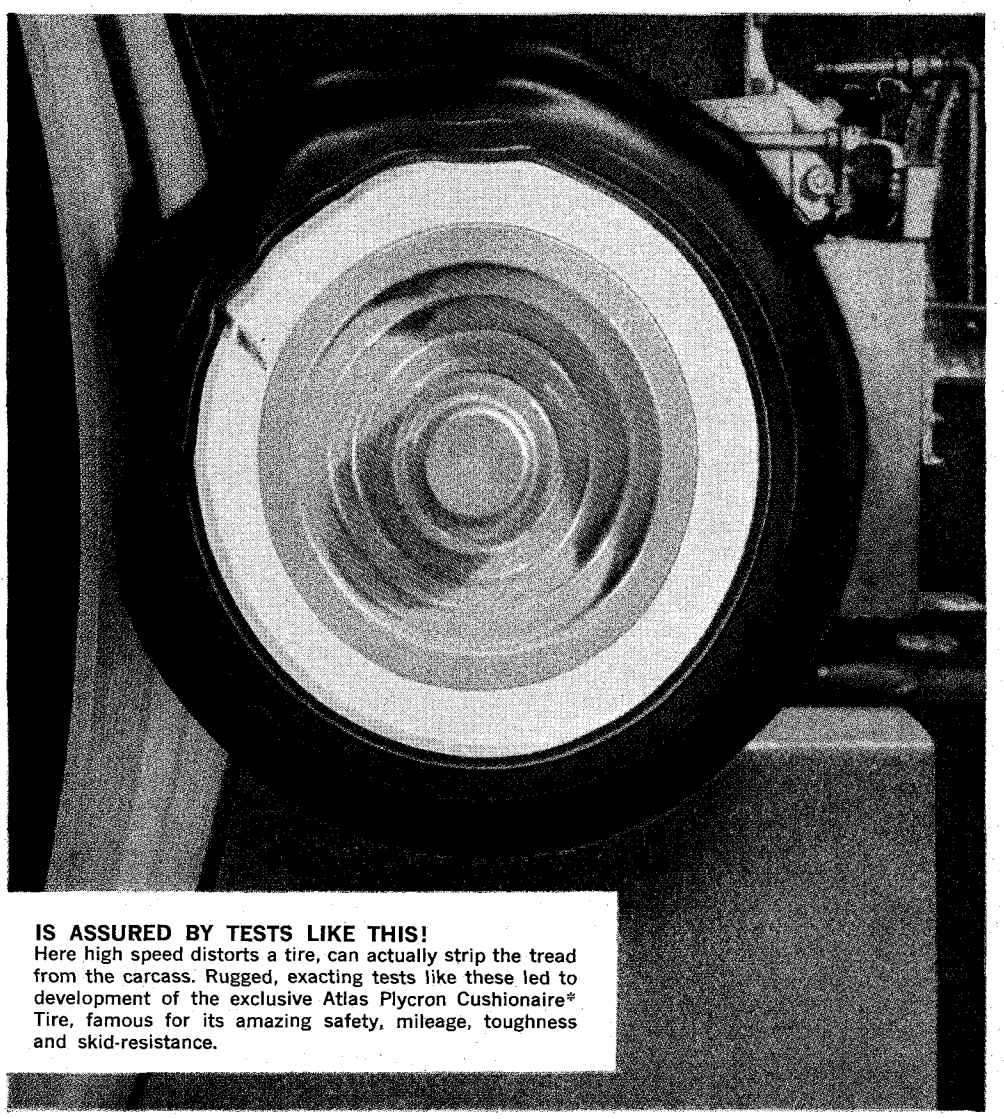

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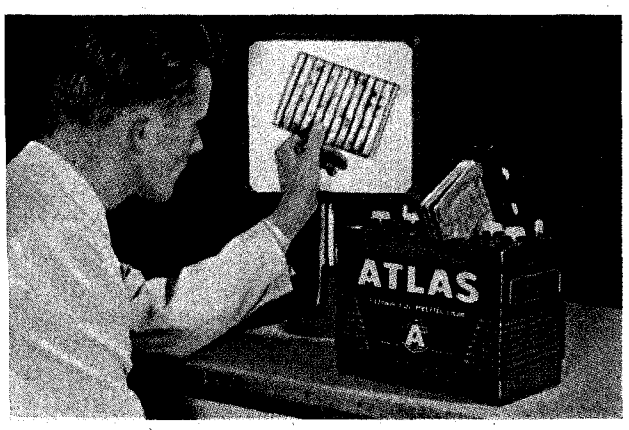

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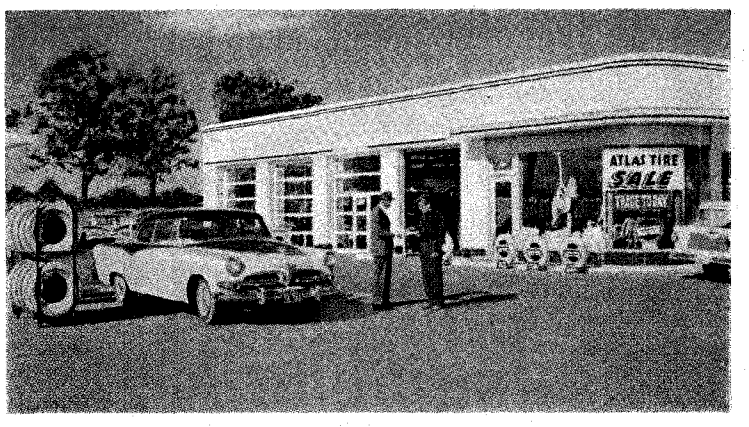

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productive habits of tropical fishes known as platies and swordtails—a project which her friends called "Eugenie's Kinsey Report on Fish." Her research resulted in some basic discoveries and, among other things, she developed a method for artificial insemination of these tiny creatures, producing the country's first "test-tube" fish babies.

Eugenie Clark's familiarity with sharks and their ways ripened rapidly in 1949, when her unique combination of background in chemistry and ichthyology made her a logical candidate for a one-woman mission to the Pacific to study poisonous fishes of Micronesia for the Office of Naval Research and the Pacific Science Board. In the Palau Islands, southeast of the Philippines, she learned the technique of underwater spearfishing from a master of the art, a fearless native diver named Siakong, whom she remembers as "a betel-chewing, wife-beating drunkard, but the best spearfisherman in the Palaus." He also taught her how to get along underwater with vicious moray eels, "man-eating" clams and many species of sharks. Siakong later disappeared during a dive and never was found.

After eighteen months in the Pacific, she returned to New York and received her Ph.D. from New York University. Then she took off with a Fulbright scholarship for a year of close-up study of fish in the Red Sea. Meanwhile, she hadn't been exclusively interested in fish and was being courted by a young doctor—the medical kind—named Ilias Konstantinu. He was born in Greece, educated in Germany, Austria and Switzerland and came to the United States as a medical intern in New York, where he met Eugenie. For several years their romance flourished, mostly by correspondence, while Eugenie dived and studied in oceans all over the world. Then in the summer of 1951 the young M.D. went to Egypt, and Eugenie met him in Cairo, where they were married in a church near the Khan Khalili bazaar. The couple spent their honeymoon on the Red Sea, where Eugenie taught her husband to spearfish—and introduced him to barracuda and sharks.

After the Fulbright scholarship was completed, the Konstantinus settled down in Buffalo, New York, where Ilias was finishing his residency in orthopedics. Eugenie became a housewife and the Konstantinus started a family; their first child, a daughter named Hera, was born in 1952. But domestic activities didn't divert the young mother from her career as an ichthyologist. She drew on her skin-diving adventures in far-off seas to write a lively book, Lady With a Spear, which was published in 1953.

The book caused repercussions of a most pleasant kind. After reading it, two Vanderbilts—Alfred G. and William H.—became interested in establishing a marine laboratory on Florida's Gulf Coast and offered Eugenie the directorship. The Konstantinu family moved south, and Eugenie took charge of the laboratory when it opened in 1955. And now, in addition to other research, she is busy learning everything she can about sharks.

There's a lot to be learned too. The question she is asked most often is: Are sharks really man-eaters? Will they make unprovoked attacks on swimmers?

Doctor Clark—as she is known professionally—feels that there is no simple answer. "Some sharks, under some circumstances, will attack—sometimes," she puts it. "But which sharks? And when? And why? We need to know a lot more about them to get the answers. Many species are capable of killing, but only a few—notably the great white, the hammerhead and the tiger—are known to have made unprovoked attacks in American waters." She also points out that successful attacks by sharks aren't likely to leave much evidence.

She has met a number of sharks face to face underwater, and hasn't had what she would consider close calls, but she still doesn't believe in taking needless chances with those powerful saw-toothed jaws. Once, while spearfishing with a native diver in the South Pacific, Eugenie saw a small shark aiming for the dead, bleeding fish on a stringer which was tied to her waist. She untied the string, preferring to let the fish go rather than risk an attack, but her companion wasn't worried; he took the string of fish and added them to his own, and wasn't molested by the shark. Later Eugenie speared a small fish and started for shore with it when she found her way blocked by a large shark. She tried to detour, but met another one. Then she held the fish above water and, moving slowly, made her way to shore. The sharks kept pace with her, but made no aggressive move.

There may be something in the theory that, as a result of the boom in skin diving, sharks are seeing more men underwater and are losing their fear of humans. Doctor Clark believes that sharks in captivity seem to be more aggressive toward human beings than in their natural surroundings. Nurse sharks are supposed to be harmless, but one of the few accidents at the laboratory occurred when a fish collector was standing on the feeding platform with his hand a little above the water. A nurse shark stuck its head up and nipped off the end of one of the man's fingers.

Doctor Clark personally has observed only one shark attack on a swimmer, and in this case she thinks the fish acted in self-defense. She was visiting the Lerner Marine Laboratory at Bimini when a French scientist jumped into one of the pens to prove his contention that no shark, even when cornered, would attack a human. "He looked like a Roman gladiator when he jumped into the water carrying a spear gun," Eugenie says. "He began chasing a four-foot lemon shark around and shot at it repeatedly. The spear kept bouncing off the shark's tough hide. Finally the shark had enough and charged the man, biting a hunk out of his leg. I'll never forget his look of astonishment as he scrambled out of the water, saying over and over, ''E beet me!'"

Studies of shark behavior are only part of the work at Cape Haze. In co-operation with Dr. John H. Heller, director of the New England Institute for Medical Research, Doctor Clark is investigating the possibility that a substance called squalene, found in the liver of sharks, might inhibit cancer in humans. The researchers plan to inject live sharks with radioactive carbon-14, which will be used by the shark in manufacture of squalene and will "tag" the substance with radioactivity. Then when extracted and given to humans, the course of the mildly radioactive squalene can be followed through the system, and clues as to its effects can be pieced together.

Another project goes back to Eugenie's curiosity about fishlife when she was a college student. During an anatomy class she noticed that sharks possess unusual abdominal pores, or openings. Her teacher told her that the function of these pores was unknown—and the persistent Eugenie filed the question mark in her memory. Now with experimental sharks of her own to work on, she hopes to discover the answer. She has a theory that these openings may operate as ballast tanks in some way. She has a plan to inject a dye into the pores of a live shark, then force it into deep water and, by swimming down with the shark, to observe whether it expels the dye as water pressure increases.

In fact, the shark tribe is going to have a tough time keeping any of its secrets from this shark specialist who sometimes is mistaken for a vacationing stenographer as she goes about her work in a swimsuit. On several occasions she has acted as midwife at the birth of baby sharks, and has delivered some by Caesarian section. A large shark may produce in a single birth as many as forty perfectly formed, two-foot-long offspring.

As a scientist, Doctor Clark points out that her only goal is an increase in knowledge in her field. "I'm not trying to 'prove' anything," she says. "My aim is to learn things about sharks and other fishes which have never been learned before. I want to know how their brains work, what they are capable of learning, how their bodies function, how they react to stimuli such as heat, cold, vibration and odors. Our studies may take years, but we learn something new every day."

She carries her open-minded curiosity into the Konstantinus' functionally furnished house on Siesta Key with a breath-taking view of the gulf. Of her cooking, her husband says, "Eugenie is willing to try anything—especially if it comes from the sea." The Konstantinu family has eaten whale meat, sea cow and octopus. Eugenie considers steamed baby shark, with onions and tomato sauce, one of the finest sea foods of all.

Doctor Konstantinu shares his wife's enthusiasm for diving, but after several hours of it he is ready to dry out on the beach while Eugenie stays in the water, dragging her speared fish and collecting jars behind her until the sun goes down or she turns blue from cold. Having four children in six years hasn't caused her to lose much time in the water. She didn't stop diving until a few weeks before her latest child, Nikolas, was born last October; one week later she was back at the laboratory, and within two weeks dived to a depth of sixty-five feet in the gulf. She believes that swimming has a therapeutic value for pregnant women. "At eight and a half months," she relates, "I made a two-hour dive with a diving lung. Just as soon as I entered the water I felt the pressures on my body go away. There had been some swelling in my legs, and it completely disappeared."

As a skin-diving addict myself, I came back to that old, old question. I asked Doctor Clark what she advised me to do if I ran into a big, hungry-looking shark.

"In my opinion," she said, "a skin diver completely submerged in clear water is in relatively little danger. Even if a shark is hungry—and they go for days without feeding—the fish generally takes its time investigating a possible meal before sampling it. A diver wearing a face plate can see as well or better than the shark and almost always has time to get out of the water. And I do recommend that you get out when faced with an aggressive shark—particularly if you have speared a fish and there is blood in the water. A diver has absolutely no defense against a large shark which means business. Don't panic—move slowly. A swimmer can't outrun a shark, so don't do anything to excite it."

Doctor Clark feels that the danger from the big fish is greatest on beaches where the water isn't clear. Sharks seem to be attracted to food by odors and vibrations, she points out. When a swimmer splashes on the surface in dirty water, the irregular vibrations sent out may sound to a shark like the frantic skitterings of a school of small fish, or a wounded animal. Last summer there were two shark attacks on children near her home. Both occurred in dirty water, within fifteen feet of shore, and both youngsters were splashing on the surface.

She investigated the second case, involving an eight-year-old boy whose leg was almost severed by a five-foot shark. By comparing the teeth marks on the boy's leg with the jaws of dissected sharks, she determined that the attacker was a small tiger shark.

Doctor Clark did have some reassurance for me and others—statistically, that is. "Your chances of running into an aggressive shark are infinitesimal," she said. "Millions of people swim in salt water every year, and there are billions of sharks in the sea, yet the number of authenticated attacks in American waters during the average year can be counted on the fingers of one hand."

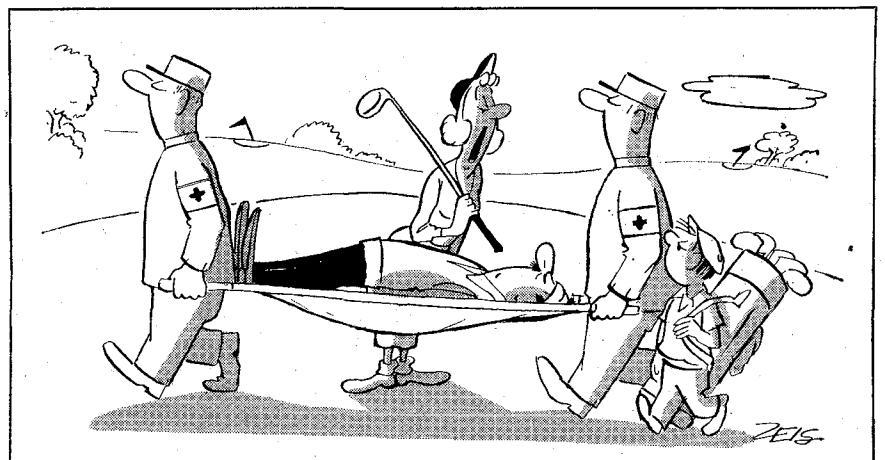
This was comforting to me when I went diving with Doctor Clark and her husband. I wanted an underwater photograph of Eugenie diving for a small shark with her spear. She swims with the grace of a mermaid, and practically nothing escapes her eye. But sharks were hard to find this day. She speared a grouper under a coral ledge, and Ilias dived to help pull the fish from the hole, whereupon a moray eel bit him on the finger. Eugenie loaded her gun again and speared the eel. Another day, when I was taking pictures of her collecting tiny fishes, we were swimming through the wreck of an old ship and she motioned me to the surface. "There's a nurse shark under there," she said. "Do you want to get a picture of it?"

I said I did want such a picture, but because she didn't have her spear gun along this day, perhaps it would be better to pass up this particular shark.

"That's all right," said Doctor Clark. "I'll poke the shark with a stick. It will come out all right."

She did; it did. I took the photograph. Unfortunately my hands were shaking a bit, so the picture was out of focus.

THE END



"I'm afraid I owe you an apology."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Other Woman (Continued from Page 16)

have made them anyway, for he was an important man. But it happened on a day when war was no more imminent than usual and crime was inconsequential except to its victims. The most sedate of the newspapers could hardly have been expected to pass this one up.

Will Merryman was a composer highly regarded by almost everybody. The academicians praised him and the public loved him. He had written musical comedies and operettas and revues, and an opera or two that could reasonably be called grand. The keepers of various flames claimed him for their own—the jazz snobs did not damn him as "square" and the classical snobs hailed his kinship with the masters. He was everybody's money, on a juke box or at Carnegie Hall. He was his own money, too, for he made it by the sackful, industriously, for it was a slow day when he hadn't a ballad ready before lunch and perhaps a fugue by cocktail time.

He always had a good press on the entertainment pages and elsewhere. He was a joy to photograph, with his fine bony face and deep-set eyes, with the black curls unruly, but jollier that way than any rules could have made them. And yet there was little of the Bohemian about him; he spoke well in appearance and manner for gracious living. The pictures often showed him at the piano or on the podium, but quite as often he would be on his lawn with terriers at heel or in front of his fireplace, a foot on an andiron. Sometimes his wife appeared in these, but not more importantly than the terriers or the andiron. It was taken for granted that his home life was happy and therefore uninteresting.

Ken Taverner regarded circumspectly the wife of this late manly bosom, the unobtrusive mistress of Will Merryman's happy home. She was unobtrusive. She had all the makings of handsomeness save that she lacked gloss, or whatever it was that caught an eye before the eye knew what was catching it. The features in themselves were good—a fine head and body, gray eyes, and clothes that were, so to say, suitable. Nothing to offend taste or to excite it either. She passed notice unless one had a particular reason for noticing her.

It puzzled Ken, for he had a cordial eye for women and a welcoming heart—unmarried in middle life though he was. He was a romantic of the school that regarded women as beings not to be reverenced but to be celebrated, as a poet might celebrate them or a rollicking priest of an unsolemn cult.

It would be hard to celebrate Mrs. Will Merryman. The manner puzzled him also, as it had puzzled him from the beginning. She wore a widow's air as she wore a widow's clothes, and he wondered how deep the grief went or if it went deep at all. He was not sure how a widow was supposed to behave—anything between dancing in the street and suttee was possible, depending on how she felt. He didn't really care a rap how Mrs. Merryman behaved, but it would be interesting to know how she felt.

It would be interesting to know how Justine Aherne felt too. "Tell me, Mrs. Merryman," he said, "did your husband ever—ever—indicate in any way that he might have been involved with Miss Aherne?"

She nodded. "Once only. It was rather painful for me. It was a day or so before he died. He stared at me from the bed, and I knew he must be losing his mind because he looked as though he hated me. Imagine! Will hating me! But he had been in awful pain and he said, 'What are you doing here? You're not Justine.' I laughed it off. I always laughed off Will's little whims. It was the only way to handle them. He was full of whims. I lived for Will and his music, you know, Mr. Taverner. Ever since I knew him. He knew that. I asked for nothing from him. I didn't need to. I was never important in myself, you understand. I knew that, and I always wanted Will to know it. A demanding wife would never have done for Will. He needed me. He knew he needed me, and he was always grateful—more than necessary. Why, it was a privilege to take care of Will. I felt that way about it. I even used to encourage him to —— I don't know how to say it, Mr. Taverner—it might sound odd and immoral—but I used to tell him if he wanted sometimes to have, you know, adventures outside the home, it would be all right. A man that gifted, you know—he couldn't be judged by other people's standards. But he never did. At least, I thought he never did until ——"

The voice trailed on a quaver. Ken was in grave discomfort and hoped his courtroom poise was serving to hide it. He looked beyond her to the law books lining the wall, wondering where in them could be found counsel for the counselor forced to trespass into the privacies of the human heart. The buzzer on his desk sounded and he was almost relieved, but then he remembered whose entrance it might herald. He lifted the phone. "In a minute." He replaced the phone and turned to Mrs. Merryman. "She's here. You're sure you want this meeting?"

The gray eyes, less passive than he had seen them, assented.

But Ken's finger hovered an instant over the button that would signal Justine Aherne's entrance. His heart quickened foolishly as it had quickened years before when Justine Aherne made an entrance, and a law student watched from a balcony seat. She had appeared at the top of a spiral staircase in a gown that looked as though it had been stitched out of a summer evening's nebula, the pale hair soft as the moon's corona, the face laughing, the eyes that might have been fallen from the galaxies. He almost smiled at the excess of metaphor in his memory.

He touched the button.

Justine Aherne came in and Ken rose to meet her. She did not at once see Mrs. Merryman in the deep leather chair. He stared as he took Miss Aherne's hand. Time could surely not have stood still so long. The tall body moved like a girl's, the pale hair had lights in it yet, and the eyes and face were a brilliance of color. Only the frock was subdued, simple in cut, as though she knew adornment would be superfluity.

She was used to the homage of men's stares and amused by it. "Don't look too close, Mr. Taverner. You'll begin to notice things and be disappointed." The long fingers touched her face, under the eyes. "Bird tracks, Mr. Taverner, bird tracks. The years make crisscrosses on the best of us."

He saw that she was right. The face had its lines, but the tracks had been made by birds soft of step and leisurely. If there was suffering there, she wore it well and made it part of her loveliness. What favorites life played, Ken thought, turning his eyes toward Mrs. Merryman.

"You had my note, your secretary told me," Miss Aherne said. "I'm sorry not to have answered your phone messages, but really you can't believe what a burden life has been for me since Will Merryman's ridiculous death. I've been besieged. My hotel is surrounded by ——" She paused when she saw that his eyes were not on her and that embarrassment showed in his face. Then she saw Mrs. Merryman. "I'm so sorry," she said. "You will think me a very callous person indeed, Mrs. Merryman. It is Mrs. Merryman, isn't it?"

"So I have always believed," the widow said. The voice was not rude, but very impersonal. "It seems that Will's death has inconvenienced you."

Ken saw the flush on Justine Aherne's face. "You must believe I didn't know you were there, Mrs. Merryman, or I should have chosen different words. I didn't mean that the death was ridiculous—only that it was ridiculous the way everybody carried on. It must have been terrible for you."

Mrs. Merryman said slowly, "I was prepared for it. The doctors knew it was only a matter of time. Will knew it, and he had a beautiful attitude about it. He kept on composing even after he went into the hospital, until the pain made it impossible. I saw to it that he had plenty of paper and his favorite kind of pencil, with very soft lead. He hated hard-lead pencils. I always saw to it that Will had nothing to disturb him, no little distractions that might make composing difficult. It was the least I could do, I always thought. When the world is lucky enough to have a talent like that, someone ought to protect it and take care of it and not let it be interfered with. People are so inconsiderate about interfering with a man who has important work to do."

The flush had faded from Justine Aherne's face, Ken saw. She was even pale. But he could not read the expression in her eyes as she sat in the chair on the side of his desk opposite Mrs. Merryman. In a literal sense he was in the middle, and he wondered how much more so he would be when Justine Aherne stated her intentions about Merryman's bequest.

Mrs. Merryman laughed ambiguously, a laugh of no mirth, one that might have been bitter or rueful. Ken wished that a straightforward emotion would show itself somewhere along the line, if only so that he could believe himself a lawyer again and not an interloper among uncomfortable secrets.

"I don't know if you know it," Mrs. Merryman said, addressing both of them, "but I had the privilege of giving Will Merryman to the world. I mean, making it possible for his talent to be trained."

Justine Aherne nodded. "I knew that."

"Did you?" Mrs. Merryman said. "I wondered if you did. He was a very poor young man when I first met him. Very poor. It was pitiful to see the life he was living. Playing the piano in saloons, mind you! They called them night clubs, but they were only taverns. Poor Will had to associate with some dreadful people."

The flush came into Miss Aherne's face again, but she said nothing.

"I couldn't have that," Mrs. Merryman went on. "I had a little money. It wasn't a fortune, but it was enough for what Will needed. It was an income from some property. And it was enough to take us to Europe for Will to study. He had the best instruction there was. I consulted people about where to go, who the finest instructors were. And he worked hard. It was a joy to me to see how hard he worked. He began to be known even while he was still studying. I used to take his music to men who could do him some good. I'd haunt them until they saw me and wait until

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

One lovely Sunday when the sermon was overlong, the congregation rushed, as usual, from its pews on the first syllable of "Amen!" Faithful Abigail, the only worshiper held entranced by the sermon, moved slowly and was trampled. She sued the church and its officials for damages.

"Those in charge of the church knew full well that most of the congregation stampedes after long sermons," Abigail argued. "They should have recognized the danger in the situation. Not being prepared to cope with it, they were negligent."

"A church is a nonprofit organization manned for the most part by volunteers," the church attorney replied. "No one has a right to expect it to be run with the smart efficiency of a business concern. Abigail therefore has no real claim."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Abigail?

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Abigail loses. The court said churches exist "as places set apart from the material phases of our lives," and that the usual rules of negligence do not apply to them. *Based upon a 1957 Florida decision.*

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they gave the music a hearing. Will would be so surprised when he'd hear about it. I never told him until something was all arranged for, because I didn't want him to have any disappointments. I could take the disappointments, but I knew he couldn't because he was so sensitive. He'd be jumpy and irritable sometimes even with me, though mostly he was fine with me. He loved me very much. He told me over and over that if it hadn't been for me he'd never have been anything except a piano player in taverns. The only thing I never liked much, after Will began to compose, was that he'd let himself be talked into doing musical comedies and things like that. Of course, it made money, but it took him away from his serious music—and it took him away from home for such long times, when a musical would be on tour. It took him away from me," she said with a show of naïveté, "for he always said I didn't fit into the life of the theater. I think he was right. It was good for Will, he said, to know that I was back at home waiting for him."

She laughed the ambiguous laugh again. "It must have been those times, Miss Aherne, that Will was—with you. He always told me there was nobody, and I suppose I wanted to believe him—and so I did. I honestly didn't think about it much. I only thought of what was good for Will. It would have been all right if he had told me about it. I'd have understood. But then when he said your name when he was dying—and when he wrote that"—she found no other words than the ones she had used earlier—"that peculiar document the newspapers made so much of—well, it rather hurt, Miss Aherne. It hurt."

Ken could believe her there. It must indeed have hurt. The document said:

My estate as it stands as of this date of course belongs to my legal wife, Tabitha Merryman, nee Wade, and it should represent a fair return on her original investment and compensation for services through long years. But it is my wish that all future moneys from my music shall belong to Justine Aherne. The music belongs to her and always did, and it is proper she should have financial gain from it—if she wants it. She is, in the only sense of the word that ever meant anything to me, my true and honorable wife.

Ken said, "You're familiar with the document, Miss Aherne?"

She shrugged. "How could I not be? The papers made it go a long way."

"You must understand," Mrs. Merryman said, "that I am not concerned about the money. Mr. Taverner will tell you that. But I am concerned about ——"

Miss Aherne interrupted. "Why should you be concerned about any of it, Mrs. Merryman? It surely wouldn't be accepted as a legal will." She looked at Ken. "Would it, Mr. Taverner?"

Cautiously he answered, "It's debatable, of course. A lot depends on how you feel about it yourself. He refused drugs for some time before he wrote it. The doctor says that he insisted on that, though he was in pain. He seemed to want no questions of—of his sanity raised."

Justine Aherne rose and walked to the window. Ken watched her as she spoke, her back to them, a wilderness of skyscrapers beyond her. "I raise the question now," she said. "About his sanity, I mean. He must have been out of his mind. The so-called will or codicil or whatever you call it was a sick man's raving."

"The courts might not think so," Ken said.

"The courts will never have occasion to think about it at all." She turned to the woman in the deep leather chair. "You must believe me, Mrs. Merryman. I have no claim on your husband whatever."

Doubtfully Mrs. Merryman said, "You are only sparing my feelings, aren't you?"

Ken could have sworn there was anger in Justine Aherne's eyes now. "Why should I? No one has spared mine in this whole fantastic business. It's simply taken for granted that if money is around I want it."

"It isn't the money," Mrs. Merryman said, not for the first time. "You must have meant something to Will for him to have written that. And it may be that I was wrong in thinking ——" The voice hardened. "No, I was not wrong about that. I meant more to him and his music than anybody else could have. I was his wife, in all ways—not just legally. I was true and honorable. Whatever you were to him, I don't know. Was he with you all those times he was away?"

Miss Aherne returned to her chair, sat and leaned forward earnestly as she spoke. "Look, Mrs. Merryman. Understand something: I was nothing to your husband. Nothing. I hadn't seen him in more than twenty years. And he was nothing to me in the first place. A long time ago, you see, I was part of that shabby little world you found him in. I was an entertainer in the saloons you took him out of. Later I did better than that myself and began to make my way in the theater. That was about the time Will's music was becoming known. From that time on we never saw each other."

Mrs. Merryman's gray eyes were intent and her voice shook. "And—and before that ——?"

Justine Aherne laughed. "Before that—nothing. I went out with him a few times. I went out with anybody who asked me, just about, and a lot of them did. Will was always pleasant to me and I don't say I didn't have ideas. But, good heavens, Mrs. Merryman, who doesn't have ideas when they're young? Will told me about you when he first met you, and I was glad about it. Do you really think Will Merryman—Will Merryman, the great musician—would have been interested for long in the likes of me?"

A hush was on the room, and Ken searched Mrs. Merryman's face. The gray eyes had relief in them and maybe triumph. "I didn't know. I simply didn't know. You are very beautiful."

"Tchah! My kind of beauty, since you're kind enough to call it that, comes by the job lot, Mrs. Merryman. Will never gave me a second glance after he met you."

Mrs. Merryman stood up and extended her hand. "In that case, Miss Aherne, I will be on my way. Mr. Taverner knows what to do next. I have no head for some things at all. It's always been Will and his music with me. But I meant what I said about the money. You can have ——"

"I don't want any money, Mrs. Merryman. I could only take it fraudulently. You see, it's as I told you. I have no claim. Do you want me to sign waivers or something, Mr. Taverner?"

"Something like that," Ken said. He led Mrs. Merryman to the door, and there was a confusion of good-bys. Ken returned to his desk. "Now, then," he said. "Now, then, Miss Aherne. Goodness! Whatever is the matter?"

Justine Aherne's eyes were full of tears. "Nothing."

"Were you lying, Miss Aherne? Will Merryman meant something to you after all."

"Not he." The voice was scornful.

"Why are you crying if not for him?"

"For her, Mr. Taverner. You disappoint me in perceptiveness. And you have such a perceptive face too. You should have been in the theater with a face like that. The sturdy man who mightn't get the girl, but always deserved to. In the old days, you'd still be playing juveniles."

"But why should you cry for Mrs. Merryman?" he said.

She wiped her eyes and laughed. "Because she was married all those years to that little stinker, Will. Fetched and carried for him and made herself a cipher. Golly, was I well out of that."

"I guessed you knew him better than you admitted."

"Did you? But not so well as he'd have liked to have it, nor so well as you may be thinking. I'll leave you to wonder whether I had my fling with Will Merryman. It will do you good to wonder. Was he the genius everyone said he was, Mr. Taverner? I don't know that much about music."

"But you used to sing," Ken said. "You used to sing beautifully. I heard you often."

She looked at him warmly. "Your eyes were deceiving your ears, Mr. Taverner. I could never sing for beans, but with an orchestra back of me I got by. I could never act either. That was why I retired before anybody noticed. They didn't care whether I could act in those days. I made a few films and took off with enough to keep me going for a few years. It's almost all gone now, and I may have to come out of retirement. Do you think I could learn to do character parts? Mothers of faded beauty who eat up their sons? They're all the thing in plays nowadays."

Ken protested, "But your beauty isn't faded."

She was pleased. "Why, Mr. Taverner! You sound like a Stage Door John. I always liked the Stage Door Johns. They thought I was wonderful no matter what I did. It's nice of you to say so, Mr. Taverner. But the time isn't far off"—she gestured toward her eyes and the skin under them—"when traffic policemen will be offering me an arm at crossings, saying 'Easy does it, ma. Mustn't rack the old frame, must we?' But you didn't answer my question. Was Will Merryman as much of a genius as all that?"

"He must have been," Ken said. "Everybody says so."

She pointed a finger at him. "You're evading. I used to like Will's little tunes. I still do. They all sounded as though he swiped them from Mozart or somebody. I wouldn't have minded that. We all steal from one another, one way or another. Only I never could see any point in making such a public display of whatever it happens to be that life gives us. I never knew any real geniuses, but I doubt that they'd have carried on the way Will Merryman did. They wouldn't have needed to. Important people oughtn't to be self-important. I told that to Will when he asked me to —— Well, he didn't ask me to marry him because he already had it in mind that whoever married him would have to be able to afford him. You see, I liked the little world we lived in then. I liked the theater later on in the same way. We got by one way or another and had some fun doing it. We lived and let live. But not Will. I could trick him once in a while into having a good time in spite of himself. But it never lasted long. I was glad for him when he married. But I wondered about the girl. You know, when they came back from Europe and Will's music was catching on, he had the nerve to look me up. He suggested—he suggested an arrangement. Not divorce and marriage, mind you. I'll say that for Will. He had a conscience about some things. He knew he'd made a bargain in the marriage, and he was willing to keep up his end of the bargain. He did too—until he wrote that silly will. What do you suppose was in his mind when he wrote that?"

Ken remembered what the widow had said. *He stared at me from the bed, and I knew he must be losing his mind because he looked as though he hated me.* "He may have come to believe," Ken said, "that he didn't have the best of the bargain. I wouldn't, if I were you, be too generous with tears for Mrs. Will Merryman."

She was quizzical. "You know more about it than I do. I've had my ups and downs and made my mistakes. Oh, lots of mistakes, Mr. Taverner. But I'm darned if I can see what that little widow has to show for a lifetime with silly, self-centered Will Merryman."

"I know," Ken said. "Did you ever read Coleridge?"

"Let's have it, Mr. Taverner," she said laughing. "You have something in mind, and I bet it will be cryptic as anything. I never read much except the works of *Op. Cit.* and *Ibid.* and gaudy rogues like that."

Ken recited:

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

She was thoughtful. "You may be right. Even so, I don't think my tears were wasted. What a sad way to be! Now, about that waiver, Mr. Taverner."

He held up his hand. "I'll have it drawn up. But I want to know when you come out of retirement. It's important."

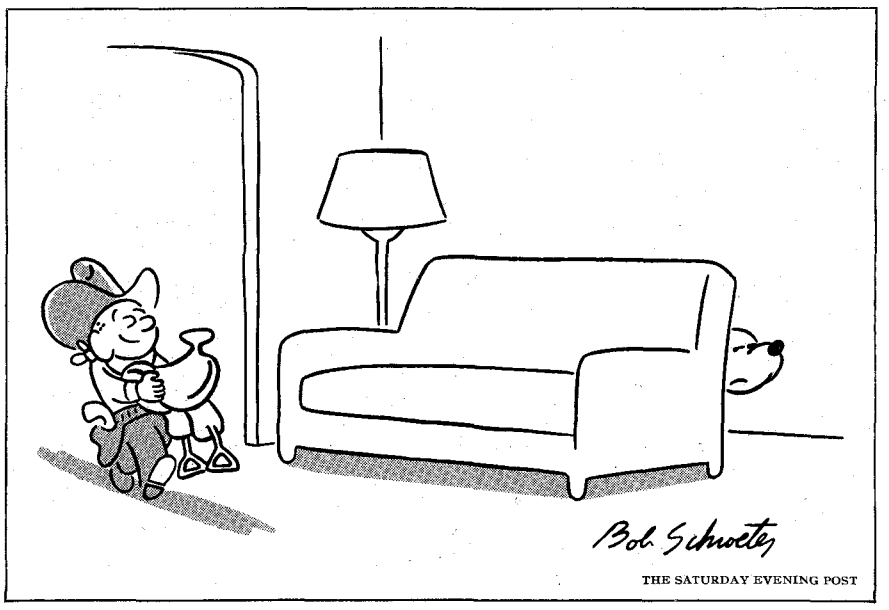
"I'm not sure when exactly. I've had some offers. People had forgotten about me until Will Merryman's death. Why is it important?"

"Because," he said, "I'll be coming out of retirement myself at the same time."

"Retirement, Mr. Taverner? Retirement as what?"

He laughed happily. "As a Stage Door John, of course. What else, Miss Aherne?"

THE END



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The Bandanna Bandit

(Continued from Page 30)

As for watchdogs—well, the bandanna bandit gentled some of the noisiest. They padded along at his heels as if seeking his approval. The bandit was never surprised when he found two or even three dogs in a house. The places he robbed on Philadelphia's Main Line—and on occasional side trips into Delaware and New Jersey—could afford whole kennels.

Police credit him with fifty-seven burglaries in the period between 1952 and 1958, yet his all-time jack pot was only $225. Sometimes he found less than five dollars; other times he skipped hundreds of dollars ready for the taking.

But he eluded police like a trackless Sputnik vanishing into outer space. Time after time they threw up roadblocks within minutes of his hits, but they never caught a glimpse of him. He robbed one Main Line home while a police car was parked less than a quarter of a mile away. Exploits like that made newspaper-headline writers happy and amused all Philadelphia.

And the bandit kept on with his after-dark calls on the owners of gracious homes. Once he visited the secluded suburban dwelling of David Pierce, a partner in an electric-appliance firm. It was about two A.M. when Mrs. Pierce was awakened by a sudden noise. She called her husband, who headed for the first floor to investigate. On the steps he met the bandanna bandit.

Pierce said, "You certainly scared me."

"Yes, I know," the bandit replied softly. "But all I want is your money."

He followed Pierce to the bedroom and waited patiently at the door while Pierce fished twenty dollars from his wallet. That was all he had, Pierce told him. The bandit took his word. "That," he said, "will be O.K."

In his own way he was polite to another victim who lived in the same area, Brandon Barringer, treasurer of the Curtis Publishing Company. He spoke softly when he awakened Mrs. Barringer with the beam of a flashlight in her eyes.

"I'm a burglar. I won't hurt you—I want dough. Where's your husband? He's got it."

Mrs. Barringer slipped into a housecoat and led the bandit to an adjoining room where she awakened her husband by saying, "Brandon, this is a burglar. He wants your dough."

Barringer sat up. "He can have my dough," he grumbled. "And it's a lot too." He switched on a bedside lamp and saw the intruder—a masked man in a shabby brown overcoat.

"Put out the light," said the bandit. Barringer obeyed. Then, while the burglar shone a pencil flashlight in his face, he counted out money from his wallet—ten, twenty, thirty, on up to $185. As the bandit left the house, Barringer phoned police, and a patrol car responded in only two minutes. But the bandit escaped, as he had so many times before.

The nice touch—that's what people felt the bandanna bandit often displayed. Consider, for example, his visit to the big suburban residence of Howard C. Petersen, president of the Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Company. He jimmied open a first-floor window and quietly found his way to the master bedroom, where the banker and his wife were asleep. After waking them and giving his usual assurance that he only wanted money and wouldn't harm a soul if they did what they were told, he asked where the cash was. Petersen directed him to his pants in an adjoining dressing room. The bandit found a wallet in the trousers and took sixty to eighty dollars—Petersen isn't sure how much he had. Then the bandanna bandit neatly folded the pants over a chair.

"He was very courteous," Mrs. Petersen told police. "You might call his manner unassuming."

Through all this, Petersen's brace of beagles didn't even whimper. If police were puzzled by the dogs' forbearance, they were baffled by the gentle treatment the bandit received from three big dogs in the home of Charles Howe, a corporate vice president at John Wanamaker's, Philadelphia's biggest department store. It was a star-bright April night when the bandanna bandit forced open a kitchen window and headed for the second floor. At the landing he was met by a large boxer. The dog calmly followed the bandit into the Howes' bedroom. And there was Baby, another boxer, specially trained as a watchdog. She was completely tongue-tied. Only Emma, an English bulldog, made any noise—one brief bark before settling back on the floor to watch the burglar beam his pencil flashlight into Howe's face.

"Take it easy," said Howe; "let me wake up. I'm still half asleep." The bandit said he wanted money, but he didn't want to hurt anybody. Howe got up, found his wallet and handed over twenty-three dollars. The dogs were so mesmerized that Mrs. Howe feared they might be enslaved forever. So she asked the bandit to close the door on the dogs as he left, and he was polite enough to do it.

Bulldogs are apt to growl at strangers, and a trained boxer is usually a very tough animal indeed. The Howes told the local police chief, William Barton, that big, seventy-five-pound Baby had never taken kindly to a stranger. To demonstrate, they left him alone in a room with the chief. Baby promptly fastened her huge teeth in the chief's coat.

What, then, was the bandanna bandit's secret? Why would a dog, ready to tear the blue coat of law and order from a policeman's back, look on peacefully while a burglar robbed his master? There were plenty of theories. Some said tranquilizers. Others suggested with a grin that it was all done with hypnosis. Police ruled out both suggestions; you can't entrance a dog or give him a pill before you even get into the house with him. One man told Chief Barton he had the real answer. "There's a callus on the inside of a horse's front legs," he said. "Now just cut a little piece of that callus off and carry it around in your pocket. Every dog you meet will be your slave."

The chief said he'd never heard of such a thing—and he'd been around dogs and horses plenty. "Look," the man said, "you want to solve this case? Well, just look for a guy who carries a piece of horse's callus." Barton went to a Main Line veterinarian and asked him what he thought about such a theory.

"That's a real crazy idea," was the answer.

"Do me a favor," said Barton. "Try it out on some of those big, tough dogs you take care of." The veterinarian laughed—it was the silliest thing he'd ever heard, but to satisfy police he'd try it.

Weeks went by and Barton heard not a word. Finally he asked the veterinarian if he'd had any luck. "Worked like a charm," said the veterinarian dryly. "I cut a little piece of callus from a horse's leg, put it in my pocket, came back to the office—and the first dog I examined bit me."

But there were other theories. Probably the most popular was that the bandanna bandit was not a professional thief. Maybe dogs didn't bark because he was familiar to them. In other words, the bandanna bandit was just a skylarking fellow who knew both the dogs and the people in the houses he robbed. Philadelphians nodded knowingly when they heard of the bandanna bandit's flight from the home of the late Richard Slocum, executive vice president and general manager of the Philadelphia Bulletin. The Slocums had a large house—large enough to confuse an intruder. How, then, did the bandit know exactly what doors to open to escape by a side terrace?

Those who thought that the bandanna bandit might be a fellow everybody knew could also point to his visit to Dr. Warren Cocklin, retired superintendent of schools in Upper Merion, about ten miles west of the Slocum house. It was midnight and Cocklin was in his living room, reading. He heard a slight rustle and looked up. There in the doorway was the bandanna bandit.

"Turn off that light," he said. "I want your money."

Cocklin snapped off the light and told the robber he had no money. The bandanna bandit, flashlight in hand, pulled Cocklin's wallet from his pocket. It was empty. The bandit laughed and said, "Boy, are you broke!" Then he disappeared into the night.

He had missed a billfold with $130 in another pocket. Surely, this could only be the act of a rollicking amateur, and wouldn't you like to bet, if the police ever caught up with him, they'd learn just that?

The bandanna bandit took a couple of years off, but that didn't stop the talk about a supposed gay blade who stole for a lark. Obviously, it was said, he'd gone off on a world tour. But he'd be back.

He was—with the same dirty old hat, the bandanna mask and the soft-spoken promise that "all I want is your money. Don't worry about your kids. I never hurt children."

The newspapers again were filled with accounts of his escapades. The commuter trains buzzed with guesses as to who might be next on the blue-ribbon list. The bandanna bandit had been missed, and with the world all too serious it was a homely touch to have him back in business at the same old stand.

NEXT WEEK

CIVIL DEFENSE: A NATIONAL DISGRACE

Our Mass-Evacuation Plan Could Lead to Disaster

By Stephen M. Young, U.S. Senator From Ohio

HOLLYWOOD'S LATE-BLOOMING REDHEAD

Academy Award Winner Susan Hayward

By Dean Jennings

HIS GRACE WILL DO ANYTHING

The Screwball Antics of England's Duke of Bedford

IN COLOR:

SECRETS OF A LION TAMER

California's Master of Big-Cat Psychology

HOFFA LEAVES A BAFFLING TRAIL

By John Bartlow Martin

MARK OF TREACHERY

A New Serial by Clarence Budington Kelland

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One night he ventured into Huntingdon Valley, to the northeast of his usual Main Line beat. In a house on an exclusive road he found two teen-age girls sleeping in a second-floor bedroom. Bandanna firmly in place, he flashed his light into their faces and demanded money. But what teen-agers ever have money to give away?

He rummaged around the bureau for a bit, picked up a necklace, studied it for a moment, then put it aside. An envelope caught his eye. He looked at it, then casually tossed it in a corner—not knowing it held $100. He turned, walked between the beds, looked at one girl, then the other.

"Are you twins?" he asked. No, they said, just friends. He shook his head. "You sure do look alike." Then he told them he'd have to pull the telephone wires. He yanked. Nothing happened. Mildly one girl suggested he pull in another direction. He grinned and jerked again. The wires came loose. Then he was gone. The teen-agers called police on another phone and said the bandit had been a most polite fellow.

But the police saw nothing polite about him. To them he'd been a six-year nuisance—no gay dog at all, just a criminal. Police chiefs in five Pennsylvania counties asked the state police and the Philadelphia detective bureau to take the bandanna bandit seriously. They checked with police of other states, and found that a polite bandannaed bandit had robbed homes in New Jersey and Delaware. They studied, they planned—and they kept what they knew to themselves.

So, on a brisk and moonlit night last November, the bandanna bandit was working in his usual way, with no knowledge that the police had launched Operation Bandanna. Silently he entered the home of Mrs. Howard Wood, Jr., widow of a steel-company executive. He awakened her with his flashlight, asked her to take him to her husband. She did not answer. He asked if there was a man around. "Yes," she said, "there is a houseman here. But do not frighten him. He has heart trouble."

He turned away while she put on a robe. Somehow his mask slipped to reveal his features. He pushed it back in place and followed Mrs. Wood to the hall. On the way to the houseman's room, she asked if he was the bandanna bandit. Bandanna, gun, flashlight to the contrary, he assured her he was not. He was easy-mannered. She did not hesitate to tell him he should be "ashamed" to break into people's houses. The bandit did not answer, but went on about his business—robbing the houseman, Daniel Thornton, of twenty-two dollars.

Then he left, and Mrs. Wood called police—on a telephone in her first-floor library which the burglar had overlooked; he had ripped the wires from her bedroom extension. Police set up their usual roadblocks and posted men in the nearby woods and on the railroad tracks about a mile from Mrs. Wood's house. They also unmuzzled their secret weapon—two bloodhounds, which bayed their way for half a mile from the place of the robbery to the Schuylkill Expressway, a superhighway leading into Philadelphia. The dogs doubled back several times, but would always come again to the big road, then stop as if confused by the heavy traffic. Two state policemen, Sgt. Herbert Hoffman and trooper Chester Krupiewski, reasoned that the bandit must be nearby. They went to some empty boxcars parked on freight tracks, just beyond the road and began a slow and careful check.

Sound asleep in one car, a pencil flashlight tucked under him, a loaded gun in his hip pocket, and a brown-bordered handkerchief beside him, was the man they wanted—Henry Sliva, fifty-nine, a sometime dishwasher in New York City.

As it happened, Sliva had been fingered some weeks earlier as the No. 1 suspect in the bandanna-bandit crimes. Over in

The River

By Curtis Heath

In hilly land these waters start
Between two banks three feet
apart,
Twisting their way through
woods and fields
Along a shallow bed that yields
The path it follows toward the
sea
To boulders or a fallen tree.

But here, through channels deep
and wide,
Smoothly the patient currents
glide;
Like a love in time grown
strong
The quiet river moves along
Without a rippling scar to show
What rocks and roots might lie
below.

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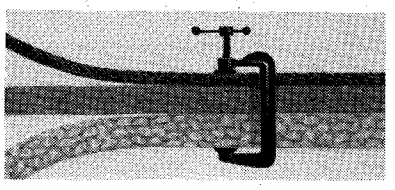

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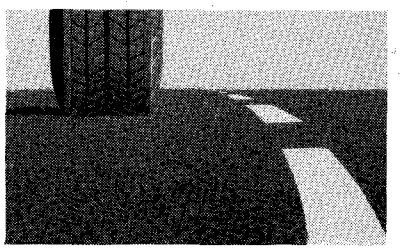

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Edison, New Jersey, Mrs. Manning Barr had heard about a bandanna-wearing bandit who'd demanded money, but said he wouldn't hurt children. That sent Mrs. Barr to police. Back in 1932, she said, she had been through a similar experience; the man had been arrested a few days later in a nearby town. To police in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania this was a big break. A man with a record like that is duck soup for a police run-down. They checked their files and found a Polish-born ex-convict, Henry Sliva, with a record of forty-three arrests and twenty-odd years in prison. More important, his M.O.—method of operation—fitted the bandanna bandit.

It was easy, then, for the two troopers who found Sliva to call him by name—to recognize him from his rogue's-gallery picture, tall, thin, trembling, with pale gray eyes blinking over sunken cheeks. Maj. William Ruch, commander of the local state-police unit, says, "There's a poetic justice here, I guess. Sliva didn't like it when he was wakened by a flashlight shining in his face, with a gun pointed at him. I guess he never thought it would be a woman's memory that helped lead to his capture. And funniest of all is the dog business. He charmed a lot of them. Yet it was a couple of bloodhounds which pointed to his hiding place."

Fourteen of his victims identified Sliva, but he politely declined the title of bandanna bandit. Main Liners couldn't have cared less. The romantic myth of the robber-for-kicks was gone. To any who asked, Sliva would explain that, though he wasn't the bandanna bandit, he understood dogs. If you're not afraid, he said, they will never bite you. His was the logic of a professional criminal.

This was no carefree playboy. This was a hardened convict, a graduate of Joliet State Prison in Illinois, a man who had once escaped from Pennsylvania's Western State Penitentiary. The jokes about the bandanna bandit had been fun, but the real man, Sliva, evoked no merriment. It was suddenly plain to everyone that armed burglary is a desperate business. A jury found Sliva guilty, and the judge sentenced him to prison—for not less than thirty years or more than sixty.

The Struggle to Get Hoffa (Continued from Page 27)

banned from boulevards; nobody likes trucks. They are a nuisance in traffic, slow and heavy-footed, but they bull their way through on schedule, more surely than nimbler passenger cars. Just so does the Teamsters Union.

At the bottom Teamster power is won on the streets and resides in the locals. Harry Peters, an organizer for a Chicago warehouse local, is on the street all day long. His office is his car crammed with union literature and card files. He cruises the dingy warehouse districts, walks up and down the streets and alleys, looking for workers to organize. "I'll look in the window to see what type workers they've got. If I see a lot of Puerto Ricans and colored workers, it's a low-paying company, a good place to hit. I'll hang around till I get a chance to talk to them. You find 'em in the alley, loading a truck or standing around on a coffee break or eating their lunch out of buckets."

If they seem receptive, Peters returns early next morning, 6:30 or 7 A.M., to catch the workers before they go into the plant. In addition to his salary, Peters is paid ten dollars for every new member he gets. "An organizer can make ten thousand dollars a year if he applies himself," Peters says. He feels like a man running his own business.

Peters also services contracts with about sixty companies covering 1500 workers. He visits each plant at least once a month, making sure dues are paid, delivering the union newspaper, listening to members' grievances. His visit is almost the only effective contact the members have with their union. "A union lives on the streets. And," he adds, "Jimmy Hoffa knows that."

Jimmy Hoffa stands five feet five and one half inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. He gained five pounds in 1958, when the McClellan committee kept him so busy he couldn't get any exercise. He says, "I gotta get back in shape. Little too much belly." Hoffa is muscular. He has thick legs, thick wrists, broad, heavy shoulders, large feet. He is built like a truck, hard to knock off balance. He runs up and down stairs. His shoes are apt to be scuffed and his pants baggy. His features are rugged and somewhat Indian in cast—straight black hair, high cheekbones. A hint of a sardonic smile often plays about his mouth. His eyes are small, bright, gray-green hard. He has big, hard, callused hands, stubby fingers.

Hoffa often works a twelve-hour day. A union leader says, "When we're negotiating a contract we'll be there forty-eight, seventy-two hours straight, and he'll take a shower and do a few pushups and start all over again." Hoffa lives a good deal of his life in hotel rooms, hotel lobbies, airports and union halls, hardly ever alone.

Hoffa likes being called "the Teamsters' teamster." Once at a Teamster convention Hoffa spotted a Negro delegate whom he had not seen since the Montgomery Ward organizing campaign three years before; Hoffa remembered him well enough to ask, "How's everything at Ward's?" He is a far different man from Dave Beck, whom he succeeded as Teamster president. Hoffa has said, "Beck kept away from people, from the rank and file. Beck was an iceberg. Very cold. He didn't visit the local unions. His great delight was to travel to Europe and come back and make a speech about it." Hoffa would rather telephone a man than write him, would rather see and touch him than telephone him. Hoffa drives his own car; goes to the curb to hail his own taxi, won't let hotel bellhops wait on him.

Traveling, Beck had a retinue of aides—buffers to fend off the crowd. Hoffa travels alone. Hoffa recalls, "I saw Beck come into Chicago once; he got off the plane, and two cars picked him up and he swung over to the hotel, he walked through the lobby, he'd say, 'Hi fella,' he went up to his room and stayed there till everything was ready. Then he came bustin' in, up on the platform and made a tremendous speech, got down, walked through the crowd, 'Hi fella,' went on up to his room, we never saw him again. For crying out loud,"—gesturing hard—"you can't do that to people. 'Hi fella,'" scornfully. "'Hi fella *what?* You go to hell—if you don't know my name I don't wanta talk to you.' You at least got to know who came to your meeting."

Above all, Beck wanted respectability. Hoffa says, "That's what ruined him." Hoffa cares nothing for it. "I get a lot of invitations from employers, go here, go there. I don't go. If I wanta go duck hunting, I go with my stewards, my business agents. In Florida there's always ten, fifteen employers want me to use their boats. I don't need 'em—we got our own boat. I'll go with my own people. Where I belong."

Hoffa has no interest in sports. "I got no time." He has no hobbies. He does not smoke or drink. Asked why, he says, "Wouldn't you like to quit? Then why should I start?" He doesn't like to have people around him that drink much. He is an oddly moral man. Once, in a hotel lobby, watching bellhops and elevator girls parade past in military style as they changed shifts, Hoffa said in annoyance, "If I had a hotel union, the first thing I'd do is stop parading people like cattle," and he went on to relate how once he had stopped a night club's forcing its hat-check girls to wear uplift brassières. Hoffa has been known to walk out on a night-club strip-tease act. Returning from a trip to Israel in 1956, Hoffa and his party stopped in Europe. His companions went to night clubs. Hoffa visited union leaders, took his daughter shopping and, evenings, went to bed. He was restless, wanted to get home and see "what's going on." Finally fed up, he left, saying, "There's nothin' to do in this town—but nothin'." The town was Paris.

Hoffa cares for little but his work. Frank Fitzsimmons, an officer of Hoffa's own Detroit local, has said, "I've known him thirteen years and this is his life, this union." Hoffa is a difficult, demanding man to work for. He is curt, impatient of stupid men and old fogies. He dislikes lawyers and public-relations men. He makes snap decisions. He is explosive and unpredictable. What he says seems emotion-charged and dependent upon how he is feeling at the moment, not necessarily upon what is true. Down deep, Hoffa probably trusts no one. At the hearings the McClellan committee tried to get Hoffa to admit that he once forced his business agents to don concealed recording devices before entering a grand-jury room so he could check up later on what they said there. Hoffa equivocated. His close friends are all old Detroit friends.

Ideas don't interest Hoffa. Neither do political issues that don't directly affect labor. He deeply mistrusts politicians. He holds with Samuel Gompers: Labor should reward its friends and punish its enemies. Asked a while back what labor leaders he admired most, he said without hesitation, "John L. Lewis. I don't think there's anybody in the labor movement that can compare with Lewis. And Dan Tobin, to build a union like this." What "historical figures" does he admire? "Henry Ford," he said almost at once. "Ford was no liberal, but I think you got to admire anybody who builds something from nothing. Then Truman—you take a guy like Truman, who took all the same kind of adverse publicity and heat we are because he stood up for what he thought was right."

An underdog feeling colors nearly everything Hoffa says or does. "Since 1932 I been investigated almost on a continuous basis. By anybody and everybody. Private investigators hired by employers. Two congressional committees. Now the Senate committee. Several grand juries. My wife and I been twenty-two years in this damn foot race. Twenty-two years of it," and he smiled reminiscently. The image of Hoffa as the cocky little underdog battling the United States Government is not false; it is his natural role. Almost, if Bob Kennedy of the McClellan committee hadn't existed, Jimmy Hoffa would have had to invent him.

Hoffa is home only weekends and often not then. He telephones home twice a day. He is paid $50,000 a year plus un-

"You'll laugh when I tell you what they offered for the car."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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limited expenses, but he and his wife live in a workingman's section of Detroit in the same modest brick house they built twenty years ago for $6800. Hoffa met his wife Josephine, a Polish girl, on a picket line in 1937; she was working in a laundry where Hoffa was running a strike. Hoffa showed up for their first date wearing a bloody bandage on his head. Today Mrs. Hoffa is forty, blond, slender, attractive. Hoffa treats her gently, with real affection. She seems by nature a shy, quiet woman. Perhaps because of the pressure of the investigation, perhaps because, as Hoffa says, "women in their forties have problems," she recently has seemed disturbed, tense, withdrawn, and it seems unfair to subject her to lengthy examination. Hoffa is protective of her. Once when Kennedy considered Hoffa's answers on the witness stand evasive, Kennedy threatened to call Hoffa's wife; Hoffa quickly said it wasn't necessary; he'd answer, and he did.

The Hoffas have two children, a boy eighteen and a girl twenty-one. He has often discussed the investigation with his children. "We read the papers together, discussed it. They're part of it." His daughter was president of her high-school class and now attends Albion College. Last year Hoffa's son was chosen all-state high-school football guard. Hoffa was elated at the honor and, returning home from a battering by the committee in Washington, told a friend. "That's one thing they can't say Hoffa fixed."

Hoffa has said, "My wife and I don't go out much. She has her relatives in sometimes. Weekends, maybe we visit her sister or go to a friend's house or go shopping or go out to the lake," where Hoffa owns a cottage. "Saturday nights we watch television. Or maybe go to the house of one of the business agents that works for me; his baby's named after Jo; we play with the kids, talk, yak. We go where we want, do what we want, but that's about it. Some Sundays we eat out. Next year, when Jimmy goes to college, she'll travel with me more. It'll give her some fun—for the first time in her life."

Hoffa has not had a vacation with his family for eight years. Bert Brennan, a Teamster leader from Detroit and Hoffa's closest friend, has said, "Jim's never shot a deer. He used to go hunting with the same bunch of fellas—the business agents. They'd all bring their kids, and he'd take the kids out in the morning, he'd bring 'em back by noon; the little ones he'd make 'em undress and get dry, he'd feed 'em and put 'em to bed for a nap. He got more bang outa them than outa hunting himself."

James Riddle Hoffa was born February 14, 1913, in Brazil, Indiana. His middle name is his mother's maiden name. She was of Irish descent, his father of Dutch descent. Jimmy was the third of four children, two boys and two girls. His father, a coal prospector, died when Jimmy was seven. Hoffa says he died of "coal poisoning"—"a victim of the mines," says the official Teamster biography—but county records show that his death was by no means so martyred. Whatever its cause, it left Mrs. Hoffa in straitened circumstances. Jimmy Hoffa has said. "There were four of us kids. We had enough to eat, but that was all. My mother took in washings. She did housework. We kids did odd jobs and helped her."

When Jimmy was ten, his mother took the children to Detroit, "looking for some way to keep us alive," Jimmy Hoffa recalls. He himself quit school after seventh grade to go to work. "I got a job in a department store, stock boy. Then I got a job at Kroger's. And that's my whole life. Pretty simple life."

At Kroger's, a grocery chain, he worked on the produce warehouse dock, unloading boxcars and trucks. He recalls, "You'd report for work at five P.M. The foreman wouldn't punch you in. You'd sit in the hall. He'd come out and pick who he needed. You'd work three, four hours, then he'd tell you to punch out. You'd wait for several hours, then punch in again when another truck came. You'd be there ten, twelve, fourteen hours, and get three hours' pay. At thirty-two cents an hour. There were six of us young fellas; we decided we ought to have a union to control the foreman, who treated you like a dog." When the season's first load of strawberries arrived, they struck. The fruit would perish if they didn't unload it. The company capitulated. "Out of that we started building a union."

In 1932 he took his union into what became Local 337 of the Teamsters. Soon he was appointed business agent of another local which was in trusteeship, Local 299. "It was falling apart. It was ten thousand dollars in the hole and had less than three hundred members." Today Hoffa is still president of Local 299 and it has 16,000 members, one of the biggest Teamster locals in the country, with $1,600,000 in its treasury. Some of the men with Hoffa then are with him yet.

The depression was on. Hoffa has said, "The depression in Detroit—it was knock down, drag out, starving people; it was murder, murder." Hoffa had had no youth, really. He went to work for the union full time. "We were supposed to get twenty-five dollars a week, but if we got five or ten we were lucky." They were organizing day and night. "We'd go out, hit the docks, talk to drivers, put up picket lines, conduct strikes, hold meetings day and night, convince people to join the union." He and Bert Brennan started moving in on over-the-road drivers. They followed trucks to terminals, organized the dock workers there and told them not to unload hot cargo—merchandise hauled in by nonunion drivers. "Pretty soon Local 299 was collecting dues all the way down to Evansville."

Hoffa recalls, "In the early days every strike was a fight. We used to sleep out in cars on the picket line. Detroit was the open-shop capital of America. Every time you'd go near a place to organize it you'd get picked up and put in jail. The police beat you on the head with night clubs. It was a mess. We fought everybody on the street. I have to laugh when they talk about the people who work for us"—that is, the criminals. "Hell, the employers hired every kind of hoodlum they could."

Sometimes the strikers fought mounted police and tear gas. "I was in a lot of fights, got my head broke, got banged around. My brother got shot. We had a business agent killed by a strikebreaker." Hoffa was arrested eighteen times in one day. "We had a strike going," he recalls, "and I got a call there was trouble on the picket line. When I pulled up, a young lieutenant said, 'What are you doing here?' I said, 'What do you think?' He said, 'Come with me.' We argued, and he took me down to the jail. The inspector said, 'What were you doing?' I said, 'Nothing.' He said, 'Then why are you here?' The lieutenant said, 'He was going to cause trouble.' The inspector said, 'Leave him alone.' So I went back, and the lieutenant followed me and picked me up again. He was bound and determined he was going to break the strike. He said, 'Stay off the picket line and there won't be any trouble.' I said, '*You* stay off the picket line and there won't be any trouble. If you wanta have trouble, we'll give it to you.' I was taken to the station, locked up, let out, up, down, up, down; I'd no sooner get back to the picket line than down I'd go again. The inspector finally made him quit. Then we brought in hundreds of pickets, business agents. Then they brought in a hundred policemen. We had a real jangle before it was over."

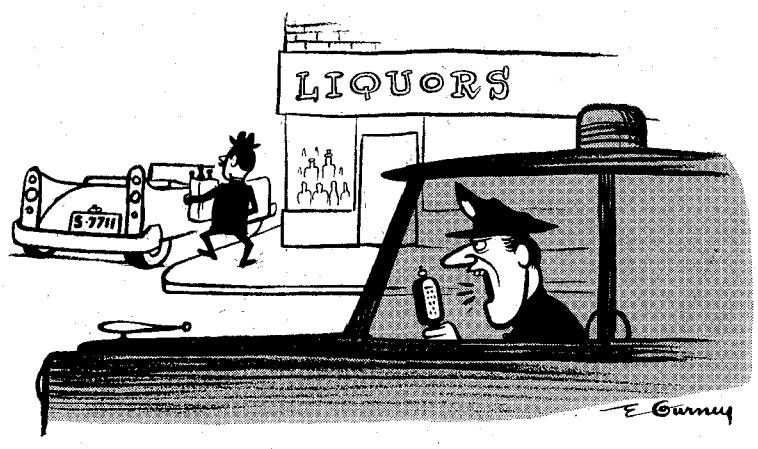
Hoffa's picket-line pickups do not show on his police record. It shows only that between 1937 and 1946 he was arrested sixteen times, not counting traffic charges. Such charges as investigation in an assault and a shooting were dismissed. He was convicted three times: once of assault and battery in a picket-line fight, once of violating the antitrust law—he conspired with unionized waste-paper companies to prevent nonunion companies from selling their product—and once of a misdemeanor growing out of a charge that he forced grocers to buy permits from the union. Hoffa has said, "I'm no damn angel." He never has served a day in jail. Not one of his arrests was for an offense unconnected with union activity. All in all, his record during this period can hardly be called bad.

Hoffa became president of Local 299 in 1937. He was rising, too, in Teamster affairs outside Detroit. He saw that the scattered local unions had to work together. In 1934 or 1935 he called a meeting of Midwest locals, an early attempt to form an area-wide conference. Dan Tobin, international president, sent men to break up the meeting and threaten Hoffa and his friends with expulsion.

Tobin, a bull-voiced, stiff-necked, irascible Irish immigrant, had been elected president of the Teamsters in 1907. Under him the Teamsters Union was scarcely a national union at all, but rather a loose confederation of powerful local unions, each running its own feudal domain. This pleased the local chieftains and prevented any leader from acquiring power outside his own locality—power he might use to challenge Tobin.

The next year Hoffa called another meeting of locals. Tobin broke it up too. Hoffa and other young men went to see him. "Well, you never heard of such a stormy meeting," and Hoffa laughed, remembering. "The old man. He'd eat you up alive. Heart bigger than his head. He used to sit at a rolltop desk, he had an iron gate for a door, he'd roar into the phone"—laughing. "Well, he called us rebels and everything else. He talked and ranted and jumped up and down. Finally we got him to listen to us. Then he said, 'Well, maybe I'm getting old. Times are changing. You think you're so smart—go ahead and let me watch it.' We knew he was too busy to control it."

Out in the Northwest Dave Beck had been organizing an area-wide conference too. So, in the upper Midwest, had Farrell Dobbs and the Dunne brothers of Minneapolis. Of Dobbs, a Trotskyite, Hoffa says, "He was a very far-seeing man. He used to talk by the hour about what was going to (*Continued on Page 56*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Louie's Last Chance liquor store, located just across the line from a dry state, did a thriving business until the dry state posted a police radio jeep nearby. Every time thereafter that a motorist bought liquor and headed into dry territory, the jeep radioed his car number. Police across the line then stopped the car on a pretext of traffic violation and charged the driver with hauling illicit liquor. This system wrecked Louie's business. So he went into Federal court to get back at the state police.

"This espionage system is an illegal procedure," Louie's lawyer argued. "To halt a car on the pretext that its driver is violating one law, when the real object is to search the car for evidence of violation of another law, is unconstitutional and should be ended by Federal court order."

"Maybe our enforcement officers are a bit overzealous," the attorney general representing the police replied. "Nevertheless, Louie has no case, for they have not halted, searched and arrested him. It is the customers, not Louie, who may complain if anyone can. And they haven't peeped."

If you were the judge, would you rule in Louie's favor?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Louie loses. The court said the constitutional right to be free from unreasonable searches and seizures is a personal and individual right. As Louie was not directly involved, he had no cause to complain.

Based upon a 1958 U. S. District Court decision.

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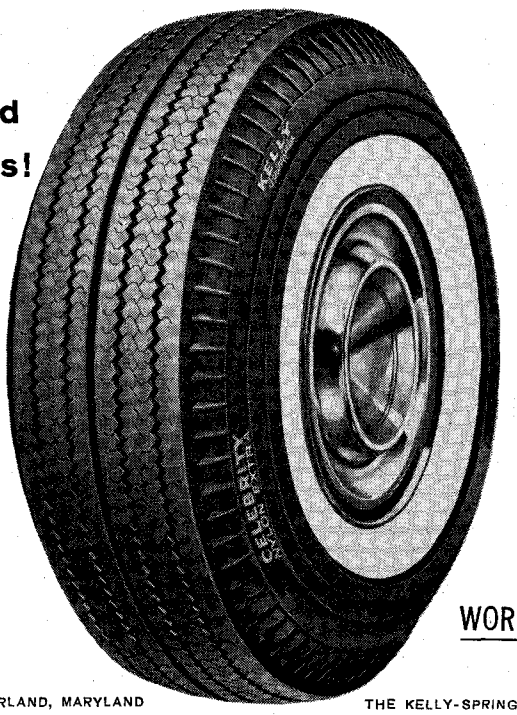

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(*Continued from Page 54*) happen in the country, and we'd listen." Transportation would become concentrated in a few big companies. Teamster power must be concentrated too. Consolidated Teamster power would lend strength to other unions. The Teamsters' own position would become central to United States power. Dan Tobin's old-fashioned union was as dead as the corner grocery. The conferences did indeed become almost autonomous empires, draining power upward from the locals and downward from the international union.

In 1940 Dan Tobin broke with Dobbs and the Dunne brothers. He sent Hoffa in to take over. They were Hoffa's friends, but this meant nothing. "We whipped them," he says simply. "We won on the streets. I took enough men with me to make sure we could handle it. It was a bugger." Ever since, Jimmy Hoffa has maintained a hold on Minneapolis Teamster affairs.

At the 1947 convention the area-wide conferences under Hoffa's leadership first showed their power. Then Dave Beck was headed for the presidency, in 1952. A stop-Beck movement began in Chicago. Chicago Teamsters had always run a tight barony; some locals had been controlled by the criminal syndicate. Hoffa now moved in. Bob Kennedy believes he did so by giving the insurance business of his union's vast welfare fund to an insurance interest with syndicate connections. The stop-Beck candidate appealed to the mayor for police protection against gangsters. Violence occurred. The stop-Beck movement collapsed.

Some locals commenced a draft-Tobin movement. Tobin had said he would not run for re-election, but now he wavered. Beck, lacking the support to steam-roller through his own candidacy, said he would support Tobin. Suddenly it became clear that Hoffa had the power to decide. He has said, "By using the Central and Southern Conference voting strength and our friends in the East, we had the largest single bloc of votes in the convention. When we made known our decision, Beck was automatically elected." Why did Hoffa want Beck? He says, "I suggested him. Beck was a good, qualified administrator. He made a good speech. He let everybody alone to run our business."

Hoffa himself was elected a vice president of the international at that 1952 convention. Hoffa recalls, "I was the youngest man ever elected to the executive board. And how they resented me." Hoffa was thirty-nine, aggressive, ambitious. Among the comfortable, well-upholstered men surrounding Beck, he was a troublemaker. More than once they sought to curb him. They never could.

As president from 1952 to 1957, Dave Beck reigned, but did not rule—though he himself denies it. Beck made speeches on foreign affairs; Hoffa undercut him by handling wages, hours and working conditions. Time and again Hoffa thwarted Beck. Beck seemed to want to help the AFL destroy the racket-ridden International Longshoremen's Association in New York; Hoffa secretly helped the ILA. Once Beck removed a crook in Minneapolis; Hoffa brought him back. Beck gave up. He spent his evenings alone in his hotel room in Washington, watching television. Einar Mohn administered the union. Jimmy Hoffa collected its scattered power.

When a problem arose anywhere in the country, Beck sent Hoffa in to straighten it out. And in each place Hoffa took over for himself. Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Cleveland and St. Louis fell to Hoffa, and he laid siege to New York. In some cities his allies were men with criminal records. He tied the Central and Southern Conferences together, winning a uniform contract that sent some southern wages skyrocketing from seventy-five cents an hour to $2.48. Despite Beck's reluctance, he organized 22,000 workers of Montgomery Ward. "They know," a Teamster says, "that whatever they got they owe it to Jimmy."

Thus, by the spring of 1956 Jimmy Hoffa was becoming an important figure in the labor movement. At the suggestion of Harold Gibbons, his close adviser who is often called the Teamsters' egghead, the union held a $100-a-plate dinner in Detroit to honor Hoffa. The mayor proclaimed "Jimmy Hoffa Day," leading Detroit businessmen attended, and Hoffa presented the proceeds, $265,000, to Israel to build a children's home. That fall Bob Kennedy was making his preliminary investigation of the Teamsters Union. On March 13, 1957, Hoffa was arrested, charged with having hired John Cye Cheasty to get a job as a committee investigator and spy for him. Money was being raised for a life-size portrait of Hoffa for the Jimmy Hoffa children's home in Israel; it was announced fund raising would continue despite the benefactor's arrest.

At ten A.M. on March twenty-sixth the committee met in the Senate Office Building and, to a packed house and television cameras, Senator McClellan announced the purpose of the hearing: To inquire into Dave Beck's financial affairs. Beck took the Fifth Amendment. Uproar ensued. The hearings were stormy. In the end the committee bitterly denounced Beck's "uncontrollable greed" and found in its report that Beck took more than $370,000 in union funds, using some of it to pay his private bills and build his private home and swimming pool.

Beck left the hearings to go to Seattle, declaring he had no intention of resigning. But already he was on the skids. A Teamster local in Yakima, Washington, burned him in effigy. Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell said that Beck's support of President Eisenhower in 1956 had been unsolicited. Walter Reuther said Beck should be driven from office. On May sixth the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee held hearings on the Teamsters. Three weeks later Beck announced he would not seek re-election in October.

As boss of the Teamsters, Hoffa gets a $50,000-a-year salary plus unlimited expenses. Yet he still lives in this modest Detroit home which he built twenty years ago for $6800. With him above are his wife Josephine and son Jimmy.

Whenever possible Hoffa tries to spend his weekends with his wife and children. Young Jimmy was an all-state high-school football player last year. The Hoffas' daughter, Barbara, now attends Albion College. These photographs of the family were taken three years ago.

What had caused his downfall? Hoffa says, "He went to Europe, then he came back and spluttered and splittered all over the place and finally took the Fifth. When he ran to Europe, he put the heat on the executive board instead of taking it himself." Nor did he have a base of support in the AFL-CIO. Jimmy Hoffa says, "He became panicky. Don't forget he'd go and talk to the medical profession, Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis, the President of the United States—he'd got to that top rung, he was no longer meeting with business agents and truck drivers and people who are down to earth, who can take the heat. It's like eating in the best restaurants, then one day your car breaks down and you got to walk into a hot-dog joint—you're a little hesitant about walkin' into that joint. That's what happened to Dave. They'll use you as long as they can. When they can't, they'll drop you. I'll stay with my own people."

In July Hoffa was tried on charges of bribing John Cye Cheasty to spy on the committee. Bob Kennedy said, "If Jimmy Hoffa is acquitted, I'll jump off the Capitol." The defense was conducted by Edward Bennett Williams, a Washington trial lawyer who had represented Frank Costello, Sen. Joseph McCarthy and Dave Beck. Eight of the jurors were Negroes, and, cross-examining Cheasty, Williams brought out that Cheasty once had been hired in Florida to investigate the role of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in efforts to desegregate buses there. Joe Louis, the Negro boxer, attended the trial, his expenses paid by the Teamsters, and displayed his friendship for Jimmy Hoffa. A story favorable to Hoffa appeared in a Negro newspaper, and a newspaper columnist reported that a copy of the paper was delivered to the homes of several jurors. The FBI questioned the jurors and reported to the judge that they denied it. The judge subsequently locked up the jury, in part because of all the publicity the case was receiving.

Hoffa's defense was that he had hired Cheasty only as a lawyer and that thereafter the committee had hired Cheasty. So, he contended, it was the committee which had corrupted his lawyer, not he who corrupted its investigator. On July nineteenth the jury acquitted him.

It was the worst shock Bob Kennedy received during the entire investigation. Kennedy had brought the mighty Beck crashing to earth and had expected that the Cheasty case would bring down Hoffa. Instead, now Hoffa was riding high, headed for the presidency of the union. And Kennedy had paved the way for him. Kennedy had not felt able to investigate Hoffa while the Cheasty indictment was hanging fire. But now, grimly, he ordered his staff to Detroit.

In next week's article Mr. Martin reveals how Kennedy's sleuths painstakingly uncovered the evidence the Senate committee used in its first attempt to topple Hoffa.

—THE EDITORS

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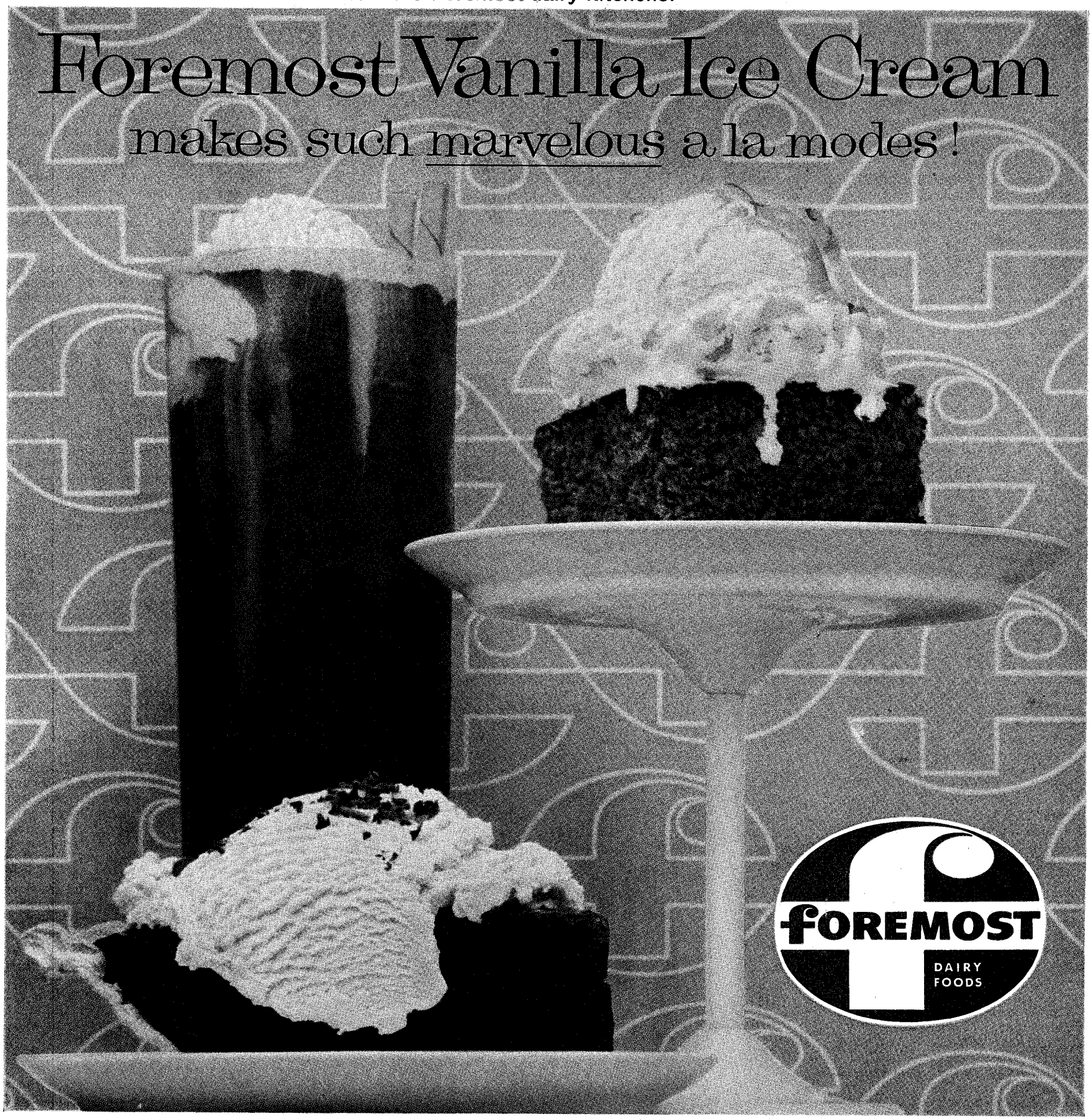

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Island of Hate (Continued from Page 36)

fumble their positions and timing and fail again. He heard the sergeant swear furiously and O'Brien say quietly, "You were killed to the last man. Now try it once more." Then he went to O'Brien's side and spoke to him. "My mother asks you to come."

"Later," O'Brien said.

"She wants you to come now."

"I am busy now!"

The tone of his voice defeated Carlos. The boy turned and walked away. After a few paces he stopped. "It is very important," he said. "And you will want to beat me when you learn how I have failed. But what can I do?" He went on then, slowly.

"One moment!" O'Brien said. "What is so important?"

The boy averted his eyes. "I am not supposed to know."

"But you do know."

"Yes."

"Then tell me."

"The American woman has returned."

O'Brien looked at the boy a long while. "Is it possible you could be mistaken?" he asked finally.

"I was watching down the valley," the boy said. "I saw a sentry bring a woman part way to camp and hide her. He spoke to my mother later, and then my mother found me and sent me for you. I think they did this so Vilar would not know she had returned. There is no other woman they would hide from Vilar."

"I think you are right," O'Brien said. He called to the sergeant. "Keep them at it, Julio. I will come back." Then he went with Carlos.

Angela met them short of the camp. She was worried about this small conspiracy, and something more. There were discouragement and resignation in her face, and she would not meet O'Brien's eyes. Because of this, there was no need to ask if it was true Jill Corby had returned.

"Why is she here?" O'Brien asked.

"If you need to ask," Angela said, "you are the most stupid of all men." She was trying to appear unconcerned and was failing. "She is waiting by the stream where you talked before. I will keep others away as long as I can."

O'Brien went beyond her, then stopped. "Angela," he said, "you are more woman than any man deserves."

With sudden bitterness she said, "That comforts me!"

Jill Corby still wore the sunburn she had suffered here before, but it was healing. The clothes she wore had been made for her—hunting pants, boots and a shirt, open at the throat. She was nervous, waiting for O'Brien, apprehensive.

"The bad penny," she said weakly.

O'Brien went past her, wading into the stream a little. He washed sweat from his face and hands—and gave himself a little time. To see her again had been like a blow in the chest, and he had not expected it to be like that. When he could trust himself, he came out of the stream. "How did you get back?" he asked.

"It was easy," she said. "Easier than getting away. I guess most of the working people in the country are on your side. All I had to do was tell a cabdriver I had life-or-death information for Tomás Vilar—bingo! I was here in less than two hours. I rode in the cab, a truckload of sugar cane and finally in a jeep."

"Why did you come back?"

"To get you," Jill said.

"Well, now!"

"A helluva nerve—is that what you're thinking?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me say what I have to say quickly, clear through, the way I've rehearsed it, before you tear me apart?"

"All right."

Jill used a short moment to prepare herself. Then she said, "A woman can get wound up in a political fight. She can decide which side is right and work for that side. She can know she's doing the right thing—she can be absolutely sure of it—and then in the blink of an eye she can change. Put someone she loves in danger of being killed, and there are suddenly no sides for her. She doesn't care two hoots who's right and who's wrong. She'll fight either side, or both sides, to keep the one she loves alive."

O'Brien was silent.

"You're going to be killed here, O'Brien," she said. "Just as sure as anything, one day real soon a bullet will find you. You're a good soldier, one of the best. But the fight's too long, O'Brien, and a soldier's got only so many chances. When he uses them up, he's had it. Isn't that right?"

"It happens."

"I don't want you killed, O'Brien," Jill said. "I'll spell it out for you—I'm shamelessly in love with you. You see? That's my heart, lying on the ground at your feet. Kick it in the creek, if you want to. But come back with me."

"No."

Jill shrugged. "I didn't hope you loved me. And I knew you wouldn't come back without a reason—a big reason. So I brought one. I'll do anything to make you come away from here, even disgrace myself so you'll never speak to me again, but you'll be alive, at least."

He was frowning, but he was listening.

She said, "I can give you the means to do more for these people in one stroke than you can do fighting for them as you are for ten years." She held up her hand. "Don't believe it yet. Just tell me: If it's true—and you'll know it like a shot—will you come away with me?"

"It would have to be a big thing."

"The life of your revolution—is that big enough?"

He nodded, his eyes cold.

"When would you come?" she asked.

After thinking, he said, "In three days."

And she thought too. "All right. It's a bargain then. Your word is good enough for me."

"My word is good," he said. "But for you to hold the life of the revolution in your hands doesn't make a lot of sense."

"Maybe it's not quite like that, but it's close."

"Let's hear it then."

She took a deep breath. Then, in Spanish, she said, "I have concealed something from you, O'Brien—as you see. I took all the Spanish there was to take in high school and college."

She knew then how a woman must feel who confesses an infidelity to a trusting husband. There would be this moment when his face held shocked surprise, then incredulousness, then the pain at being so betrayed.

Still in Spanish, she said, "Hear me out before you turn away, O'Brien. We were on opposite sides in the beginning, remember. And it was not my choosing. I had only one weapon to fight with. Can you blame me for using it? I think you would have done the same."

"You used it very well," he said slowly.

Frightened now, she said, "It depends on where you stand when you look at it. I used it as a spy—for them."

His face was stone.

"O'Brien—let me explain!"

Unrelenting, he said, "Speak in English."

"All right." And then, speaking quickly, she said, "I know what you're planning here. A shipload of arms is due at Boca Rio tomorrow. I heard Julio and Alfonso talk about it before Alfonso was killed. I went to a government intelligence officer and told him. They'll be waiting ——"

"A perfect trap," O'Brien said.

"Now they would kill or capture all of you."

"Yes," O'Brien said. "Treason beyond belief."

"It's not!" Jill was almost crying. "I never said I was on your side. I said I wasn't a dozen times. If there's treason, it's against them! They think I'm on their side. And I was. But after I told them, I couldn't go through with it—because I love you and don't want you to die!"

Her reason did not touch him.

"Is it so bad?" she asked. "You won't go to Boca Rio now. They'll wait and nothing will happen. None of you will be killed; none of them will be killed. All I've done is stop one fight—saved a couple of hundred men from dying tomorrow. Call me whatever you want to call me, but I can live with that!"

Something about his eyes had changed.

She took hope. "But I was right in one thing, wasn't I?" she asked. "This is big enough. You can send your ship away—save all your arms and save all your men—isn't that big enough? As big as I said it would be?"

His coldness was gone. "It's big enough."

"You will come home?"

"In three days," he said. "As I promised. If I'm alive, I will go home with you." He stood up with purpose and took her arm.

"What are you going to do?"

"First of all," O'Brien said, "I'm going to put an end to your spying."

O'Brien gave Jill back into the care of Josefina. Jill was not to be out of sight, waking or sleeping, he said. Then he went to Vilar. He stood in front of the rough table Vilar used as a desk, legs well braced. "The American woman has returned," he said.

Vilar's round, young face showed mild surprise. "So," he said. "I have misjudged you. You are better with women than I thought."

"She came to tell me she speaks Spanish very well," O'Brien said. "I will attest to the fact that she does. And while she was here before, she learned about the shipment of arms, and about Boca Rio. She took this information to the federals. They plan a trap for us."

Vilar's mouth had dropped open slowly, his color was turning bad. He whispered an obscenity and if Jill Corby had been there, she would have died at his hand in that moment.

"Since we know of the trap," O'Brien said, "we will not be there—and nothing is lost."

"Only our weapons! They will find the ship!"

"No," O'Brien said.

"But you have told me ——"

"When you think of this a moment," O'Brien said, "you will see that the American woman has put into your hands your greatest success. We were doomed at Boca Rio, whether you would admit it or not. Hernando could not provide diversion enough. Now we have a perfect diversion. An innocent ship will go to Boca Rio, arriving late. Hernando will go to the vicinity of Boca Rio, as if waiting for the ship. The federal troops will wait also. They will not dare leave for any reason, because their biggest prize will seem almost in their hands. We will go to Jaruco—the ship with the arms will come there. There is time to arrange it, if we use the radio now."

Vilar's mouth had closed, his color was returning to health again. He was staring at O'Brien while his mind—and no one had ever called it slow—searched through the possibilities. He found them excellent, but he would not admit it to O'Brien.

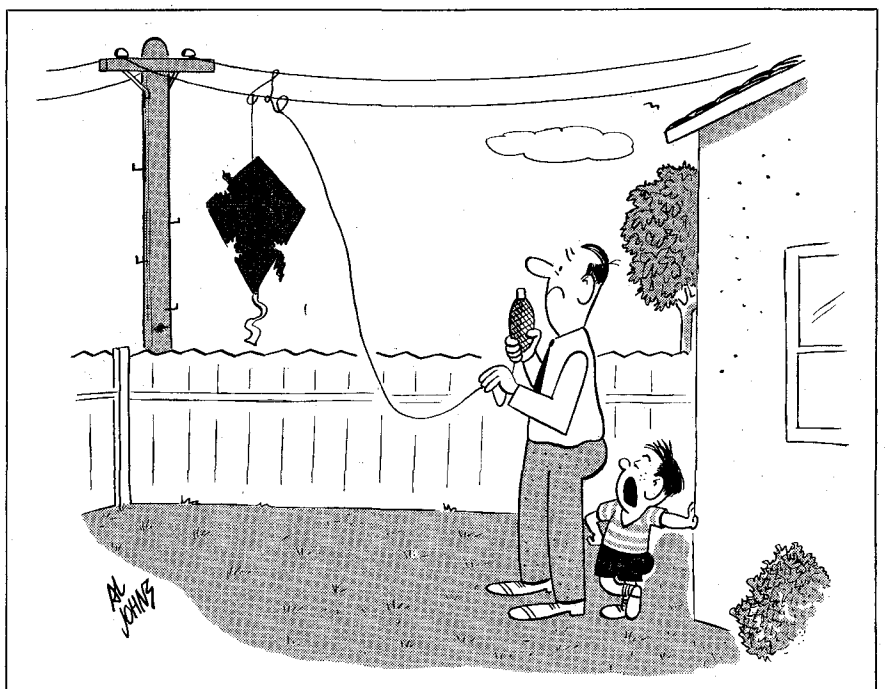
"We were not doomed at Boca Rio!" he said, making a fist and striking the table. "I had schemes you did not know about. We would have won—not easily, but we would have won a good victory!"

Vilar's face became thick with anger. "Now what do you say?" he asked. "Was I wrong in wanting this woman dead in the beginning? Compassion! Filth on your compassion! It would kill us all. This is war, O'Brien. In war you smell spies before you see them, or you die! Only her weakness has saved us. The foolishness of a woman—now that is something to stake your life on!"

O'Brien could not answer. It was proved that Vilar had been right. Jill Corby should have died in the beginning—if the lives of more than a hundred men meant anything, if the life of the revolution meant anything, she should have died.

O'Brien said, "She has given us Jaruco instead of Boca Rio. That, at least, is something."

"Will Jaruco be easy?" Vilar demanded.



"Thank you, Benjamin Franklin!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Certainly not."

"We know nothing about it," Vilar said. "What troops are there? What equipment do they have? How are they placed? We have no time to get all the answers."

"We have a diversion," O'Brien said. "This alone makes Jaruco possible. There will be time to unload the ship."

"They know about the ship!"

"An advantage to us," O'Brien said. "They will expect to take it at Boca Rio. They will leave the sea wide open so it can come in. No naval patrol will stop any ship on this coast. Now, for the first time, we can be sure our ship will come in safely."

Vilar stared at O'Brien. The new safety of the ship had a value equal to the strength of the new diversion, and both of them were priceless gifts. Vilar saw this clearly, but he could concede nothing to O'Brien. "Get out!" he said suddenly.

The difference in camp was almost immediate, and Jill Corby knew that only good news could make such a difference. The knowing brought bitterness to her, and a feeling of guilt—O'Brien and Vilar had contrived some way of using what she had done to their advantage.

Jill tried to find and confront O'Brien that afternoon and failed. The girl, Josefina, would not let her go far, and O'Brien had become the busiest of men. Jill became sure he was avoiding her. But it was not true. He came to her of his own account that evening.

"What have you done to me?" she asked. "What kind of a horrible creature am I now? I came to you in good faith, trusting you—I expected you to save yourselves, nothing else. Now you're going to use what I told you against the government. Isn't that true?"

His gray eyes were sober. "Yes."

"Now I'm guilty of treason!"

"No," he said. "Only of ignorance."

"What does that mean?"

"You're a do-gooder," he said. "And a sincere one, beyond any doubt. But even a sincere do-gooder can do a lot of harm. You don't know what this is all about—or how a war is fought. We're going to use you, and that's what usually happens to a do-gooder."

"And I said I loved you," she whispered, horrified.

"That's no reason to end the revolution."

"You don't care if you disgrace me?"

"You'll recover," he said. "And the scars won't show. Unintentionally you've done the right thing. A month or two from now you'll know it."

"If I know anything," she said, "I know I'm against bloody fighting to overthrow a government—and I'll know that a month from now, a year from now. I'm against criminals, O'Brien, against murdering cutthroats like Vilar. And I'm against any man who supports him!"

He met her eyes without speaking.

She sensed an advantage. "Is Vilar a cutthroat?"

"I can't deny it."

"He wants to be the dictator of this country?"

"I think he does."

"What kind of a dictator would he make?"

"A very bad one."

"And you support him?"

"I am supporting him."

"Can it be more clear?" she asked. "All that you have done, all that you are doing, all that you are going to do—all of it is criminal. You're supporting a criminal, you're a criminal yourself. This is the simple, damning truth!"

"You're still ignorant, Corby," O'Brien said. "There are no simple truths, damning or otherwise."

"You should hang!" she said. "Is that a simple truth?"

"Who am I to judge?" he said. And then he turned away from her.

The village of Jaruco was like Boca Rio in many ways. It was a coastal village, it had a small harbor and it had the color and antiquity. But there were differences, and most of them were regrettable as far as the revolutionaries were concerned. Jaruco lacked simplicity. There was no single main street. The streets radiated from an old mission in the center of the village, like the crooked spokes of a crooked wheel. There was no simple pair of gateways, east and west. There were guard posts at five places. The garrison was larger and better equipped. Most complicating of all, there was a small gunboat moored in the harbor.

But in the first pale light of morning, it seemed a peaceful place, incapable of harm. A little smoke was rising in the still air from the first cooking fires. A lost goat wandered, bleating, through empty streets. In the garden of the mission a monk was explaining something about the coming of day to a small child.

The revolutionaries were in a position to strike with that first light. O'Brien and a dozen men were in the last place of concealment before the harbor. The gunboat was their first task, and to reach it they had to cross a hundred yards of tide flat, where the sea ran waist-deep in places, then climb the smooth slope of stone to the top of the quay.

Vilar and thirty of his best men were waiting in trucks beyond the sight of the nearest guard post. At the appointed time they would attack openly, drawing the strength of the garrison against themselves. The remaining men—two groups evenly divided—were to wait until Vilar's unit was fully engaged, and then they were to strike from the left flank and from the rear.

The trucks to transport the arms were waiting in the hills. These were commanded by Angela Diaz, and they would come when Jaruco was clear. The small ship that was to bring the arms was on its way—the change of plan had caught it at some distance, and even though it came directly and at full speed, there would be some waiting.

O'Brien was waiting now for the hands of his watch to reach the appointed time—a matter of only a few minutes. The gunboat had to be taken without fail—free, it would prevent the arms ship from coming in—and the attack on it had to come first and be the signal for the others. O'Brien had the fear and misgivings every man has before an attack. He spoke to Sgt. Julio Peña about them. "The men understand the importance of destroying the radio, Julio—you are sure of this?"

"How can I be sure?"

"You have told them?"

"Perhaps fifty times."

"And the need of space between them?"

"Another fifty times."

"Damn it, Julio!" O'Brien said. "They will bunch up like sheep, going across there—you know they will. One burst of machine-gun fire and they are dead!"

"Deservedly—if they bunch." The sergeant spat into the water at his feet. "Concern yourself with something important, O'Brien. For example: Will I accept Vilar's offer concerning the charge of mutiny, or will I not?"

"You will not!" O'Brien said angrily.

"Think again," the sergeant said. "I have had to think about it. As it stands, Vilar will not rest until I am dead. More, he has promised reprisal against my family. But you—you can leave this country any time you like. Vilar could reach neither you nor your family. We are friends, O'Brien. But would you say I owe more to myself and to my family than I owe to my friends?"

O'Brien turned to stare into the sergeant's face. He could see no joking there. He could see only deep concern. "You would kill me for Vilar?" he asked.

"If it is to be your life or the lives of myself and my family—have I a choice?"

"Why do you tell me this now?"

"I can't shoot a friend in the back."

O'Brien looked at the sergeant a moment longer. Then he looked away. His face was expressionless.

"You do not believe I can kill you?" the sergeant asked.

"I do not care."

"How is this?"

"You are my brother," O'Brien said. "If my brother needs my life badly enough, it is his to take."

He gave the signal to move out. Men left the shadows of the rocks to his left and to his right, wading into the shallow water and into the low, thin mist that hung above the water, holding their weapons high.

The gunboat was gray and silent against the far side of the quay. The superstructure lifted above the quay, and the watch on the bridge should have seen the wading men as soon as they entered the water. But the watch was watching the miracle of the rising sun and did not see the men in the water until they had reached the ancient stones of the quay.

Then the alarm horn sounded, filling the morning with enormous braying. And men yelled. O'Brien's yelling sent his men clawing frantically at the slippery stones, climbing toward the top of the quay. Yelling aboard the gunboat tumbled men out of bunks and sent them banging through short companionways and along decks to man machine guns and small cannon.

O'Brien reached the top of the quay. Above him, the door of the radio shack was open to the cool night air. He pulled the pin on a grenade with his teeth and began his count. A white, frightened face appeared in the doorway, the door was jerked closed. O'Brien watched his grenade strike the closed door, then bounce down to the lower deck and disappear into an alleyway. The explosion killed several men, but the radio shack was unharmed. O'Brien knew the operator must be sending as fast as his fist could pound.

But he could do nothing about it. A machine gun mounted on the bridge had been manned—it opened fire with a fearful racket and wiped three of O'Brien's men from the top of the quay in one quick indrawn breath of time. O'Brien yelled at the remaining men, driving them in under the line of fire. Two of these fell to a submachine gun in the hands of an officer. The officer was a fair shot for O'Brien, and O'Brien killed him. Then a second machine gun, mounted near the stern with a better angle of fire, began killing. Two more of O'Brien's men fell before a hand grenade knocked out the gun emplacement.

It was hand-to-hand from that moment on—on narrow, cluttered decks, on ladders, in companionways, on the bridge and in the quarters. Twisted faces, screaming mouths, blood spilling from opened bodies, bones thrusting whitely through torn flesh—O'Brien, almost weeping,

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When sixteen-year-old Lula eloped, her widowed mother ceased to receive Social Security benefits for the child's support. When Lula returned home with an annulment, however, the widow asked the Government to resume support payments for her. The Government refused, so she sued.

"If my little girl was dependent before she was married, she's even more dependent now that her man is gone!" the widow wept.

"The law says that payments must stop when a child marries," the Government lawyer said. "After marriage a child is a grownup in the eyes of the law even if the marriage doesn't succeed."

If you were the judge, would you make Uncle Sam pay support for Lula?

• •

The Government paid. The court said payments stop upon marriage only because the husband assumes the burden of support. When an annulment wipes out the marriage and returns the girl to her mother's care, she lands back on Social Security care too.

Based upon a 1956 Federal decision.

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cursed the men he fought. He damned them for this tenacity, this foolish bravery that made them fight when their cause was lost. These were brave men and worth saving. But when the end of it had come, he had saved only two, and these were badly injured.

Vilar was caught at the bend of a crooked street. He had killed the outposts without difficulty. And then he had come well into the village, killing others, to hang up here against an inaccessible machine gun with the ability to sweep everything clear in the slim defile between the buildings. Vilar was sheltered in a doorway. His men were in other doorways or pressed against building corners or lying behind obstacles in the street.

But Vilar was not concerned. He was confident, even cocky. There was heavy firing deeper in the village, beyond the stubborn machine gun—the work of the other two columns—and there was no need to waste men here. The machine gun could not fire in two directions at once, and presently there would be weight upon its back.

O'Brien came to him, a lethal stork of a man, long-striding through the streets, the brim of his soiled Panama drooping, a machine pistol swinging from his fist. O'Brien's fixed, inflexible face told Vilar much of what had happened. He asked questions about the rest. "The radio?"

"They sent messages—it could not be prevented."

Vilar shrugged. "I expected it. If a thing is to be done right, I must do it. Hope the diversion is working at Boca Rio, O'Brien. We will need it now."

"They will come finally—we knew that."

There was no purpose in saying the garrison must also have had a radio and must also have sent messages. He waited with Vilar until the pressure from the rear worried the machine gunners to the point of trying to change positions. Then they were killed. Then Vilar and O'Brien went forward with the men to the rooting out and mopping up.

"Now," Vilar said, "where is the ship?"

All but a few of the government soldiers were dead, or prisoner. The few remaining were possible snipers, but they were being hunted out by Sgt. Julio Peña and others, and they were nothing to be concerned about. The outposts were manned by revolutionaries now. Angela had been signaled; the trucks were coming. The trucks would come into a quiet village, so quiet that the people who lived there would be moving about cautiously in the streets.

But there was no ship.

All of the sea was as empty as an open hand. The sun climbed into the sky, the sea changed from glittering silver to deep, dark blue, and nothing moved on it except the gulls and the white, breaking crests of the waves. There was not even the spindle stick of a mast above the horizon, though every eye searched for it.

"Holy Mother," Angela prayed, "send it to us ——"

"Holy hell!" Vilar said savagely. "Prayers have never brought me anything!"

"The change of plans would cause a certain amount of delay," O'Brien said. "But I have a feeling it will come."

"And I have a feeling about the federals," Vilar said.

"They will come also," O'Brien agreed.

"And which will come first, wise American?" Vilar asked, snarling. "The ship or the federals? And if it is the ship, will there be time to unload it?"

O'Brien shrugged.

They were on the terrace of a small café that overlooked the harbor. The breeze from off the sea was cool in their faces. There was a brightly striped awning above them; wire-legged chairs and marble-topped tables were scattered about. A frightened proprietor had served them small, thimblelike cups of rich, dark coffee. They waited an hour here, then another.

And the ship did not come.

Angela walked into the sunlight finally. She stood against a balustrade, looking down at the empty trucks waiting on the quay. She was not a heroic figure there—a slim woman, wearing a man's shirt and trousers, her hair cut short, her face shadowed with worry. If anything, she was pathetic, striving as she was with her small strength against the weight of destiny. Whatever she was, her bullet found her there. The whiplike crack of a sniper's rifle was suddenly hanging in the air, the bullet made a sound like a punching fist as it drove into her back. She fell slowly, but she was dead before she fell.

Even this sacrifice did not bring the ship.

O'Brien went out to walk through the streets. He spoke civilly to the men in the outposts, cautioning them to be alert. He made others come away from places where rum was sold. He explained to civilian men the need of taking their women and children into the fields until this thing was done. And he did many other things to pass the time and to occupy his mind. But none of it had any value. The day stood still, and Angela's face would not leave him.

The ship came in the early afternoon.

It was an old ship, a rusty ship with leaky steam lines and clumsy rigging. The slow unloading of it began at once. There was jubilation among the men—the cases of rifles, machine guns, mortars and other arms were proof enough of victory. But there was grimness and bitterness in O'Brien and Vilar and a few others who were able to think better. By a trick of fate six hours of security had been wasted. This would have been enough for them to unload the ship and leave without further conflict. Now the diversion at Boca Rio must be finished, and the federals must surely be on the way.

And they were. The first armored car reached Jaruco within an hour. It was destroyed easily on the road by a concentration of fire. But there was more armor behind it, and trucks loaded with troops, and tanks riding on carriers. The build-up was slow, but inexorable. Light firing became heavy firing, and then artillery shells began to blow apart the buildings.

The revolutionists were well placed, and the addition of the garrison's arms gave each outpost a tiger's claws, but they were nothing against a force of this kind. They could only delay. Each moment they carved out of time that did not belong to them was another case of arms, another case of ammunition. They had to fight for this, and die for this, and it was up to Vilar to say when they could stop.

Vilar did not say stop. He clung to the fight like a dog to the nose of a bull. Machine-gun fire was nothing to him; artillery that destroyed buildings was nothing. One truck was loaded, then two, then three—and sent away. There were arms to fill a dozen trucks in the holds of the ship, and Vilar wanted them all. He went from position to position, holding the men fast with screaming curses, and much of the time he fought alone, almost berserk.

O'Brien fought hard, too, but with greater sanity. He carefully measured the build-up of federal troops, the increasing weight of fire, and judged the time that was left. As the time grew short, he began following Vilar. When the sound of jet planes in the sky told him there was no time left, he closed on Vilar. It was in the shelter of a low wall that surrounded the missionary garden. O'Brien fell to the ground beside Vilar. There was no one near them. Thick masonry, lifting three feet above their heads, protected them.

"This is the end of it, Vilar," he said.

Vilar, panting heavily, turned to look at O'Brien. The heat of the fighting, the lust of kill, had filled him, and it was hard to control. But in a moment his eyes cooled from wildness to sanity. He looked at the sky and saw the jet planes climbing into the sky for a turn. A run at the harbor would follow, and the end of the ship would follow that.

"You are right, O'Brien," he said.

A movement that would have brought his machine pistol to bear on O'Brien was halted, just short of firing, by the pressure of O'Brien's machine pistol against Vilar's belly. O'Brien's face was cold, relentless. "You will die first, Vilar," he said.

"What is this?"

"I know you would have killed me just now," O'Brien said. "And I know you have forced the sergeant to agree to kill me—and he may still kill me—but none of this has any importance. The important thing is you must die."

"Why must I? I am Vilar! I ——"

"I bet he's asleep."

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"At headquarters," O'Brien said, "they know what you intend. And this is a revolution to free the people, not saddle them with a dictator such as you would make. I was assigned to you in the beginning to see that you died at Boca Rio. It was hoped you would die by a federalist bullet. If not, I was to make it so it would seem like you had. In any case, you were not to live beyond Boca Rio—beyond here."

"Why? I am ——"

"You are a great hero, Vilar," O'Brien said. "The people support you now, and support the revolution because of you. As a dead hero, you would serve the same purpose. If you lived, you would become another Hitler."

"Why did they name you?"

"Because of a debt I owed," O'Brien said. "Because they think I am better equipped to reason with you, and because if I fail, they can blame it on a crazy American—they will not seem responsible for your death, and you will still be a hero."

There was sweat on Vilar's face, but it was the sweat of heat and not of fear. He did not doubt O'Brien. But he did not fear him either. He did not fear dying. But he did not want to die. He looked around him.

There was no one near to help him—or any escape. Beyond the wall the street led away, and the federals owned that street. A tank was working toward them, clumsy in the rubble, but capable of heavy fire, and there was infantry behind it. Vilar spat into the dust and turned back to O'Brien. "Kill me now, then," Vilar said. "You will go with me. There will be time to pull this trigger—I promise you."

The muzzle of Vilar's weapon needed only the movement of a few inches to reach O'Brien, the convulsion of death could pull the trigger—what Vilar said was true.

"We would both die miserably then," O'Brien said. "But think of this, Vilar. If you were to make an attack, now, alone—for all to see and remember—you would die a great hero. They would build monuments, they would honor you for hundreds of years. Is this better than a miserable death?" O'Brien paused a moment. "You will die in any case, be sure of that."

Vilar stared at O'Brien, thinking.

They both heard the deathlike scream of the jet planes coming in, the deep, pounding explosions in the harbor. The ship, the quay, the trucks still there must have been destroyed.

"There is no more time," O'Brien said.

Vilar said, "I will die magnificently!"

He came erect and jumped to the top of the wall. Standing there, he fired his machine pistol down the street toward the tank and the infantry. He screamed curses and defiance, and he shouted the name of the man who would lead them all if the revolution succeeded—and it was not the name of Vilar.

Then he jumped down from the wall and ran down the street toward the tank on his stubby legs. No trumpets sounded, no banners waved. But he made a big thing of it, nonetheless. He must have dismayed the tank, for it sat stupidly, perhaps marveling, until he had almost reached it. Then it fired its machine guns, cutting the body of Vilar almost in half.

O'Brien turned wearily, then, to look up at the brace-legged figure of Sgt. Julio Peña standing above him. The sergeant's gun was in a position to kill, but O'Brien did not trouble to look at it. "Now is as good a time as any, Julio," he said.

"I have been hunting you for that reason," the sergeant said. "But now there is no need. Vilar is dead." In a moment

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he added, "And I am not sorry, O'Brien, but I do not expect you to believe that."

"I believe it," O'Brien said. "Now save yourself."

"And you?"

"I am finished, Julio. I will stay."

"No. We are all leaving. There is a good chance many of us will get out—there are trucks and cars and places to hide in all directions. I know of a fast car that would do very well for you and me."

"Use it then."

O'Brien turned on his belly, away from the sergeant, and moved up to bring his machine pistol to bear on the street where Vilar had died.

The sergeant said, "No, O'Brien."

"Why not?"

"Because you are my brother."

The sergeant stepped forward and drove the butt of his gun hard against the back of O'Brien's head, robbing him of consciousness. Then he took O'Brien out of the fight on his back. When O'Brien regained his senses, he was in a car, several miles from Jaruco, and there was nothing he could do about it.

Together with O'Brien and the sergeant, forty-six men and five trucks of arms escaped into the hills. It was not a defeat for the revolutionaries; neither was it a victory. And such, O'Brien thought, was the way of God. He never gave His children a clear path to follow. The revolution would go on, blessed or damned, no one could know. It would go on, with these arms, another week, another month, to another Jaruco, another Boca Rio—and how it would end, and when, no one could say.

Others reached the camp of Vilar before them. Word of what had happened was there, clear tragedy in the faces of the people who had waited. Jill Corby had searched for O'Brien among the arrivals, sick with apprehension. And when she saw him climb wearily from the car at last, she broke up and wept and could not go near him.

O'Brien went through the camp, searching. When he could not find what he hunted in camp, he went into the nearby jungle, calling, "Carlos—Carlos, come to me." He got no answer and came finally to the stream where the boy had liked to swim. He waded deep into the stream and washed himself. He scrubbed his hands with sand until they were clean, and then he went on scrubbing and scrubbing at stains only he could see.

"Carlos," he called. "Come to me."

A small voice answered then, "I am here, O'Brien."

Carlos showed himself on the bank of the stream, a soiled angel, small, uncertain and afraid. O'Brien waded in to him. His hands reached out for the small shoulders, and words would not come into his throat for a long moment. "I was afraid," he said then. "I was afraid you had believed the things I said and had gone away from me."

"I did not believe that about the dead rabbit."

"And all the rest of it was lies."

O'Brien sat on the bank with his feet in the stream. The boy would not look at him. O'Brien put a bent finger beneath the boy's chin, lifting it. "Carlos, your mother has gone away."

"She has gone to be with my father," the boy said. "They will wait for me, and I will be with them both someday." He said this bravely, then pulled his face away. "The American woman explained this to me," he said. "And I believed her. But I do not want to wait ——"

"Will you wait with me, Carlos?" O'Brien asked. "I must go to my home in the States—because I am finished here, and because I promised. I would like you to go with me—as my son."

"The American woman has asked me this."

"It will be all right," O'Brien said. "There is much for the American woman and me to learn about each other, and much that needs understanding and explaining away. But I think we will make our lives together. And you would be the son of both of us then. I hope for this very much, Carlos ——"

"And I hope for it, also," Jill Corby said. She had come in search of them, and had found them as the last things were said. "I have the understanding, O'Brien. Julio found me and explained it all to me, and he sent me here to you." But she was uncertain, as the child had been, standing there, looking down at them.

O'Brien spoke to her gently. "It is early to know with certainty," he said. "But sit down with us. If the answer does not come today, it may come tomorrow. We can only wait for it—and be ready."

THE END

The Great Golden Coin (Continued from Page 21)

enemy city disappeared. Therefore, a deliberate and calculated attack in cold blood by either side was unthinkable.

But there was very little cold blood in the world at this time. Each great nation had its own ideas about how the world should be run and was determined to carry them out. These ideas were so far apart that it was almost impossible to reconcile them.

One of the biggest stumbling blocks, perhaps the one that caused all the others, was that they had completely different beliefs about life on this earth, what caused it and what its purpose was. One nation professed to believe in God, and in a life after death in which men would be rewarded or punished for what they had done on earth. The other nation scoffed at the very idea of God and said, "When a man dies, that's the end of him once and for all."

Naturally it was difficult for either of these nations to believe anything the other said. One nation felt that it had a moral obligation to be truthful and to keep its solemn promises, but the other nation didn't even admit there was such a thing as a moral obligation.

Another obstacle in reaching any understanding was that their concepts of government were different. One said the individual had rights which the state was bound to respect, including the right to own property. The other said the state owned everything and the individual had no rights except to do as the state told him.

As a result, the way of life in the two countries was quite dissimilar. In one they had a system in which the value of all things was expressed in gold, and citizens could acquire large amounts of property—if they had real smart income-tax lawyers or were labor-union officials. In the other, things were worth whatever price the state put on them, and the only citizens who could acquire any property to speak of were party members who did exactly as they were told.

Before long the first nation acquired nearly all the gold that there was in the world. They buried it in the ground in an armored vault on a big Army post a long way from the seacoast and stood guard over it day and night. The other nation, even though it had little gold, was able to match the first in material progress, and even in some ways to surpass it, by strict regimentation and by liquidating all of its citizens who didn't conform to the party line. These two nations, spurred on by totally different motives, advanced man's knowledge by leaps and bounds, and great progress was made in all fields of human endeavor except that of living peaceably with the other nations of the earth.

While these great strides were being made in material things, the two nations were constantly bickering, sending each other insulting diplomatic notes and frequently advancing perilously close to the brink of the atomic war which everyone knew would be the end of both of them. Small wars often broke out among the lesser nations. Whenever they did, the two big nations took opposite sides and accused each other of having stirred up the war for ulterior motives, and each threatened to blast the other off the face of the earth with hydrogen bombs if it made a false move.

Time after time the world hovered uncertainly on the brink of the atomic holocaust, each nation solemnly warning the other to look out. Each side believed the other's warnings, nervously refrained from firing its rockets, and eventually the small wars got settled one way or another. About half of them turned out the way one power wanted them to, and half the other way.

But this business of living "on the brink" most of the time was a very nervous existence. Nobody could be sure that he had more than fifteen minutes longer to live, because even though everyone felt that the button never would be pushed deliberately by either side, there was a good chance that some officer in charge of a launching pad on either side would crack under the strain of living on the brink and fire his rocket, on his own insane initiative. Everybody knew that if that ever happened the end of the world, or at least of the northern hemisphere, would follow.

The nation that suddenly lost one of its cities certainly wouldn't ask the other one, "Did you do that on purpose?" It would immediately launch its whole rocket battery and destroy all the big cities of the nation that fired the first rocket, which nation would then retaliate with its full rocket battery, and both nations would be wiped out within perhaps half an hour.

The above sequence of events could be caused not only by a launching-pad commander going berserk. The same thing would happen in case of an accidental firing of a rocket. With several thousand rockets armed, aimed, cocked and ready at all times, an accidental firing sooner or later was almost a certainty. When people went away for a weekend they never could be sure their home town would be there when they came back.

At this time there was an organization called the United Nations, which was a meeting place for all the nations of the world, great and small. It was set up after World War II to preserve peace from that time forward by settling disputes between nations according to the principles of morality and international law and to provide jobs for indigent free-loading diplomats. Nations could bring their problems to the U.N. voluntarily or, if world peace was threatened, the U.N. could step in on its own initiative, examine both sides of any international dispute, decide the question fairly and require the two nations concerned to accept the U.N. decision. The only trouble was that the U.N. was not allowed to have any hydrogen bombs or rockets to preserve the peace, so nobody paid much attention to its decisions, just as the children paid no attention to their mammas after the mammas quit beating them.

Finally, during one of the periodic crises when the two great nations had elbowed each other to the brink again, one of them sent a secret message to the U.N., proposing that a summit conference with the other nation be called under the auspices of the U.N. to see if some means could not be worked out to relieve the awful tension under which the world was living. The other nation had broken the codes of the first one and hence knew the contents of this message even before the U.N. deciphered it. So the second nation immediately sent a similar message to the U.N., dating it a day earlier, and announced to the rest of the world that it had taken the initiative for world peace.

The U.N. promptly agreed to sponsor the summit conference. Everybody in the world relaxed a little when this was announced, except the launching-pad commanders, who remained at their posts with their thumbs poised over the firing buttons.

When the summit conference met, everybody had great hopes that it might accomplish something. It was obvious to all thinking people that it had to accomplish something, or else, because things couldn't go on much longer as they had been. Each side had been so emphatic in its warnings and threats to the other that no one could have blamed either side for concluding that the other had made up its mind and was about to attack.

After the meeting got under way, it soon became evident that nothing would be accomplished. The two big nations took positions from which it was practically impossible for either one to retreat. Then, (*Continued on Page 63*)

The Advantage of Me

By Dick Emmons

The lifeguard sits there on
his chair
While 'neath him long-
lashed maidens stare;
Aloof is he and cool of
manner,
Full-tanned and hourly
growing tanner;
O maidens, do not,
simpering, sidle
Now to, now fro before
your idol,
Cavort with me in yonder
sea,
Though I am not so much
as he ——
Yet where he's godlike,
unassailable,
I am, if nothing else,
available!

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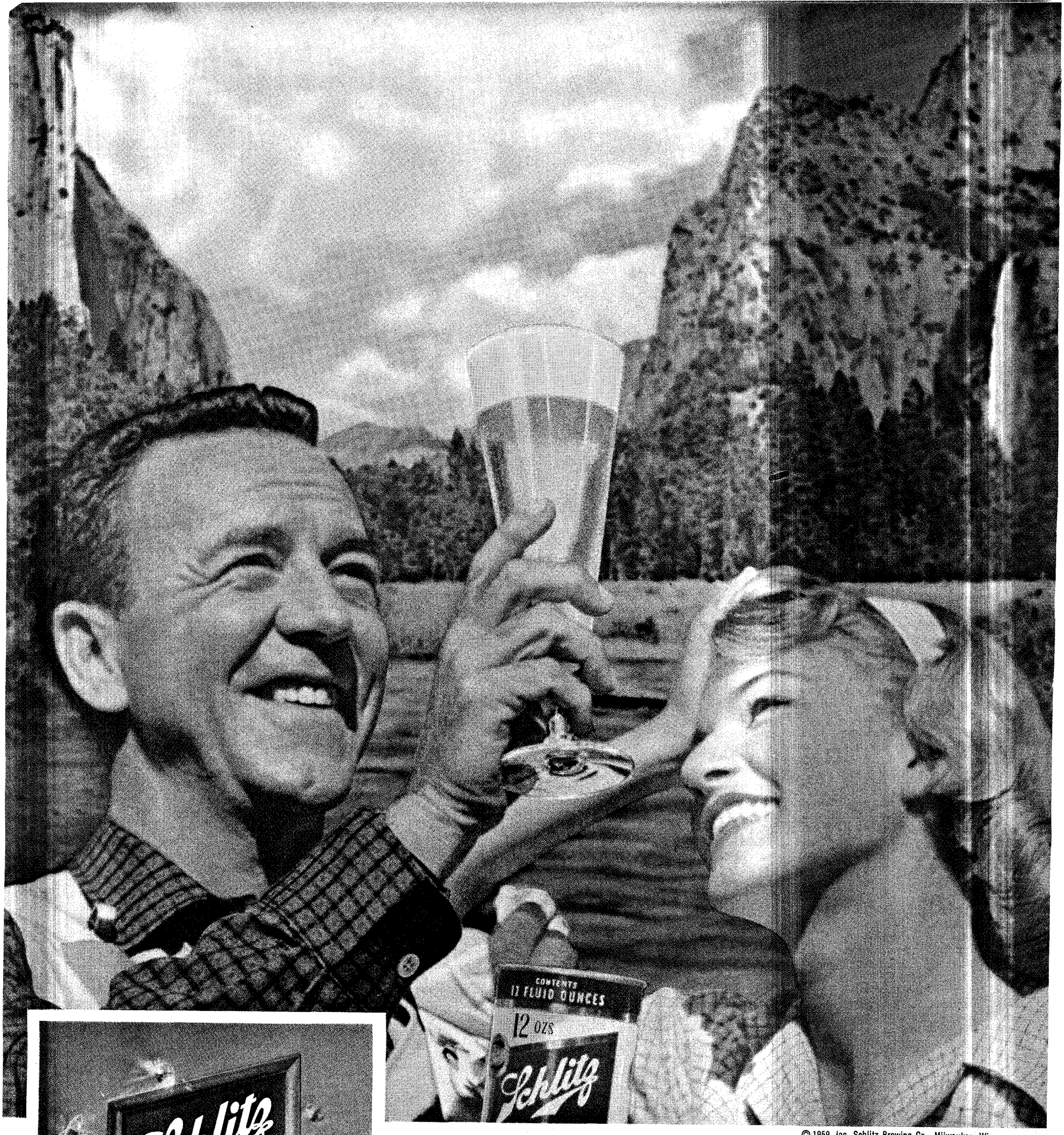

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(*Continued from Page 61*) under U.N. rules, the representatives of every other nation in the world were allowed to state their views. This led to a month of oratory which served no purpose except perhaps to give all the diplomats a chance to get their names in the paper and to postpone the evil day that seemed inevitable.

Then, on the thirtieth day of the summit conference—it happened. *A rocket went off accidentally!*

Through the instantaneous control-and-communication network that linked all launching pads to the seat of government, the military-command headquarters of the country concerned knew within seconds that a rocket had been fired. A light on the master control panel and status board went red, an alarm bell rang, the name of the city at which the rocket was aimed flashed on a screen, and the remote-reading radarscopes for tracking the missile came alive. As this was happening, the missile-pad commander reported that the launching was accidental, but that the warhead was fully armed. Within a minute it was obvious from the radarscopes that the missile was on course and proceeding accurately toward its target.

By this time in world history rapid and dependable voice communication was possible between all points on the globe through satellite relay stations. Each of the great nations had put a satellite transmitting station in orbit, so that it could broadcast insults and recriminations to the people of the other nation whenever the satellite was in proper position. Each nation immediately learned how to use the other's satellite relay for its own purpose; and so, between the two of them, they could exchange insults simultaneously at any time. Thanks to this system, the whole northern hemisphere received warning, three minutes after the event, that an accident had happened and a rocket was on its way. In both the great countries the air-raid sirens howled and the people were fleeing to the shelters while the rocket was still on the ascending branch of its trajectory.

The country toward which the rocket was alleged to be coming suspected this was all a hoax, but sounded air-raid red anyway. It also flashed the zero alert sign to all its missile-pad commanders, so that its rockets could all be fired within one second if GHQ decided to do so. The same thing was done in the country that fired the rocket, and some military commanders urged firing all the rest of the rockets, on the ground that nothing could stop the holocaust now. However, the chief of state wisely prevented this, saying, "We have nothing whatever to lose by waiting. If that missile hits, all their missiles are coming over here no matter what we do."

For the next half hour there was panic such as the world had never seen. Many people died of fright. Thousands were trampled to death in stampedes in both the great countries. Some people fled toward the open country. Others plunged into the deep bomb shelters. All churches were soon jammed and so were all saloons. Many people simply sat down where they were and tried to prepare themselves to die. Many who thought they were brave showed that they were cowards. Many little people rose to great heights in the eyes of their fellows. Great reputations were lost forever and many new ones were made. It was the Moment of Truth, dragged out to a seeming eternity for half a billion people.

About ten minutes after the accidental launching the defective missile had another accident. As the missile was just starting the downward arc of its trajectory, its hydrogen warhead exploded harmlessly at a height of five hundred miles above the earth.

The explosion was visible to the naked eye at many of the northern missile pads, the blip on the tracking radars vanished suddenly while there were still five minutes to go before it should disappear behind the curve of the earth. All the radiation counters pointed at the missile registered an atomic explosion. There was no doubt the missile had destroyed itself.

The chief of state who had prevented the premature firing of the whole rocket battery now broadcast to the world that the rocket had been destroyed from the ground by "remote control" and that there was no danger.

But the Moment of Truth dragged on for at least another half hour for the whole world. The prospects of life on this earth were changing so fast that no one knew what to believe, and the easiest thing to believe was the worst. For some years everyone had learned to live with the idea that he might die within the next twenty minutes. But now everybody in the big cities of the northern hemisphere lived for half an hour with the conviction that he actually was about to die in twenty minutes. People found that this made a great difference. They could tolerate the possibility of sudden death for a long time, but to brace yourself for a half hour against the certainty of it within a few minutes is a shattering experience. It left an indelible mark on half a billion people, including naturally the U.N. delegates who had been sleepily listening to a tirade by the delegate of some insignificant country when the runaway rocket suddenly changed world history.

Soon after the all clear sounded, the chief delegates of the two great nations met in the cocktail lounge of the U.N. These two old men, although bitter enemies in all official matters, were not really bad friends. They had seen a great deal of each other at international conferences and had come to have a certain respect for the skill and stubbornness with which each fought for what he claimed was right. Each one also knew that the things for which he himself had fought had not always been completely right.

One of these men was named Ivan and the other Joe. Both were still shaken by the ordeal the world had just gone through, so for the next hour they spoke more frankly than they ever had before.

"Hello, comrade Ivan," said Joe.

"Greetings Joe," said Ivan. "Have a drink with me?"

"Thank you. I will," said Joe.

The two men sat down at a table, gave their orders to the waiter and sat staring at the table top for some moments.

Finally Ivan observed, "We came close to the end this afternoon."

"We certainly did," agreed Joe. "Ever since that flash about the rocket launching, I have been thinking only one thing—what fools men are. During that half hour when we all thought the end had come I tried to remember what you and I were disputing about here, and I couldn't. It wasn't important any more."

"I agree," said Ivan.

"We can't go on this way. We have been given another chance which we don't really deserve. We've got to find some way out of this trap we've got ourselves into."

"Again I agree," said Ivan.

"It will take almost a miracle to prevent our two countries from destroying each other, but something has got to happen."

"Again I agree," said Ivan.

"Maybe that something has already begun to happen," said Joe. "That makes three times you have agreed with me in five minutes. I can only remember you doing it once before in five years."

"Again I agree, so that makes it four times. The big trouble is that our governments have both taken positions from which they cannot withdraw without seeming to give in to the other. Even now, if either one of us gave in, our people and all the neutrals would say we had done it through fear. If we could only devise some formula for saving face perhaps we could compromise on many things."

"Now it's my turn to agree with you again. So if you and I are any criterion, maybe the era of mutual coexistence has already begun."

The waiter brought the drinks, Ivan pulled out his wallet and asked, "How much?"

"Wait a minute there," said Joe. "I'm paying for these."

"If this doesn't work, men, we're cooked!"

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"No, you're not," said Ivan. "I am."

"Oh, no, you aren't," said Joe. "I am."

"But I invited you," said Ivan. "How much, waiter?"

"What difference does that make? I was just about to invite you. And I am senior to you on the U.N. list. Protocol requires you to defer to your senior in a case like this."

"I insist on paying for these drinks," said Ivan, beginning to get angry.

"Well, my friend," said Joe, "our era of coexistence didn't last very long, did it?"

The two glared at each other a moment and then both laughed. Joe pulled a coin out of his pocket and said, "Let's gamble for it. Heads you pay, tails I do."

"O.K.," said Ivan. "That's fair enough."

Joe held the coin on edge on the table, flicked it with his finger and set it to spinning like a top. After a dozen or so revolutions the "top" began to "die," and soon the coin came to rest tails up. "I pay," said Joe.

"O.K.," said Ivan. "It isn't right, but ——"

"What do you think will happen at the U.N. meeting tomorrow?" asked Joe. "Will we just resume the argument from the point where we left off today when Gabriel's horn blew, or will things be different?"

"I don't know," said Ivan. "Maybe mankind finally learned its lesson today. You and I will be getting new instructions from our governments tonight, and then we will find out. But we just agreed that man is a great fool. I can't help feeling that we are trapped. We are the victims of the past thousand years of history, which neither of us can change. I think man has lost control of his destiny, and it makes no difference what you or I may want to do about it. Pride is one of man's strongest emotions. Pride will not permit either one of our nations to give in to the other. Man is very adaptable, and when bad things happen unavoidably, like earthquakes, droughts, plagues or losing a war, he is able to live with them. But he won't sacrifice his pride without a fight."

"Quite true," agreed Joe. "As long as man has been on this earth war has always been the final way to settle disputes, primarily because of pride. No nation is willing to submit to the judgment of neutrals in any really important matter. On certain matters no nation can bow to any human agency. We say it would involve a loss of sovereignty if they did. But all that it really means is a loss of pride."

"Again I agree with you," said Ivan. "Have another drink?"

"O.K., thanks. I will," said Joe. "If we could refer our disputes to the man in the moon, I think we could learn to live with whatever decisions came back because at least we would know that human frailty, deceit and corruption hadn't influenced the answer. Nations might be able to compromise up to a certain point on some pretty vital principles."

"Right," said Ivan. . . . "Waiter, the check."

"Wait a minute," said Joe. "Why should you get the check?"

"What do you mean? Why shouldn't I? You paid for the last ones."

"Sure. But we spun a coin to settle that. That had nothing to do with this time."

"Don't be ridiculous. Besides, again I invited you. I am going to pay this time."

"No, you're not. I am going to pay again."

"Look, Joe, you are being rude. I insist as a matter of principle that I am going to pay. You can't insist on paying."

"But I do," said Joe, "and as a matter of principle too. I will not allow you to pay. So here we are again up the usual

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blind alley. Last time we spun a coin, it came up my way and we were both satisfied. Why not do it again? Then neither one of us is giving in to the other—we are letting the man in the moon settle it."

A strange look came over Ivan's face. "By—by Someone I'm not supposed to believe in, I think you are right. Spin the coin."

Joe spun it and again it came up tails. "Let me see that coin," demanded Ivan. Joe handed it to him, Ivan inspected it and found nothing wrong with it. "Well," he said, "that just means we've got to have another round to give me a chance."

"O.K.," said Joe. "After what happened this afternoon we can stand another."

An hour later, when the score was four to two on drinks, with Ivan now ahead, Joe said, "I know we've both been asking ourselves the same question for the past hour, so I'm going to ask it aloud—why can't nations settle disputes the way we are doing it instead of by committing suicide?"

"I have indeed been thinking the same thing," said Ivan. "I believe they could do it. It is a way of saving face that would be compatible with national pride, so long as reasonable men were doing it, and no one proposed a bald-faced flip of the coin to see which one would dominate the world."

"Yes, indeed. The croupiers in this game would have to be experienced statesmen who could cut a big proposition like that up into about a dozen smaller ones. Then, when the dice were rolled, one country might win on seven counts, the other on five, but in the long run things would come out even and nobody would be hurt too badly."

"And just between you and me, after forty years in the diplomatic business I feel that at least half the time my country took the wrong side in negotiations I have handled, and we would be at least as well off as we are now if we had taken the opposite side in every case. You and I both know what a large part chance has played in human affairs that were placed in our hands in the past five years. I'm willing now to say that chance is as good a way as the wisdom of men like you and me to settle our disputes."

"Well," said Joe, "I'm not quite ready to go along with that doctrine—at least not publicly. But I agree that our countries have taken the wrong side so far as their own selfish interests were concerned in about half our disputes. There may be something in what you say, provided we never shoot the works for a proposition on which neither side could afford to lose."

"But suppose we did adopt this method of settling minor disputes, Joe. Wouldn't we still have to keep our rocket batteries cocked and ready, just in case the major question of who is going to rule this world came to a head?"

"I don't think so, Ivan. Because that question has never yet come up as a clear-cut black-and-white proposition in any of our negotiations—and it never should. The disputes that have brought us to the brink so often have been about comparatively minor things which either one or both of us thought might lead to more important things. If everybody knew that such disputes would be settled impartially from now on, it might change the future course of life on this earth."

"And, of course," said Ivan, "we would both reserve the right to resort to force in case we thought there was any hanky-panky about the rolling of the dice—or whatever we did to settle things. But how would we do it? There would have to be an impressive ceremony connected with it to which all nations of the world would be invited. It would seem almost frivolous to reach the climax of this ceremony with cards, dice or a roulette wheel. What would the mechanics of the thing be?"

". . . and then you grasped Mrs. Abernathy's cut-glass punch bowl, raised it high, shouted 'bottoms up!' and . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I've been thinking about that too," said Joe, "and I have an idea you may like. We could do what you and I have been doing. We could spin a coin. I don't mean a puny little half dollar like we have been spinning. I mean a coin that would really impress people by its size and value, one coin worth several billion dollars."

"I don't follow you."

"Let's dig up some of that gold that is buried in the ground out at Fort Knox," explained Joe, "where it isn't of any use to anybody, mint it into a huge coin having a hammer and sickle on one side and an eagle on the other, and build a great open-air stadium where we can spin this coin for all the world to see, just as we have been doing."

"Last night I would have said you must be drunk, Joe. Tonight I think maybe you've got something. My country would like that idea because it would tend to make your gold standard look ridiculous. We might be able to make propaganda out of it."

"Propaganda may not be as important from now on as it has been in the past. People learned things this afternoon they will never forget, no matter what we tell them. And the fall of this coin we are talking about won't be affected by propaganda. But if the propaganda angle makes it easier to sell this idea to your people, so much the better. But I'm afraid some people would say it is immoral and sacrilegious to gamble on things of such vital importance."

"Maybe so," said Ivan, "but I think that by now everybody knows that we've been gambling pretty desperately for the past few years—ever since we both got the atom bomb. If we did things this way, those who believe in God could say the coin fell as He willed it. The others could say the laws of chance are strictly enforced, and we will win half the time in the long run."

"Of course," said Joe, "we will both have to convince our people that there can be no hanky-panky, as you call it, about the spinning of that coin. We would reserve the right to have the same number of engineers, scientists and technicians in the launching—I mean coin spinning—crew as you have, and to cancel any spin in case we suspected dishonesty."

"Naturally," said Ivan. "And if you'll excuse me for even insinuating that your people might be dishonest we would reserve the same right. . . . Waiter. Two more of the same. . . . This time it's my turn to pay."

"We aren't going by turns any more. We're going by spins of the coin—remember? What do you want this time, heads or tails?"

"Heads," said Ivan. "But this time I consider that I should be allowed to spin the coin."

"O.K. Spin away, but I reserve the right to stop it if I don't think you have spun it properly."

"That's all right too. With the big coin we will have to alternate on the control mechanisms, and allow the side which did not spin the coin to cancel the spin up to let us say three revolutions."

"But now look, my friend," said Joe. "Won't this idea put people like you and me out of business? What will be left for us to do if we settle things by lot instead of by diplomacy?"

"There will be at least as much to do as there is now and maybe more. We will have to draw up the terms of reference for each spin of the coin. The exact definition of the question to be settled will be of vital importance. We will have to frame each question in such a way that either one of us can live with an unfavorable fall of the coin. We will have to be a great deal more skillful and careful than we have been in the past because we will know for sure that each spin of the coin will definitely settle the question—there won't be any more stalemates. We will probably be much more reasonable in our demands."

"Comrade," said Joe, "we've done enough talking about this. Let us call our staffs together tonight, write the idea up and submit it to our governments before we sober up and decide that mutual suicide is the only way."

"O.K., Joe," said Ivan. "Leave us do that. And now before we adjourn this session let me buy you one more drink. You are ahead now, and it won't hurt you to let me buy the next one."

"All right, Ivan, I will. But there must be no such foolishness in the proposals we submit to our governments. We must propose shtrict adherence to the fall of the coin, even though at times it may fall heads six times in a row, and the odds against that are thrity-two to one."

"No. Shixty-four to one, my friend. But anyhoo, I agree."

So the two men had one more drink and then went to their respective headquarters, assembled their staffs and instructed them to draw up the proposal they had discussed for submission to their respective governments.

When these proposals were announced to the world twenty-four hours later, the peoples of all nations, still shaken by the Half Hour of Truth, greeted them with wild enthusiasm. Everyone regarded them as the first ray of hope the world had seen since the dawn of the mutual-suicide era. Both great nations agreed to the general idea, removed the nuclear war heads from their rockets, set the guidance systems for vertical flight and de-energized the firing circuits pending further negotiations.

In due time a mutually satisfactory agreement was worked out, almost exactly the same as the one Ivan and Joe had discussed in the U.N. bar.

Work started immediately on a great stadium in which representatives of all nations could assemble, with a huge concrete dish in the center for spinning the coin. Carload after carload of gold was shipped out of Fort Knox and minted in a great coin three feet thick and about forty feet in diameter. Rocket engineers designed a mechanism for holding this coin, with its axis precisely vertical while it was spun at the rate of 300 revolutions per minute, and for making sure it was released in such a way that it would be impossible to predict which way it would fall. Tests were conducted with a steel coin, and after a thousand spins mathematicians of both great nations agreed that the odds were nearly six and a half million to one that nothing but pure chance was affecting the fall of the coin.

Within a year everything was ready for the first official spin of the great gold coin, and the largest assemblage of diplomats the world had ever seen gathered at the stadium. One hundred thousand spectators jammed the seats and thousands of reporters and radio commentators flashed their versions of what was happening to all corners of the globe. All TV stations in the world were hooked up into one giant network, on which commercials were kept to a minimum and could be repeated in four major languages only.

The matter at issue was a dispute between Israel and Jordan on which the two great nations took opposite sides and refused to budge. After much speech-making, pomp and ceremony the great coin was erected, poised on its rim, spun and released, with dozens of experts from each side supervising. A tremendous cheer went up from the multitude as the coin began toppling and gyrating on its rim, making the whole stadium tremble with its ponderous oscillations. It was half a minute before anyone could tell which face was coming up, but all present knew that a question threatening world peace had been peacefully settled. The question was decided in favor of the nation whose side was up when the coin came to rest, and the other accepted the decision.

The coin was used frequently from that day forward, and no one ever refused to abide by its decision. Rockets were removed from the launching pits all over the world, dismantled, and their guidance gear was put into electronic computers to take over the thinking for mankind. The rocket pits were converted into grain storehouses, and one country put a bronze plaque on each one of these storehouses, reading:

AND THEY SHALL BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOWSHARES—ISAIAH 2:4.

And they all lived happily ever after.

THE END

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The Attack on the Mountain

(Continued from Page 24)

There were twenty-seven stations. The entire system covered a zigzag course of four hundred miles, a part of it being pieced out by telegraph. It was a monument to science and to General Thurman's administrative genius, and it was not worth a tinker's damn.

The Apaches took to moving by night. By day they observed the observers, using their own means of communication—fire, smoke, sunlight on a glittering conch shell. They yanked down the telegraph lines, cut them, and spliced them with rubber bands, the cuts almost impossible for linemen to detect, thus degutting the system.

But whatsoever Field Order establisheth must endure. The station could at least transmit messages like the following:

RELAY C O FORT HUACHUCA PREPARE POST INSPECTION AND REVIEW GENL THURMAN

So much for the general.

On Bill Williams Mountain, five thousand feet up, set on a ledge, there were five men of the 24th Infantry and two mules and a mutt dog. This was the way they passed their time. Sgt. Ammon Swing was in command. He copied the messages sent and received, made sure there was always an eye to the telescope, and allowed himself only the luxury of an occasional think about Miss Martha Cox. Private Bobyne had charge of the heliostat. After two weeks' training in the Morse code, he worked the shutter with a flourish, youngsterlike. Private Takins cooked. He never bathed, and over the months built up such a singular oniony odor that they said of him he could walk past the pot and season the stew. The guards were Corporal Heintz and Private Babcock. Reckoning to grow potatoes, Heintz, a stubborn Dutchman from Illinois, hoed and hilled at a great rate while the studious Babcock took up botany, cataloguing specimens of yucca, nopal, and hediondilla. In their brush corral the two mules tucked back their ears and pondered whom to kick next. Their names were Annie and Grover, the latter after Mr. Cleveland, who was then serving his first term in 1886. The mutt dog chased quail and was in turn hunted by sand fleas, who had better luck.

There was no call for the men to be lonely or the mules mean or the dog to mope. Only six miles away, down in the valley, was Cox's Tanks, a ranch from which water was packed up weekly on muleback; only twelve miles off, along the range at a pass, was the Rucker Canyon Station; and only thirty-four miles to the south was Fort Buford, whence supplies were hauled once a month. The five men had high, healthy air to breathe, the goings-on over a hundred square miles of nothing to watch, a branding sun by day and low fierce stars by night.

In addition, they could gossip via heliostat with Rucker:

YOU SEEN ANY PACHES? . . . NOPE. . . . HEINTZ GROWED ARY TATER YET? . . . NOPE

But after May and June on Bill Williams Mountain they began to be lorn. In July they commenced talking to themselves more than to each other. One day in August the dog turned his eyes heavenward and ran at full speed toward the top of the mountain and death. Dogs had been known to commit suicide in that way hereabouts.

OUR DOG RUN AWAY
SO DID OURN

So much for the mutt.

When they rousted out one September morning there was smoke columning a few hundred yards down the ledge. Taking Babcock with him, Sergeant Swing went out to reconnoiter, snaking along through the greasewood until they reached a rock formation. What they spied was a mite insulting. They had Apaches on their hands, all right, but squaws instead of braves—three of them, and a covey of kids running about. The ladies had come during the night, built a bungalow of brush and old skins and set up housekeeping. The smoke issued from a stone-lined pit in which they were baking mescal, a species of the century plant and a staple of the Apache diet. Ollas and conical baskets were scattered about. The squaws wore calico dresses, which meant they had at one time been on an agency, and one of them was missing the tip of her nose. The whites had not as yet succeeded in arguing the Apache warriors out of their age-old right to snick off a little when they suspected their womenfolk of being unfaithful. But the final indignity was dealt the sergeant when he and Babcock crawled out of the rocks. Two youngsters, who had watched their every move, skittered laughing back to their mammas.

Apaches or not, they were the station's first real company in six months and the men were glad of them. Sergeant Swing was not. He could not decide if he should start an official message to department headquarters and if he did, how to word it so that it would not sound ridiculous.

While he hesitated young Bobyne shuttered the news to Rucker Canyon anyway:

THREE SQUAWS COME SARGE
DUNNO WHAT TO DO

The reply was immediate:

HAVE DANCE INVITE US

When this was decoded, since no one but Bobyne could read Morse, there was general laughter.

"Folderol," the sergeant says.

"You tink dem squaws vill 'tack us?" Heintz asks, winking at the others. "Zshould ve zhoot dem kids?"

Swing ruminated. "You fellers listen. If you expect them desert belles come up here to cook and sew for us, your expecter is busted. Where there's squaws there's billy-bound to be bucks sooner or later." He said further that he was posting a running guard at once. He wanted someone on the telescope from sunup to dark. "And here's the gist of it," he concludes. "We will stay shy of them Indians. Nobody to go down there calling, and if they come up here you treat them as kindly as 'rantulas, which they are."

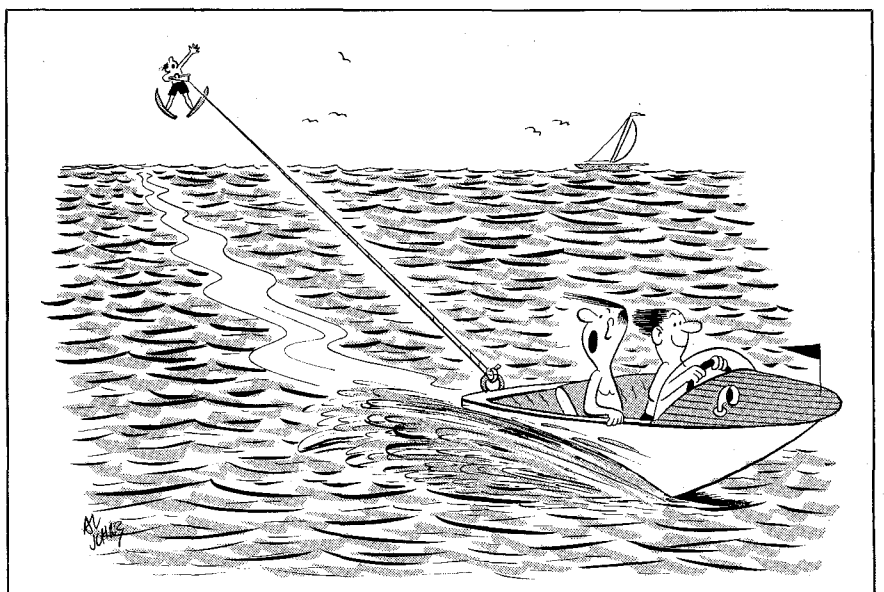
"Dats too ztiff," Heintz protests.

"Sarge, you mean we ain't even to be decent to the kiddies?" complains Babcock.

"Not as you love your mother," is the answer, "and calculate to see her again."

They grudged off to their posts and the sergeant went to sit by a Joshua and study his predicament. He was more alarmed than he had let on. The news along the system had for two weeks been all bad. The most varminty among the Warm Spring chiefs had left the agency with bands and were raiding to the south—Juh and Mangus together, Kaytennay by himself. With their example before him, it would be beneath Geronimo's dignity to behave much longer. General Thurman had cavalry rumping out in all directions, but there had as yet been neither catch nor kill. He had heard that the first thing sought by the Apaches on break-outs was weapons. What more logical than to camp a few squaws and kids near a heliostat station, cozy up to the personnel, then smite them suddenly with braves, wipe out the sentimental fools and help yourself to rifles and cartridges? Apaches had been known to wait days, even weeks, for their chance. And how was a mere sergeant to control men who had not mingled much with humankind for six months?

Had he been an oathing man, Ammon Swing would have. He had in him a sense of duty like a rod of iron. A small compact individual, he wore a buggy-whip mustache which youthened his face and made less New England his expression. Pushing back his hat, he let his gaze lay out, first at the far mountains on the sides of which the air was white as milk, then lower, at the specks of Cox's Tanks upon the valley floor. This brought to mind Miss Martha Cox, with whom he might be in love and might not. The sister of Jacob Cox, she was a tanned leathery customer as old as the sergeant, which put her nigh on forty-four, too old and sensible for male and female farandoles. She ran the ranch with her brother, plowed with a pistol round her waist, spat and scratched herself like a man, and her reputation with a rifle, after twenty years of raids, caused even the Apaches to give the Cox spread leeway. Swing had seen her five times in six months during his turns to go down with Annie and Grover to pack water. Only once, the last trip, had anything passed between them.



"I think he's trying to tell us something."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ain't you considerable mountain-sore, Mister Swing?"

"Suppose I am," says he.

"Seems to me settling down would be suitable to you."

"Ma'am?"

"Sure," says she. "Marry up and raise a fam'ly and whittle your own stick."

"Too old, Miss Cox."

"Too old?"

"Old as you are," says he.

He knew his blunder when he saw the turkey-red under her tan. She squinted at the mules, then gave him a granite eye.

"Mister Swing, if ever you alter your mind, I know the very one would have you."

"Who, ma'am?"

"Annie," says she.

For the next few days Ammon Swing was much put on. The little Indians soon swarmed over the station, playing games, ingratiating themselves with the soldiers, eventually sitting on their knees to beg for trinkets. Shoo as hard as he might, the sergeant could not put a stop to it. Down the ledge the three squaws went on baking mescal and inevitably there commenced to be visiting back and forth. Takins was first caught skulking off.

"Takins," says the sergeant, "I told you to stay shy of them."

"I be only humin, sarge," grumbles the cook, which was doubtful, considering his fragrance.

"You keep off, that's an order!" says Swing, losing his temper. "Or I'll send you back to Buford to the guardhouse!"

"You will, sarge?" Takins grins. "Nothin' I'd like better'n to git off this cussed mounting!"

Thus it was that the sergeant's authority went to pot and his command to pieces. Men on guard straggled down the ledge to observe the baking, and weaving of baskets and converse sociably in sign. The ladies in turn, led by Mrs. Noseless, a powerful brute of a woman, paid daily calls on the station to watch the operation of the heliostat and giggle at the unnatural ways of the whites.

Three days passed. Then a new factor changed the situation on Bill Williams Mountain from absurd to desperate. The supply party from Fort Buford did not arrive. Takins ran entirely out of salt beef and hardtack. Ammon Swing was reduced to swapping with the squaws for mescal, which tasted like molasses candy and brought on the bloat; but the commodity for which the Apaches were most greedy turned out to be castor oil, of which he had only two bottles in his medicine chest. He considered butchering Annie or Grover, but that would mean one less mule to send down to Cox's Tanks for water.

Water! He could not wait on that. But to obtain it, and food as well, would short him by two men. If an attack were ever to come it would come when the station had only three defenders. Worse yet, it was his turn to go down the mountain day after next, his and Takins', and he wanted very much to go to Cox's again. Why he wanted to so much he would not admit even to himself.

The next morning he traded the last drop of castor oil to the squaws for mescal. In the afternoon the water casks went dry.

At day-die Ammon Swing called Heintz to him and he said he was sending him down for water and food with Takins. It was his own turn, but he should stay in case of attack.

The Dutchy puffed his cheeks with pleasure. "Goot. You be zorry."

"Why?"

"I ask dis voman to vedding. I ask before, bud zhe zay no. Dis time zhe zay yez, I tink."

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One end of the iron rod of duty in the sergeant stuck in his crop. "Why?" he inquires again.

"I goot farmer. Zhe needs farmer to raunch. Alzo zhe iz nod much young. Nod many chanzes more vill zhe get. You change your mind, zarge?"

"No," says Ammon Swing.

As soon as Heintz and Takins and Annie and Grover had started down in the morning Sergeant Swing would have bet a month's pay this was the day. Something in the pearl air told him. He ordered Babcock and Bobyne to stand guard near the heliostat and have hands on their weapons at all times. They would change off on the telescope. No man was to leave the sight of the other two.

The morning inched.

They had not had food for twenty-four hours nor water for eighteen. Nor would they until Heintz and Takins returned. The squaws did not come to visit nor the kids to play.

One message winked from Rucker Canyon and was shuttered on:

RELAY GENL THURMAN REQUESTS
PLEASURE COL AND MRS COTTON OFFICERS
BALL HEADQUARTERS FT BOWIE 22 AUGUST

By noon they were so thirsty they spit dust and so hungry their bellies sang songs. It had never been so lonesome on Bill Williams Mountain.

Then they had visitors. The three squaws came waddling along the ledge, offspring after them, and surrounded a pile of brush not twenty yards off. In one hand they held long forked sticks and in the other small clubs. Mrs. Noseless started a fire. The soldiers had no notion what the Indians could be up to. When all was ready, the fire burned down to hot coals, the squaws and kids began to squeal and shout and poke into the brush pile. Curious, the soldiers came near.

What they soon saw was that the Apaches had discovered a large convention of field rats. Under the brush the animals had cast up a mound of earth by burrowing numerous tunnels. When a stick was thrust into one end of the tunnel, the animal, seeking an escape route, would dart to the opening of another and hesitate for an instant, half in and half out, to scan for his enemy. In that split second another Indian would pin the rat down with forked stick, pull it toward him, bash it over the head with his club, and with a shout of triumph eviscerate it with a stroke of the knife and pitch it onto the fire. In a trice the hair was burned off, the carcass roasted to a turn, impaled on the stick and the juicy titbit lifted to a hungry mouth. Starved and horrified, the soldiers were drawn to the banquet despite themselves. There seemed no end to the victuals or the fun.

A little girl ran laughing to Bobyne with a rat. The youngster sniffed, tasted, and with a grin of surprise put down his rifle and commenced to feast. Babcock was next served. Then a squaw bore a plump offering to the sergeant. It was done exactly to his liking, medium rare. He could no longer resist. The taste was that of tender chicken or frog legs. He had, however, to keep his eyes closed.

What opened them was the sudden terrible silence immediately smashed by a scream.

For an instant as the food fell from his hands he was stricken with shock and fright. The kids had vanished. A dying Babcock staggered toward him, screaming. An arrow transfixed his body, driven with such force into his back that it pierced him completely, feathers on one side, head and shaft on the other.

One squaw ran full speed toward the tents to plunder, holding high her grimy calico skirt.

Like deer, three Apache bucks leaped from their hiding place in greasewood and sped toward him, letting arrows go from bows held at waist level.

Another squaw made for the heliostat and, giving the tripod a kick, toppled the instrument onto rock, shattering the mirror.

An arrow skewered through the fleshy part of Swing's left leg. He cried out with pain and went down on one knee, reaching for his rifle.

Young Bobyne retrieved his and began to blaze away at the oncoming bucks when Mrs. Noseless seized him from behind in powerful arms and hurled him backward into the fire of hot coals as she might have barbecued a rat, kneeling on him and setting his hair afire and crashing in his skull with her club.

Shooting from one knee, Ammon Swing brought down one of the bucks at twenty yards and another point-blank. But it was too late to fire at the third, who swept a long knife upward from a hide boot.

He had time only to glimpse the contorted brown face and yellow eyeballs and hear the death yell as a bullet slammed life and wind out of the Apache and the buck fell heavily on him. He lay wondering if he were dead, stupefied by the fact that the bullet had not been his own.

Then the buck was dragged off him by Miss Martha Cox. She took the Indian's knife, knelt, and slitting the trouser leg began to cut through the arrow shaft on either side of his thigh.

"Soldiers and wimmen," she snorts.

"You shoot him?" he groans.

"Sure."

He asked about Heintz and Takins. Dead, the both of them, she told him—ambushed on the way down. When they had not showed up at the ranch, she rode up to find out why.

She had the arrow cut off close to the meat now and bound his leg with shirt cloth. As he sat up she said he would bleed a little; what was dangerous was the chance of infection, since the Apaches had as much fondness for dirty arrows as they did for dirty everything else. He was to ride her horse down as fast as he could manage. Her brother would have the tools to pull the shaft piece, and water for the wound.

Ammon Swing saw that she wore the best she owned, a long dress of gray taffeta and high-button shoes. When furbished, she was near to handsome.

"Heintz was intending to ask you to marry."

"I figured it would be you coming down today," says she. "So I got out my fancies. Ain't had them on in ten year."

"Oh?" says he. "Well, help me."

With her arm round his waist he was hobbling toward her horse when he caught the flash from the Mogollon Station, to the south.

"Message." He stopped. "I ain't trained to read it, but it better be put down."

"It better not," says she, bossy.

But he made her fetch pencil and paper from a tent and wait while he transcribed the signals according to length, long and short. When the flashes ceased, he cast a glum look at his own shattered heliostat nearby.

"Ought to relay this," says he. "It's maybe important."

"Mister Swing," says she, "infection won't wait. You Army around up here much longer and you might have to make do without a leg."

He did not even hear. He sat down on a boulder and tried to think how the Sam Hill to send the message on to Rucker Canyon. The piece of shaft twinged as though it were alive, the pain poisoning all the way to his toes. There was no other mirror. There was neither pot nor pan bright enough to reflect sun. Miss Martha Cox kept after him about infection, but the more he knew she was right the more dutiful and mule-headed he became. He would not leave with chores undone. Such a stunt would do injustice to his dead. Suddenly he gave a finger snap.

"Making apology, ma'am, but what do you have on beyunder that dress?"

"Well I never!" says she, coloring up real ripe for a woman who had just put down a rifle after a killing.

"Would you please remove same?"

"Oh!" she cries.

The sergeant gave a tug at his buggy whip. "Govermint business, ma'am."

With a female stamp of her foot she obeyed, hoisting the taffeta over her head. Above she wore a white corset cover laced with pink ribbon and, below, a muslin petticoat so overstarched it was as stiff and glittering as galvanized tin, touching evidence that it had been a long time since she had made starch.

"We are in luck, ma'am," says he. "We have a clear day and the whitest unspeakabout this side of Heaven, and I calculate they will see us."

Being most gentlemanly, he escorted her near the lip of the ledge facing Rucker Canyon, took her dress and, reading from the paper, began to transmit the message by using her dress as a shutter, shading her with it, then sweeping it away for long and short periods corresponding to the code letters he had transcribed. And all the while poor Miss Martha Cox was forced to stand five thousand feet high in plain sight of half the military department of Arizona, being alternately covered and revealed, a living heliostat, flashing in the sun like an angel descended from above and blushing like a woman fallen forever into sin. When her ordeal and her glory were ended, and Rucker had blinked on and off rapidly to signify receipt, she snatched her dress to herself. To his confusion, a tear splashed down one of her leathery cheeks while at the same time she drew up breathing brimstone.

"Ammon Swing," cries she, "no man has ever in all my days set eyes on me in such a state! Either I put my brother on your evil trail or you harden your mind to marrying me this minute!"

"Already have," says he.

Thoughtfully she pulled on the gray taffeta. "We better kiss on it," says she.

"Folderol," says he. But they did.

Then she helped him on her horse and together they went down Bill Williams Mountain.

So much for the petticoat, the three squaws, the rat roast, the sergeant, the other soldiers and the old maid.

The signals reaching Rucker Canyon Station twelve miles off were less distinct than usual, but by means of the telescope and much cussing they could be deciphered and sent on:

RELAY COL AND MRS COTTON ACCEPT
WITH PLEASURE OFFICERS BALL
BOWIE 22 AUGUST

So much for the message. THE END

You be the Judge

By GERALD I. RALYA

Charley, charged with hitting a man in an argument, was convicted of assault and battery. Not until four years later, however, did the court summon him and sentence him to the maximum of one year in prison. Indignantly Charley sought his freedom through habeas corpus proceedings.

"You can't send this man to jail at this late date," Charley's lawyer argued. "As the maximum for his offense is one year, the court's hold over him automatically ended after a year. If the court had passed sentence promptly, Charley would have been free long ago."

"Charley was duly convicted, so what difference does it make whether he was sentenced then or now?" the state's attorney countered. "All courts occasionally defer sentencing, to obtain additional information or for other good reasons."

If you were the judge, would you free Charley?

• •

Charley went free. The higher court said the delay in sentencing him was unreasonably long and the sentence was void, as it was imposed after the one-year period which represented the maximum penalty for the offense.

Based upon a 1924 Pennsylvania case.

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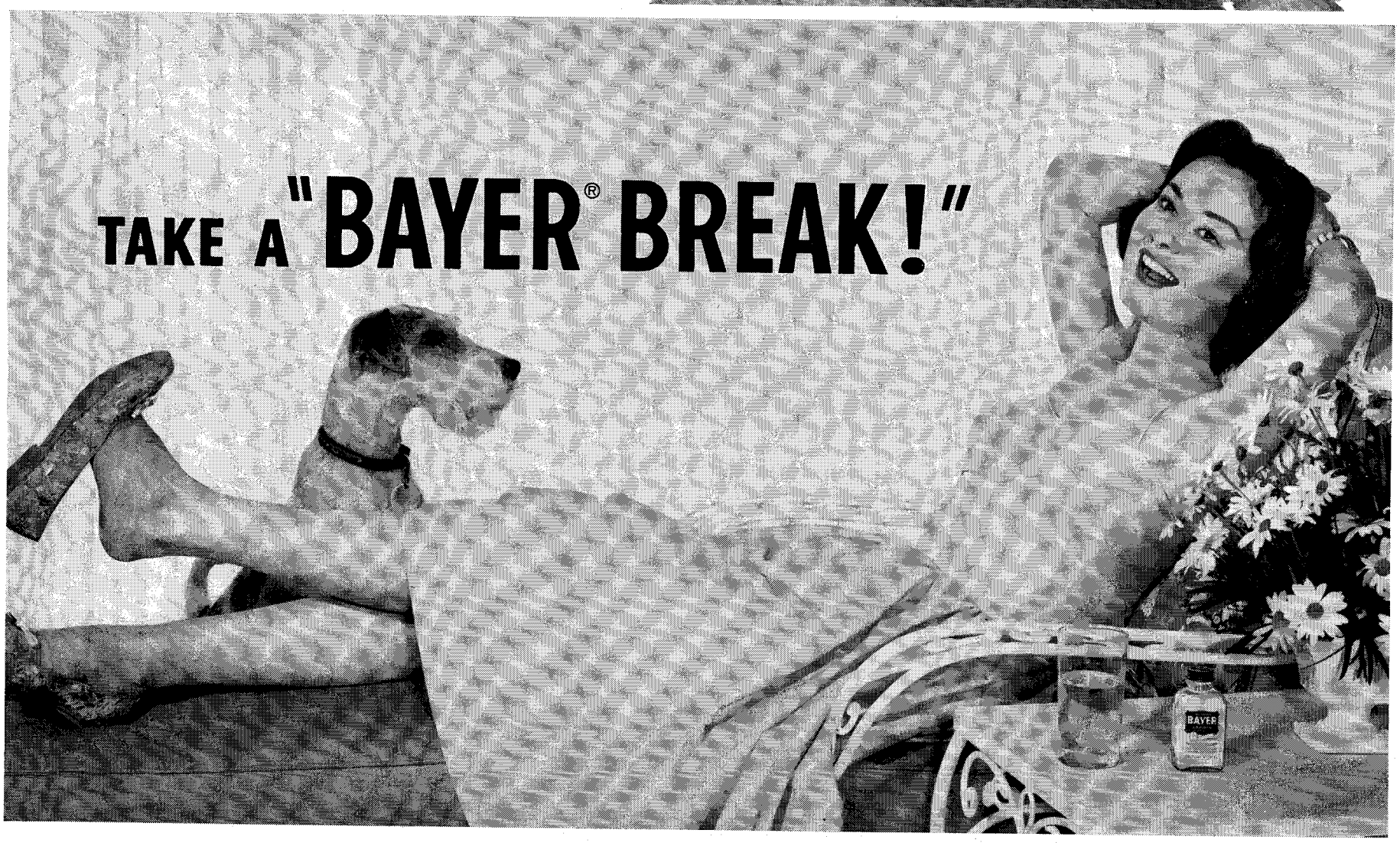

How the "BAYER BREAK" makes you feel better fast!

1. **First take two Bayer Aspirin for your headache.**
2. **Then, relax. Sit down...put your feet up and rest for a while.**
3. **This brief rest plus Bayer will have you feeling better fast, so you can face the heat with a smile. Try it.**

Make this promise to yourself—when you feel headachy, worn down, and tense, stop—take a "Bayer Break." You'll find it's not only sensible, but rewarding. For two Bayer Aspirin and a few minutes of relaxation quickly relieve that fretful, headachy feeling often caused by the hot weather.

You see, thanks to Bayer's newly discovered *instant flaking action*, a Bayer tablet enters your stomach—*not* whole—but in soft, tiny flakes. So there's no waiting for relief until the tablet disintegrates. Bayer Aspirin is ready to go to work *instantly*, to make you feel fine in practically no time.

BAYER BRINGS FASTEST RELIEF

the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get from pain!

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Hospital of Famous Patients

(Continued from Page 15)

"At Reed every GIP is a VIP—every GI patient is a very important person."

This is in the spirit of Dr. Walter Reed himself, who emphasized the heroic part played by enlisted men in his experiments. The Army doctors who submitted themselves to yellow-fever infection, he felt, were doing their duty; the enlisted men who volunteered for the ordeal went beyond the call of duty. Of one of these volunteers, Pvt. John R. Kissinger of Ohio, Reed said:

"In my opinion, his exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the United States Army."

While the accident of beardlessness led on to Walter Reed's opportunity, the use he made of that opportunity was no luck. He had the mind and character of a great physician and researcher. And he had a hard road to travel before the chance came. He was born in Virginia in 1851, the son of a circuit-riding Methodist minister. His first acquaintance with the United States Army came when he was thirteen. Yankee cavalrymen, foraging through his neighborhood, found Walter hiding out in the woods with his father's horses. They cuffed the young reb aside and took the horses.

As a student, Walter Reed turned out to be a prodigy, capable of sustained study for sixteen hours a day. He was the youngest man ever to be graduated from the University of Virginia Medical School. The next year he won another M.D. with honors at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in New York. He was still only nineteen, beardless and absurdly youthful-looking. For four years he labored faithfully at meager wages in the New York City hospitals and in public-health work. Still no beard; still no private practice. Then, as we have seen, came the decision to enter the Army.

If Doctor Reed thought his new career would enable him to do original research, like the discoveries in gastroenterology by Army Surgeon William Beaumont, such hopes were long deferred. For fifteen years he was assigned to desolate frontier posts in the then wild West. His practice was primitive: doctoring delirium tremens, delivering papooses, patching up gun fighters, performing operations by lamplight. The life would have stifled the scientific ambitions of a lesser man. But Reed heeded the counsel of the great Doctor Osler: there is no patient from whom a thoughtful doctor cannot learn. In his spare time he kept up with progress by studying medical journals.

Then came a chance at an apparently dull, routine assignment—examining recruits in Baltimore. Reed jumped at it because he knew that in Baltimore he could study the work being done by the medical pioneers who were already making Johns Hopkins famous: William Osler (in person!), William H. Welch, Howard A. Kelly, William S. Halsted.

Examining recruits took little time; most of Reed's days and evenings were spent at the Johns Hopkins. The wise doctors there, quickly sizing him up as a man out of the ordinary, welcomed him to their lectures, laboratories and clinics. By 1892 Captain Reed began attracting attention by learned papers of his own on typhoid, pneumonia, malaria, and diphtheria. And in 1893 Major Reed was chosen as professor of pathology and bacteriology at the new Army Medical School established in Washington by Surg. Gen. George M. Sternberg.

When the appointment was announced, Doctor Sternberg received a letter. It read in part: "I am delighted to see that you have appointed Doctor Reed to one of your professorships." It was signed by William Osler.

Reed first began an intensive study of yellow fever in 1897. His first achievement was to prove that the disease was not caused by a bacillus. When the Army established a Yellow Fever Board in 1900 to study the epidemic in Cuba, Major Reed was the logical man to head it.

Under the strain of his experiments, of double-checking his conclusions and defending them against a host of skeptics, Major Reed, like many another doctor, neglected certain symptoms of his own. Back in Washington in 1902 his digestive trouble and stomach pain became acute. He realized he had appendicitis. When his friend Maj. William C. Borden operated, the infection had spread too far for cure. Reed died a few days later of peritonitis.

Major Borden was almost prostrated with grief that his skill had failed to save the life of his loved and revered friend. He occupied himself with plans for a hospital which would be worthy of Reed's memory. He drew up blueprints, sketches and estimates for a great project to cost $9,600,000. Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, had the vision to approve the idea, but others, including members of Congress, thought any such sum for an Army hospital in peacetime was preposterous. They labeled it Borden's Dream.

Undiscouraged, Major Borden haunted the corridors of the Capitol for nearly three years, trying to win support for an appropriation. Reluctantly he scaled down his plans and estimates to $1,000,000 and below. But the good doctor, not wise in the ways of politics, got only polite brush-offs.

In his days of weary waiting Borden had come to know one of the Senate doorkeepers—a one-armed Union veteran. The old man complained of persistent pain in his stump. Borden took him over to the ramshackle old Army hospital at Washington Barracks and by a simple neuroma operation relieved the pain. The doorkeeper veteran was intensely grateful. One day in 1905 he took Major Borden confidentially aside.

"Listen, doc," he said, "I know what you're after and I'm for it. But you ain't getting nowhere." Then, respectfully, he told the doctor some of the elementary political facts of life. He named the real movers and shakers who could get things through committees and promised his help. Within a few months, on the last day of the session, the appropriation slipped through: "total cost of the hospital including land not to exceed $300,000." Not much, but a start for the small hospital named for Walter Reed which was to open four years later.

Thus, as though providentially, an amputee gave the critically needed boost toward the medical center which, in years to come, was to help so many thousand other amputees to resume normal living. Walter Reed's A.P.R.L. (Army Prosthetics Research Laboratory) has in the last fourteen years led the world in improving the functioning and comfort of artificial arms, hands and other prostheses. A.P.R.L.'s presiding genius, Col. Maurice J. Fletcher, is not a physician. He is an engineer and inventor who has shown inspired ingenuity and devotion in his job. Dr. Paul Magnuson, the noted orthopedic surgeon and former Medical Director of the Veterans Bureau, told me that Colonel Fletcher and his co-workers "have done more in prosthetics of the upper extremities than anybody else in the preceding 5000 years."

Because of this work, amputees can now perform tasks ranging from coal mining to flying airplanes. Corp. Bob Smith, quadruple amputee from the Korean fighting, drives his own car and holds down a good job as operator of computing machines. Another former patient at Walter Reed, Harold Russell, a double amputee, won an Academy award as best supporting actor in the movie Best Years of Our Lives.

The results are not confined to the military. Techniques and appliances developed at A.P.R.L., made available to hospitals, doctors and artificial-limb manufacturers here and abroad, are benefiting the host of persons who lose limbs in automobile, industrial and other peacetime accidents.

Since great medical discoveries are of universal application, those made at the Walter Reed Hospital and its Institute of Research benefit all of us. This was true of Reed's conquest of yellow fever; of Maj. C. R. Darnall's method of water chlorination; of Col. F. F. Russell's and Col. J. F. Siler's achievements in typhoid vaccine and mass typhoid vaccination; and of the findings by Cols. C. F. Craig and E. B. Vedder in tropical medicine and amoebic dysentery. These are just a few of many, and the work goes on.

Remember the appearance of Asiatic flu in 1957? In the spring of that year Dr. Maurice R. Hilleman, then at the Institute of Research, read a little news item about a serious flulike epidemic in Hong Kong. Suspecting a new virus at work, Hilleman alerted the Far East Command, who sent investigators to the scene. Quickly throat washings and blood samples were flown back to Walter Reed. There researchers, working day and night, compared the Hong Kong virus with the great "library" of known viruses maintained at the institute. This was indeed, they found, a new strain of the influenza virus. A sample vaccine was prepared and the findings rushed to the drug industry so that the vaccine could be put into mass production. Thus Hilleman's hunch saved crucial weeks, and got the anti-Asiatic flu vaccine into public distribution in the fall before the worst of the flu season arrived.

Just recently, in April, Walter Reed Hospital researchers reported an important modification to improve the acridine orange-dye technique of cancer detection. Dr. (Capt.) Leroy H. Dart and Master Sgt. Thomas R. Turner, cytotechnologist, appeared before a meeting of the International Academy of Pathologists in Boston. They explained that in 5491 examinations by their modified method, results were as accurate and twice as fast as in the Papanicolaou Technique. The new method has been adopted as routine at Walter Reed.

The Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, located on the Walter Reed grounds near the hospital, has an international fame of its own. It is the consultative, research and advanced-training center in pathology for all the armed services, the Veterans Administration and the Public Health Service. The institute is worthy of an article in itself, and had one in The Saturday Evening Post of May 1, 1954—DOCTORS OF MEDICAL MYSTERY, by Lawrence G. Blochman.

Thus in fifty years Borden's Dream, so long regarded as an impossible fantasy, has been fulfilled and surpassed.

The question I have heard most often since starting work on this article is "Who gets in there?" Who is eligible for care at Walter Reed?

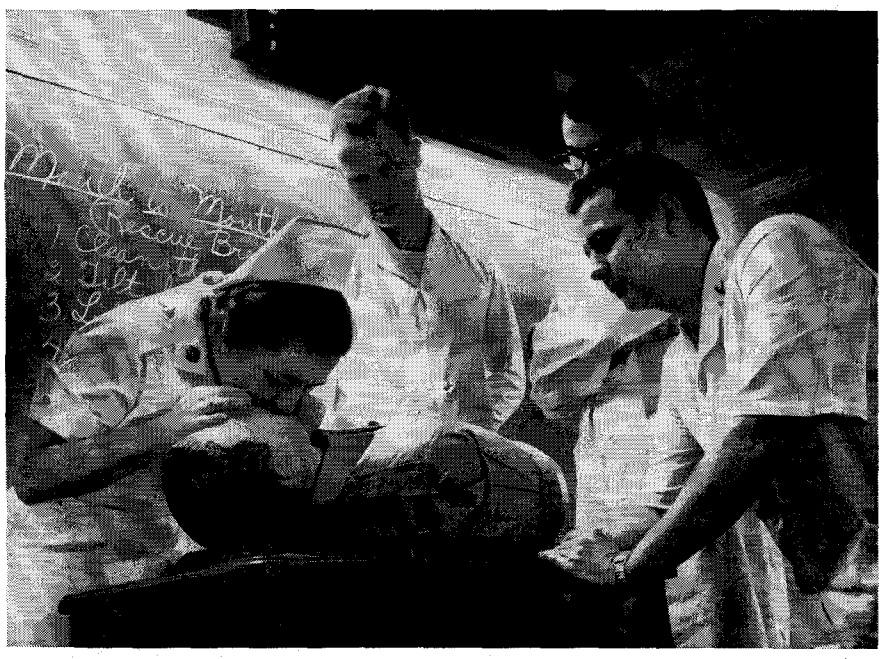
First: Officers and enlisted personnel of the Army and the Air Force and their immediate dependents. These patients come mostly from the Middle Atlantic area, but difficult cases, requiring special care available at Walter Reed, are flown in from any part of the world.

Second: Officers and enlisted men of the Army and Air Force who have retired after twenty years' service, or who have been retired for physical disability after eight years' service. Enlisted men are treated free; officers and dependents pay a subsistence fee of $1.75 a day.

Third: Persons designated by the President or secretaries of the armed services. These customarily include high officials of the Government, members of Congress, and distinguished official foreign guests to this country. If such designees are civilians, they pay a rate set by the Budget Bureau—currently about twenty-one dollars a day.

For ailing servicemen distant from Washington there are, of course, many other excellent service hospitals available—Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine. The United States Naval Hospital at Bethesda, near Washington, is comparable in size and quality to Walter Reed; though it lacks the special aura which surrounds Reed's memorial and Borden's Dream.

Over the years Walter Reed has acquired an aura, an atmosphere, a personality of its own. It is compounded of many ingredients: of the memories of devoted doctors who have labored here, ignoring the greater monetary rewards their skill would bring in civil life; of the



Army Nurse Corps Major Delzena Garrard, a Normandy veteran, demonstrates mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on a dummy at Walter Reed Medical Center.

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heroisms of terribly wounded fighting men, back from the wars; of the beauty of the "campus" (as the hospital grounds are called), with its superb trees, its rare shrubs and flowers, its greenhouses and formal gardens. Even the rambling Georgian brick buildings, obsolescent to the eye of the modern hospital architect, have an old-fashioned air of homely comfort.

Then, too, there is the curious history of the place and its site; the traditions; the humors: this is the only place from which the General of the Armies—Pershing—ever went AWOL. It is one of the few hospitals which have had to issue a ban on racing—wheel-chair racing, that is. And there was the legendary "champagne party" in Ward 34.

The very site is historic. Here was fought the only Civil War battle within the District of Columbia, on July 11 and 12, 1864. Here Abraham Lincoln, casually braving the Confederate fire, barely escaped death from a sniper's bullets. The man who yanked Lincoln to safety behind the ramparts was Capt. Oliver Wendell Holmes, later the great Mr. Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court.

The Walter Reed "campus," now a haven of quiet between the two busy traffic arteries of 16th Street and Georgia Avenue, was still mostly farm land as the hospital neared completion in 1909. So it came about that its first patient was a civilian. A boy named Homer Greenfield used to bring the Washington Evening Star over from Takoma Park to sell copies to the workmen and medical corpsmen putting the finishing touches on the new building. On the way one afternoon, he snitched a few early strawberries from a neighbor's patch. The neighbor chased him, and Homer, scrambling through a barbed-wire fence, tore a jagged slash in his hand. He ran on toward the hospital, his hand dripping blood, and fainted near the door.

His newspaper customers carried him in and placed him on the newly installed operating table. Medical corpsmen applied antiseptics and sewed up the hand. Ten years later—1919—Homer Greenfield was back in Walter Reed. Again he had run into barbed wire—with complications. This time the barbed wire was German, and so were the complications—shrapnel and machine-gun fire encountered by Sergeant Greenfield in the Argonne. It took more than a year and two operations to get him back on his feet. Mr. Greenfield still lives in Washington. When I talked to him a few weeks ago, he had recently retired after a long career as a civil servant and Government administrator. He seemed in fine fettle.

In civilian hospitals, patients are sent home as soon as they safely can be. In Walter Reed, soldiers from areas outside Washington are kept on until they are ready to go back to active duty. This means that hundreds of the patients are ambulatory and fairly vigorous, lending a lively cheerfulness to corridors and day rooms. You can hear animated discussions as hash-marked veterans—and sometimes doctors—refight Anzio or the Bulge, Pork Chop Hill or the Pusan perimeter. Many of the Army nurses, too, have heard shots fired in anger. Petite Maj. Delzena Garrard went ashore in Normandy while things were still hot there, and served in Korea in the perilous territory north of the 38th parallel.

Once things got too lively at Walter Reed. During the Korean War there were a great many patients who had lost a foot or leg, whose wounds had healed, and who were merely waiting in their wheel chairs until the new artificial limb could be properly fitted. Young and full of energy, they took to racing their wheel chairs down the long ramps which connect the various floors and wards of the hospital. They found they could make the best speed backward. Soon nurses and doctors were terrified to see their "invalid" patients careering backward down the ramps at speeds estimated up to thirty miles per hour. It took a strict Army order to end the racing season. The information booklet issued to all patients, including elderly celebrities, still contains this reminder: "Wheel chairs will be operated slowly, in order not to endanger yourself, your fellow patients, or Government property."

It is not recorded that John J. (Black Jack) Pershing, General of the Armies, ever raced a wheel chair. But he still had enough of the Old Nick in him to go AWOL from Walter Reed at the age of eighty-seven. I am indebted for this account to Col. John M. Virden, USAF (Ret.), combat veteran and writer. He is also the chipper veteran of two heart attacks. He credits his survival to Walter Reed and the care of Brig. Gen. Thomas W. Mattingly, the cardiologist who attends President Eisenhower. "Uncle Tom Mattingly," declares Virden, "has wings ten feet long."

General Pershing was spending the last years of his life at Walter Reed. In 1947 he seemed to be growing weaker; he was closely attended and kept on a restricted diet. Colonel Virden was assigned a special duty: in case of Pershing's death he was to be the first person notified; he, in turn, day or night, was to notify President Truman, in person. Never far from a telephone, Virden waited the call uneasily. One day the phone rang: Walter Reed Hospital calling, "General Pershing"—faltered the frightened voice—"has disappeared!" Visions of the old general being struck down in traffic haunted Virden's mind.

Now what? Frantically but discreetly he began telephoning friends of the general. Had they happened to see the general today? No. At last he got a clue. A former aide suggested that the general might have returned to the Carlton Hotel, where he had once lived. Virden dashed to the Carlton. Yes, said the manager, General Pershing had registered this afternoon. Now he had ordered dinner sent to his room and left word that he was not to be disturbed.

Colonel Virden, hesitating to intrude on the stern General of the Armies, telephoned Walter Reed for reinforcements. Soon Brig. Gen. George Beach, then in command at Walter Reed, arrived. He and Virden tapped diffidently at the door, and a gruff voice bade them enter. General Pershing received them coolly. After an appetizer of bourbon, he had polished off a roast duck with all the trimmings and was now sipping a snifter of brandy.

"General," began Beach, "this is serious ——"

"Are you threatening me, Beach?" snapped Pershing.

"Oh, no, sir," said Beach. "But doctor's orders, you know—and your diet."

"Very well," said Pershing. "Allow me to finish my brandy in peace, and I will return to the hospital."

The abashed intruders withdrew and waited below in the lobby. "Sure enough," recalls Colonel Virden, "the old general came down in half an hour, stalked across the lobby without a word, got into Beach's official car, which was waiting outside, and was driven back to Walter Reed. General Beach and I were glad to follow by taxicab."

It has never been learned how so famous a patient managed to slip away from Walter Reed unobserved. Apparently his outing did him no harm. He lived until July of the following year.

The Walter Reed Medical Center today is like a small city in itself, with its own chapels, libraries, newspaper, post offices, bank, movie theater, telegraph office, guest house, police and fire departments, commissary, PX shops, laundry, barber and beauty shops, transportation ticket shop, service station, picnic grounds, golf driving range, gymnasium, swimming pools and recreation halls. The gardens and greenhouses, directed by James Melton—who came here as a junior gardener thirty-two years ago—keep the wards and rooms fresh with new-cut flowers.

The hospital has a splendid library—general and medical—from which roving book carts supply the patients with anything from whodunits to textbooks. Advisers are available to help patients who wish to continue their education. One G.I., at Walter Reed for more than a year, progressed from comic books to serious historical studies.

The Red Cross has always been especially active at Walter Reed, where it has a building of its own connected with the hospital by a covered ramp. Its staff, headed by Miss Margaret Bess, is helpful in keeping the patients in touch with their families in other states, and arranging accommodations and finances (if needed) for their visits in times of crisis. The many Red Cross volunteers help the patients with all the little things they cannot do for themselves: shopping, errands, selection of gifts for mother or the girl.

The Red Cross volunteers known as Gray Ladies were first given this name at Walter Reed in World War I because of the gray dresses and veils they wore. Dean of the Gray Ladies is Mrs. Eldridge E. Jordan, who is remembered gratefully by generations of patients for her kindness and outspoken, sprightly humor. Mrs. Jordan, a widow, has had misfortunes of her own. But for more than forty years she has devoted every Monday to "her boys" at Walter Reed, where she particularly favors the amputee wards. She brings her own silver service for her afternoon tea parties. In June of 1958 she gave a party in Ward 34 which will long be remembered. She served fresh strawberries and a cold golden liquid which bubbled. It was poured from what looked like champagne bottles and gave a pop when opened.

The rumor flashed through the hospital that champagne was being served in Ward 34. Intoxicants are against regulations in Walter Reed, and there was quite a flap. Embarrassed officials deferentially asked Mrs. Jordan for an explanation. She laughed gaily.

"Champagne?" she said. "Absurd! Some of the boys may have thought it was. But it was really ginger ale. Just for fun we pretended it was champagne." And who was to say nay to the beloved dean of the Gray Ladies? Yet the legend persists of a champagne party in Ward 34, like so many other legends at old Walter Reed.

Some months ago Mrs. Jordan, making her usual rounds of the wards with her "asking cart" of favors, had a fall and broke her hip. At once high officials waived the usual rules, and Mrs. Jordan herself became a patient at Walter Reed. She is at home now, but still not active again. Recently I telephoned her.

"It's the funniest thing," she said. "Now matters are reversed. Now great flocks of my Walter Reed boys and nurses visit *me*. They bring *me* candy and flowers. But I hope soon to be making my Monday rounds again."

Parts of this article may give the impression that all is cheerful at Walter Reed. It cannot be. The hospital has seen more than its share of sorrow, especially the tragedy of men claimed by death or incurable ills in the prime of their youth. Reed has many brilliant doctors, but they are not magicians, and this, too, has its sad aspect. For many baffling cases, brought here from far places to "the court of highest medical appeal," expect miracles. These patients tend to believe that here at last they will be cured. Their confidence is good therapy in itself. With its help the doctors have indeed, at times, worked near-miracles. But when the touching faith is disappointed, as often it must be, the blow is all the harder to bear.

Among the great physicians who have served at Walter Reed, only a few can be mentioned here. Among the best remembered are Col. William L. Keller, the stern, quiet man who did so much to repair chests damaged by wounds or by the terrible flu-pneumonias of World War I. Also Col. James C. Kimbrough, "father of Army urology," who is recalled as "a huge man with the voice of a bull and the gentleness of a lamb." In Korean War days Maj. Edward J. Jahnke's improved techniques of vascular surgery sharply reduced the necessity of amputations, while the use of the artificial kidney by Capt. John M. Howard and others saved great numbers of wounded from death by shock.

More recently there have been Doctor Mattingly, mentioned above; Brig. Gen. James H. Forsee, the thoracic surgeon who in May operated on Gen. Nathan Twining, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and, of course, Maj. Gen. Leonard D. Heaton, the surgeon whose skill has served the President and thousands of less well-known patients. Doctor Heaton, Commanding General of Walter Reed since 1953, was in May appointed surgeon general of the Army. In announcing the appointment Mr. Eisenhower added the proviso, probably at Heaton's request, that his new administrative duties should not interfere with his prime interest: his work in the operating room. Succeeding him in command at Reed is Brig. Gen. Clement Franklin St. John.

When the yellow fever experiments were at last successfully completed, the tired Dr. Walter Reed wrote to his wife (the same Emilie to whom he had long ago made his plaint about beards vs. brains):

"The purpose which has been mine for all these years, that I might be permitted in some way at some time to alleviate human suffering, has been granted."

That purpose is still being carried forward, through the bright sustaining power of his memory, at the hospital and medical center which bear his name.

THE END

Song of a Person of Puritan Extraction

By Ames Rowe Quentin

To go to bed I have to be
Spiritually arranged;
My teeth all brushed,
My mind all free,
My conscience hushed,
My changelings changed
Back into decent Christian
flesh;
Or else all night
Asleep I grind
My teeth, and thresh
My cluttered mind
Till it sorts wrong from right.

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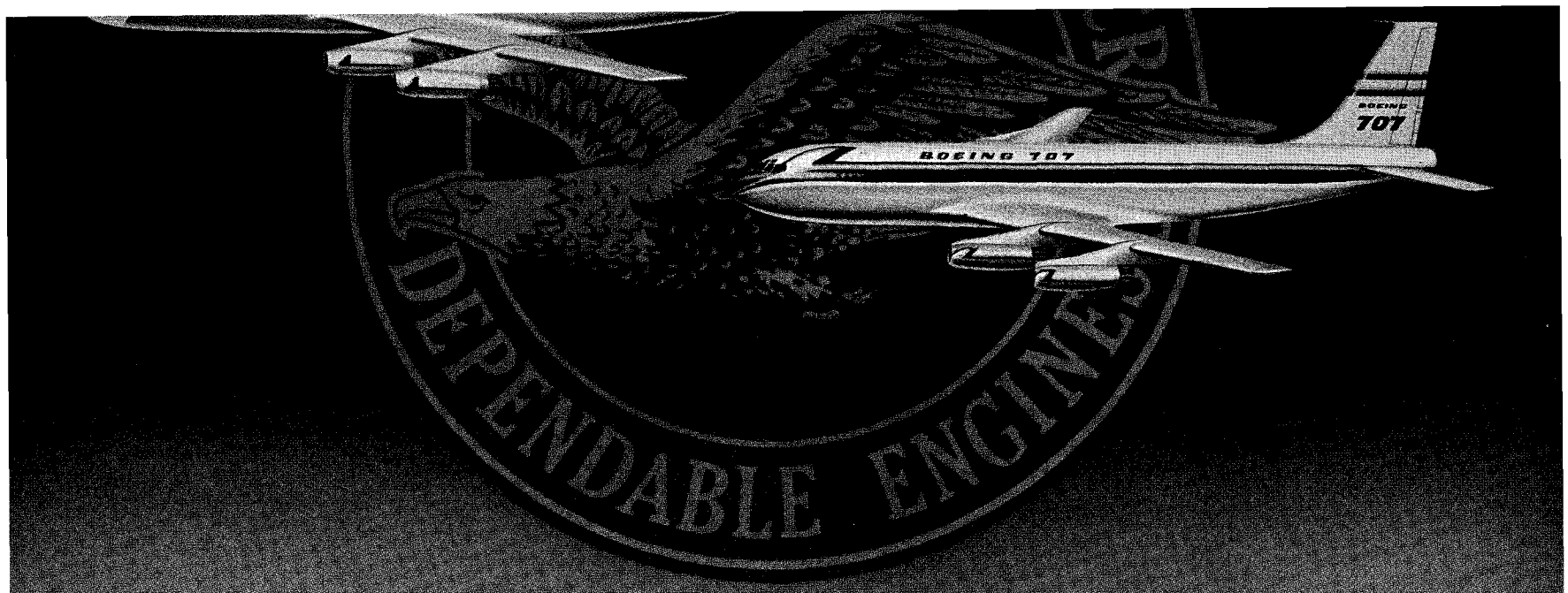

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Anything for Love (Continued from Page 31)

"Yes," she said, "I can see that now." All the gladness was gone. "I'm sorry I had to disturb you, Nick, but what I have to say won't take more than a minute."

"Dolly," he began, because he was no good at this sort of thing. He would have mellowed in his normally sentimental way if Freddie hadn't intervened.

"This is the last day of his heavy training," Freddie said. "He has to go five rounds with a couple of very tough tamales and he'll be a half hour, anyhow. So if you don't mind, ma'am."

He pressed Callahan forward and they went down to the ring. Many sporting Mexicans were in the crowd—pleasant fellows for the most part—voluble and smiling and alert, their shining eyes on Callahan. They were frank idolaters of Baby Joe Seba, the champion of their country. It was natural for them to wish to see the style and quality of Callahan, whom Baby Joe was scheduled to dissect, if not eviscerate, in the bull ring Monday night.

"Don't let them Gauchos bother you," Freddie said, as they climbed into the ring. "Even if you get murdered, they have to pay you fifteen grand."

"I wasn't thinking of the fight," said Callahan. "It's Dolly I'm thinking of."

"She clipped you for five hundred dollars, didn't she? Her old man was never arrested in Los Angeles, so he couldn't have needed the money for bail."

"There could have been a mistake, couldn't there?"

"There was no mistake. We checked the courts and we tried the jails. You got taken for five yards of clean green by an expert, an' there's no use tryin' to change the script. Your ex-manager couldn't have done it better."

Callahan said nothing. He did not wish to dwell on the sins of Sergeant Crane, his former friend, or of Ambrose O'Leary, his former manager, whose various lawsuits, writs and attachments had made it necessary for Callahan to practice his trade beyond the borders of his native land. A sparring partner named Horacio Escobar climbed through the ropes. He was, like Callahan, a middleweight, but squat and powerfully made, with muscles from the top of his socks to the nape of his Size Twenty neck. Freddie kept talking of strategic moves to practice, but Callahan was gazing off to where Dolly had been sitting. The pine bench was empty. She was gone.

Freddie said, "It's as bad as that?"

"It's bad enough," said Callahan.

"How long have you known her?"

"Since she was a kid at Quantico. She was growing up around the marine base there when I took my basic training. That's where I first knew Willy Crane."

"Humph," said Freddie. "From what I saw, I can tell you something. A broad with her architecture can't be classified no child." Callahan just looked at him until Freddie said, defensively, "What's the matter? You in love with her, or something?"

"I'm in love with her—yes. Ever since I first knew her old man. That was eight years ago. She was seventeen at the time."

"I'm sorry I opened my mouth," Freddie said.

"Forget it. It doesn't mean a thing anyhow. She's going to marry a lieutenant commander in the Navy."

"How do you know that?"

"I read the San Diego papers," Callahan said. "Even the sergeant's picture was on the social page."

"Well, God help the Navy," said Freddie Stapes, "as well as the Marine Corps."

The bell rang then, and Callahan turned as much of his attention as he could spare to baffling Horacio Escobar.

The next day was Sunday, and since Freddie was not a church-going man, Callahan went alone. When he came out into the bright, blue-canopied day, the sun was climbing the adobe store fronts and shrinking the morning shade. He stopped to look at a poster advertising the Sunday-afternoon bullfights, which for promotional purposes he had promised to attend. He did not see the two Americans who looked at him as starving men might consider a lamb on a turning spit. One of these gentlemen was named Adam Gittsberg; the other was J. Francis Healy. They were as pristinely in white as busboys or internes, and each wore a fine leghorn hat. They smiled significantly at each other, then entered a small café. Callahan, in his innocence, walked on.

In front of his hotel a 1950 sedan was casting geyser-large jets of steam into the air. It had one tire as flat as an enchilada and heaved with almost animal distress. Dolly Crane held a folded cloth in one hand. She approached the clonking vehicle bravely but with understandable concern, having already loosened the radiator cap. Callahan chose to be witty when the radiator spewed once more.

"If we put some finely ground coffee in that thing, we'd get a nice pot of *espresso*," he suggested.

She looked at him with obvious pity. "Why don't you go stick your head in a nice pot of *espresso?*"

Callahan summoned a young man from the hotel. "José," he called, pointed to the car and spoke in Spanish. Then, to Dolly, "That means José will take care of it."

"I didn't ask you or anyone else to solve my problems. If you'd been a little less rude yesterday, I wouldn't have had to drive down here a second time from San Diego."

"Dolly," he said softly.

"Never mind Dolly. Let's just get it over with." She took a plain white envelope from her bag and handed it to him. "Here." Even before he saw the crisp green notes his shame went around him like an overcoat. "It's the five hundred dollars you put up for pop's bail," Dolly said. "Exactly three months and seven days ago."

"Listen," he said, "I never thought——"

"Yes, I know. The thought of the money never occurred to you. It's why you were so charming yesterday, with a dollar sign in each of your bright Irish eyes."

"Come on now, please," he said, "lay off. It wasn't that I didn't want to believe you, Dolly."

"What was it then?"

"I mean after the fight that night. I hadn't seen you or Willy in a couple of years. I wanted to find out what happened, so Freddie and I checked the police stations and the courts."

"What about it?" Dolly said.

"There was no record of your father's being arrested in Los Angeles."

"Who said anything about Los Angeles? Pop was arrested in Pomona. There was—well, you know how it happens with him; there was a disagreement with some Air Force people in a bowling alley, then the first thing you know —— But never mind—you could have checked a little further, couldn't you?"

"Dolly," he said in full contrition, but the conversation failed to prosper. The sergeant's daughter, whose poise had never faltered in his presence before, leaned suddenly against him, clung to his arm as one might adhere to a trusted uncle and flooded the moment with tears. Callahan, for all his compassion, never felt less like an uncle in his life.

As a warrior in training, Callahan ordered a discreetly non-Mexican breakfast in the small patio off the hotel dining room. Dolly declined the guaranteed-from-Kansas club steak, but thought she could manage a couple of eggs. Her tears now dry and her face repaired, she was lovelier than even Callahan, a man addicted to reverie, was able to recall.

"I've been working in a San Diego bank," she said in answer to one of his questions. "Nothing glamorous, like television. Just paying and receiving, A to H."

The lieutenant commander's solitaire shone brightly on her left hand. The stone was clear, unblemished, small. It seemed to him he could remember larger specimens adorning the brides of several noncommissioned officers of past acquaintance, but he suppressed this thought as petty, unworthy and of green-eyed origin. She saw him looking at the ring.

"His name is David," Dolly said. "David Freemont Coombs, from Roanoke, Virginia. He's rather tall, I'd say, and very good-looking. He was third in his class at Annapolis, and he is thirty-one years old."

"This one's an express all the way down."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's my age," he said quickly—so quickly that it betrayed more of his private thoughts than pride or good manners would have allowed. He felt like a fool. There was a silence while she filled her coffee cup a second time. "I hope you'll be very happy," he said.

"Thank you, Nick."

He wanted to ask how marine Sgt. Willy Crane was to be accommodated in the brass-lined orbit she would know as the wife of Lieutenant Commander Coombs, but understanding Dolly, as well as Willy, he refused to be that cruel. In defense of her father she had ever been the girl on the burning deck, though the strain, he knew, was beginning to tell, and had been the source of her tears. It had to be kept in mind that Willy Crane, while a great marine, could be an unorthodox fellow when he wandered from the base.

"How is Willy?" he said then.

"I guess he's all right, after his fashion." He watched her hand trace the pattern of the tablecloth. "To put it politely, Nick, there were overtones with both the Air Force and the man who owns the bowling alley. He's on probation of sorts even now, and he isn't supposed to leave San Diego except on special occasions."

"Your old man's still a bouncing boy," he said in an attempt at reassurance. "He'll con them out of it one way or another."

"I'm afraid not this time," she said gravely. "He's being sent to Okinawa, exactly two weeks before the wedding."

"Oh," he said. "I'm sorry, Dolly."

"David tried to do what he could with Colonel Gorman—to see if he couldn't at least have the order postponed."

"*Colonel* Gorman?"

"It's been a long time since he was a lieutenant, Nick."

"But he was always fond of Willy."

"I know," she said. "The trouble may be that time runs out on fifty-year-old comedians." Her eyes filled while he watched her, and he feared she was about to weep anew. "Will you talk to him?"

"To Gorman?"

"Please? When it means so much to me?"

"Dolly, I'm not a bright lad from Annapolis. I'm a meatball about to make my last stand in a pit where ordinarily they only slaughter the best-bred beef."

"You're an ex-marine," she reminded him angrily. "And you were once the middleweight champion of the world."

"People forget that, Dolly."

"Colonel Gorman won't have forgotten it. There's never been a time when he's stopped by to talk with pop about the old days that they haven't mentioned your name."

José arrived then and stated that the radiator of the *señorita*'s sedan was a problem beyond the Sunday facilities of the Guadalajara Garage. Dolly seemed alarmed.

"You mean it can't be fixed today?"

"No, *señorita*," said José. He described how the radiator was leaking like an open-end harmonica, and then went back to the Guadalajara Garage.

"I'd better phone David," Dolly said.

"Phone him for what? I can drive you to San Diego. It's only sixteen miles."

"You have to appear at the bullfight this afternoon," she reminded him.

"Come with me," he suggested. "See the *toreros* in their beautiful spangled pants."

Dolly smiled. "I'm sorry, Nick, I can't."

"You mean David wouldn't like it?"

"I didn't say that." She began digging in her bag for nickels and dimes, declining the handful of change he offered. "Excuse me," Dolly said. She got up and

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walked to the lobby in search of a phone. She was gone five minutes.

"David had to take some visiting admiral to Long Beach," she explained when she got back. "No one knows how long he'll be."

"Ah, that's too bad," said Callahan with bland hypocrisy. "Of course, there's one nice thing about a bullfight, Dolly—a girl can always close her eyes."

Toward evening, when the brightly caparisoned mule team had dragged the last fine carcass over the sand, Dolly and Callahan walked along in the heavy mass of pedestrians. Traffic north to San Diego would be slow. The cars on Highway 101, his own included, would move like elephants in a circus parade. Once in the moving complex of the crowd he thought he saw two gentlemen named Healy and Gittsberg, who had never passed as gentlemen when they lived in New York. But the view was poor and he decided he was mistaken. He turned to Dolly.

"Well," he said, "what did you think of it?"

"I was for the bull every time. I feel as though the home team just lost six games in a row." They were close together, of necessity, her arm linked with his own. She said to him then, not masking her concern, "How will it be tomorrow night, Nick?"

"With Baby Joe Seba?" He shrugged. "A little different, I guess. At least he won't have horns."

His pride forbade an admission to Dolly that no man with his largely defensive, live-and-let-live boxing style could expect to do more than last the ten-round limit with a bomb-throwing automaton like Baby Joe. You didn't stop an armored tank with a twenty-two, but you might, if you were careful, remain alive.

It took forty minutes to drive the first five miles. When traffic was halted, which was most of the time, he would turn to her and not say much because he feared the sentiments that might escape. The daylight faded and the sun sat heavy and bloodshot on the rim of the Pacific. The mood kept improving until Dolly said the worst of all possible things. She said, "I think I'd better phone David again."

"David, my foot, and your dear father's knapsack," Callahan heard himself reply.

She stared at him. "Why would you say a thing like that?"

"It's a civilian's privilege, that's why. Your old man's knapsack and the admiral's three-cornered hat, if he has one."

"I don't like your attitude."

"You don't have to like it."

They continued in silence, his fit of pique enduring for about a mile. He looked at her then and Dolly smiled. He felt very stupid. "I'm sorry," he said. "It's just the way I get. Fact is, there's hardly anyone I like as much as your old man."

She moved closer, resting her hands on his arm. "Will you speak to Colonel Gorman then?" Her eyes were filled with the petition. "Will you do what you can—please, Nick?—to see that pop is not transferred?"

"All right, all right. I'll do what I can."

He said good night to her in front of one of those low-slung California apartment units where the colored spotlights play through fern and palm fronds as prettily as a juke box. A sign said, SINGLES, DOUBLES, FURNISHED.

"Good luck tomorrow night," she said and, leaning forward, kissed him. It was a warm but still a cousinly kind of kiss that should not have burned him like a new tattoo. He watched her walk into the building.

"I can understand how you feel," Colonel Gorman said. He was a short, sturdy man, not a great deal older than Callahan. A dented nose and an eyebrow hyphenated with old scar tissue suggested an early interest, if not a proficiency, in Callahan's art. "The Pentagon may not realize the prize it's got, but there's only one Willy Crane, for which I fervently thank God."

"He's a great guy," Callahan said firmly.

"I won't argue that, Nick. We wouldn't trade him for whisky or battleships, but he might be better off in Okinawa. The fact is that Willy, around the home base, makes Sergeant Bilko look like a balding boy scout."

"The transfer couldn't be postponed till after the wedding?"

"I suppose it could, if I stood on my head for the major general and we wanted to buck the Navy. But I also think, in all fairness, you should try to understand Dave Coombs' position."

"His position? You mean the idea started with him?"

The colonel swallowed uneasily. "Did I say that?"

"I think you did, but politely," Callahan said. He stood up then. "It's been nice to see you, colonel."

"It's a good thing I'm not a diplomat," the colonel said. "You won't tell Dolly?"

Callahan just looked at him. "I'd rather tell Orphan Annie that her dog's afraid of cats."

Callahan walked from the colonel's house to his car. He stood with his hand on the door, watching the lights of a Navy plane drop lower and lower to the air strip at North Island, a couple of miles across the bay.

"Hey, Nick!" somebody said. He turned at the sound of the hushed, heavy voice. "How are you, boy?" said Sgt. Willy Crane, and Callahan embraced him. A staff car passed them and came to a stop a few buildings away. From the opposite direction two MP's walked in measured unison. "Let's get out of here," the sergeant said.

Callahan had a glass of orange juice and Willy Crane a tall beer in a small saloon not far from the base. They sat in a booth at the rear. There was a single customer at the bar. A clock on a wall said nine-fifteen, just about the time when Callahan, on the eve of battle, should have been going to bed.

"How'd you know I was at the colonel's, Willy?"

"I phoned Dolly. She told me." The big man looked at his hands. "It was nice of you to try, but why fight City Hall? Where the hell would I fit into Navy society?"

"It's your daughter's wedding," Callahan reminded him. "She wants to be holding your arm when she walks into the chapel. I can guarantee she won't be counting the brass in the pews."

The sergeant's eyes moistened and his big frame sagged, as though the years and all the little sins and large regrets had finally caught up with him.

"Let's not kid ourselves," said Willy Crane. "You know the score as well as I do. Even the bail money she gave back to you was out of her own pocket." He pushed his glass away and smiled mirthlessly. "The father of the bride, that's me. Hell, they'd be servin' sardine sandwiches and ginger beer at her reception if I hadn't come up with an angle to take care of that."

"What kind of an angle, Willy?"

"The fight tomorrow night," the sergeant said.

"What about the fight tomorrow night?"

"Well, there are these two wise guys from New York," Willy said. "Two hustlers, understand, except the proposition's on the level. They're kind of agents for the big sports south of the border who want to bet their money on the Mexican. They bring a bundle up each day or two and bet it here—you follow me?"

"I follow you, I think."

"The reason I say it's on the level is that these guys don't hold the money. They get what you might call a broker's commission—five per cent of what they handle for the Mexicans."

"Do you hold the money?" Callahan asked, and this time the sergeant smiled more validly.

"Now who would let me hold it, Nick? The fact is, we give it to Maury Shields. He's a tech sergeant, with a brother a bishop, and there's nine marines that follow him to the bank."

"What do you get out of it, Willy?"

"Me? Why, I've got the same deal on this end that the wise guys have with the Mexicans. I get five per cent of what our side puts up. I mean there must be sixty guys that knew you at Quantico, and a thing like that's contagious. It catches on. I forget how many buses we've got goin' to the fight, but they told us we couldn't bring the band. Marine regulations. The best we could do was make arrangements with a high-school band." But here the sergeant stopped, and under Callahan's cool, unloving gaze began to look uncomfortable. "It's honest, isn't it?"

"These fellows from New York—what odds are they giving you?"

"Odds?" Willy said. "It's even money, Nick. It's why I figured the proposition was so good. Every nickel I take in on commission—well, I bet it right back that you will tie this tamale in knots."

Callahan controlled himself. "Do you know the names of these fellows?"

"Well, sure. Their names are Healy and Gittsberg." He looked at his watch. "They should be here any minute with another bundle." He watched Callahan close his eyes tightly and bite his lips, as one in exquisite pain. "You know them, Nick?"

"They're friends of my former manager," Callahan announced. "They're from Spivak's Gym on Eighth Avenue, Manhattan, and they've been experts since they were children. That was thirty years ago. They figure with my style I couldn't lick the buttered side of Baby Joe Seba if he stood in the ring like an ear of corn."

Willy Crane had begun to twitch nervously.

"They don't bet on sentiment," Callahan continued, "and they don't sing the 'Halls of Montezuma.' All you did was make it possible for them to win a fortune without stealing."

The sergeant groaned once, but feebly. You could hear the big clock on the wall.

"Nick," he said after a long time, "you were the champion of the whole world, weren't you?"

"So were a lot of guys before me," Callahan said, "but that was a long time ago."

Being on the side of the booth that faced the door, he was able to see both Adam Gittsberg and J. Francis Healy when they came in, large and impressive men in white linen suits and leghorn hats. Mr. Gittsberg wore a rose of Sharon pinned to his lapel, a little wilted from the trials of the day, yet as big and bright as a bloody nose.

"Why, Nicky!" J. Francis Healy said in greeting. "Nicky, Nicky, boy!"

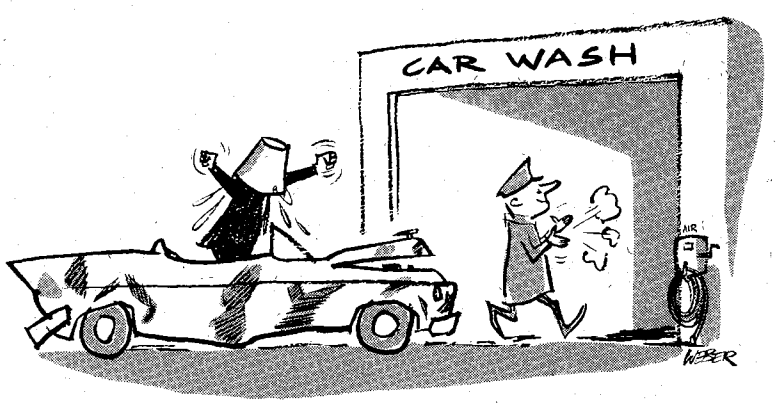
Approximately ten minutes later, according to the bartender's best recollections, the M.P.'s and the city police arrived.

Baby Joe Seba, in a robe as glitteringly sequined as the breeches and jiffy jacket of the proudest *torero*, was already in the ring. He moved in circles with easy grace and slashed the air with his hands. His countrymen shrieked, "*Ole! Ole! Ole!*"

Callahan approached the ring with Freddie Stapes and a man named Gilberto Gomez, who carried the pail, the bottled water, the astringents and other items of repair. His soft fighting shoes were silent on the sand of the arena, his thoughts his own. Freddie clung as close as a chartered ghost.

"I'm warning you to box him fancy," Freddie said. "If you slug with this Gaucho he will knock you out so fast the judges will award him one of your ears."

Callahan did not reply. He was thinking guiltily of Willy Crane in the brig at San Diego. He himself had slugged Healy



The Perfect Squelch

Harry swung his car, a collision-battered relic, into a filling station and halted before the wash rack. He called out to the attendant to wash the car at once—he was in a hurry.

The young attendant studied the dented body and twisted, crumpled fenders, but made no move. Harry said, "Come on, you know how to wash a car, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," the attendant replied. "But I don't know how to iron one."

Clarence Roeser

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and Gittsberg both on general principles and for the joy to be gained. It was the only act of violence he had ever committed beyond the ropes of a ring, but when the M.P.'s and the city police arrived, it was the sergeant who shouldered the blame.

"Sure I belted them," Willy lied valiantly; then, when the local cops, needing a civilian for their own freezer, looked longingly at Callahan, he had a speech prepared. "This boy is a lamb who only fights for money," the sergeant said. "He's got a date in the Tijuana bull ring and he's entitled to get some sleep."

That was Willy for you, Callahan decided; *that was Willy every time.*

Now, as he climbed the brief steps to the ring, he heard the first bold notes of the rented high-school band. A thousand marines began calling his name. Baby Joe Seba, smiling and gallant, held the ropes wide for him to make his entrance easier—perhaps in deference to a former champion, or perhaps in concession to age. It was, in any event, the last of his courteous deeds.

"Fife!" said the referee in what you could call practical English. "Seex!" Callahan rolled over and got to his knees. "Sayvone!" said the referee, and Callahan got up. The noise in his head was equal to the roaring of the crowd. Baby Joe Seba advanced from a neutral corner, throwing his right hand like a ton of frijoles, but a bit too anxiously. He missed.

It was the fourth round, a three-minute episode that a marine might well call "Montezuma's revenge." At ringside J. Francis Healy and Adam Gittsberg smiled. Baby Joe threw a left hook into Callahan's ribs, then a bull's-eye to the head. Callahan grabbed the other man and held tight in a clinch. He could hear the radio announcer prattle on in excited Spanish and was grateful to know that this present pain was not being televised. He hit Baby Joe Seba a token jab at the bell.

"I warned you," Freddie said when he got back to his corner, "you ain't the sluggin' type."

"I'll try again," said Callahan.

"A fine television hero you will be with that nose."

"Glad to meet you, Herbie . . . I've noticed you in our budget for some time."

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Gilberto Gomez gave him a sip of the bottled water and held an icebag against the back of his neck.

"Get out and run the next round," Freddie said.

Callahan took a deep draught of the night air. "I don't have the legs to run."

He walked out as flat-footed as a grandfather penguin and hit the charging Baby Joe Seba a big right hand in the mouth. Baby Joe sat down dramatically, and Callahan tried hard not to betray his own surprise. The referee shouted "Two!" at Baby Joe, holding that many fingers before the young man's puzzled face. A brave one, much embarrassed, Baby Joe got off the floor. He charged with reckless fury to redeem the moment of embarrassment.

Callahan, without the nimbleness of limb he needed for retreat, but with thirteen years of experience to help him now, held to the center of the ring and weaved either within, or just beyond, the arc of each heavy blow. He hit Baby Joe Seba with a straight-from-the-shoulder, swordlike right that made him feel like an Irish Manolette. Baby Joe blinked his glassy eyes and Callahan hit him again. The young man crumbled slowly.

"You were lucky, that's all," Freddie said in the dressing room. "He was a nice brave boy, but he can't take a punch. Nobody ever hit him clean before. It took a man in your dazed condition."

"Why don't you leave me alone?" said Callahan. There were lumps on his head like ripe avocados, and in varying shades of green.

"That dame's here to see you. The sergeant's daughter." Freddie smiled sourly. "Do you still want to be alone?"

Callahan said, "Are you being funny? After what I did last night to her old man?"

"All I'm tellin' you is that she's outside, kickin' the door with six hundred marines." Freddie continued to look at him with disapproval. "You'd better put on your pants."

Gilberto Gomez and a Mexican policeman let Dolly in through the outer door, but not the six hundred marines. Being gentlemen, as well as friends of Sergeant Crane, they said that they could wait.

"Hello," Dolly said to Callahan. She stood lovely and unaccusing with a bright smile on her face. She wore her hair piled glamorously high this time instead of knotted in back." I really came down to pick up my car at that garage," she said, "except ——"

"Yes?" Callahan said.

"Well, Colonel Gorman offered to drive me down, and then he said he had two tickets to the fight. He was very nice about it."

"He can be very nice at times," said Callahan.

"Well, anyhow, he said that since his wife wouldn't mind, he saw no reason why that extra ticket should be wasted, especially when David and I were no longer speaking to each other."

"You and David?" Callahan's scalp began to rise, his heart to pump.

"David," she said softly. "He told me that after last night's shameful publicity, pop wouldn't have to go to Okinawa. He said he was writing to some friend of his in Washington and recommending a transfer to the Aleutian Islands instead."

"Oh," said Callahan. "And what did you do then?"

"I gave him back that atom-sized solitaire, of course, and told him to go strum on the admiral's braid. What else would you have me do?" She smiled then, raising a ringless hand to one of the lumps on his head. "You were so brave tonight," she said, "so wonderful—and even marinelike, Nick." Her eyes grew moist while she looked at him and then, embarrassed, turned away. "I suppose that garage would be closed at this hour, wouldn't it?"

He didn't offer an opinion because he couldn't have cared less. He kissed her gently and then more manfully, and it seemed to him that he could hear the gay, bright music of the rented high-school band. The sergeant's daughter clung firmly. She was not heard to complain.

Death Walk (Continued from Page 29)

He was beginning to feel the weight as the downgrades stiffened, not severely, but enough to let his legs know he toted a load. "We'll paint Kinross red, Morg, the way Ves Jones used to when young. That's how he got to be called Vesuvius—he was a wild man drunk. A poke of dust on the bar, and drinks for the house, eh?"

"My dust," Halsted told him. "I insist on it. Linny can buy a red dress and change her name to Lou, and I'll have a set of whiskers to match yours by that time!"

They rested, Linn sitting sulkily apart. They resumed, traversing slowly across this peninsula of rock and heather and sparse timber that thrust northeast between glaciers. Rested again, the day deepening to midafternoon, muscles no longer fresh, weariness digging its claws deeper. The last meadow funneled them through a boulder patch to the head of a creek-threaded gully.

"You're dragging your can," Mike told his passenger out of a lengthy silence. "Sit higher, Morg. I want you to quit snatching at those bushes."

"Blueberries. I love 'em. When I was a boy in Minnesota ——"

"This isn't Minnesota."

If Halsted and his daughter could stand the gaff, they'd fetch to his old bench camp above the glacier with daylight in hand. Set up for a good night there and next day slug it out with the high ice. Ram through to the Maxada River headwaters before another dark, or with great good luck, even put a stretch of river behind them. Ves Jones had told him about the Englishmen's mine—he was sure he could locate it. Around a mine, even a low-grade hole forty years abandoned, he might find spikes for the making of a raft. Just a handful of old iron would save much time and bother ——

His worn boot nails skidded on granite in the gut of the brushy draw. Falling, Mike twisted, keeping his grip on Halsted's thighs, trying to swing a hip under the smashed foot. He heard Linn call from above, sharply anxious, then his head whacked rock and he reclined in a whirl of galaxies with the creek trickling down his neck and Halsted moaning and cursing in the brush.

A dreamy interlude followed. Halsted's voice came from far away: "Stop fussing around me, Linny. See how he is."

Then she was kneeling over him in the creek bed, in her ridiculous wrinkled skirt and soaked moccasins and shrunken green cardigan. She had, he noted absently, removed the coat and had taken his suggestion about stowing the pullover away for a dry change if needed. The cardigan had lost buttons—but he had a button or two in his war bag; he would dig them out for her tonight. She had a nice figure—not spectacular, but nice. Her hair framed the small, grave, oddly shaped face, and her eyes were wide with anxiety. There was something about her eyes. He speculated languidly. Their color seemed to change with the changing skies. Blue in full sunlight; in this light, gray.

"Mike, please, are you hurt?"

"No, no, Linny," he answered from his comfortable sprawl, the creek chuckling past his ear. "Just a bang on the head." Alison had been prettier by far, but this girl would pass. Her nose was almost back to normal, and he was glad she hadn't broken it. For a girl, that would be tragedy. He liked her eyes, and her mouth, and the shape of her face.

Her hand, exploring his scalp, found the bump. Mike winced and sat up. "Big as an egg," she told him coldly. The elephant, it seemed, still remembered.

Mike reared to his feet. Halsted, sitting with back propped by the packboard, looked lemony of face, but as toughly durable as ever. He had argued at his daughter's plastic kerchief tied under his chin to shield his head from the mizzling rain, and bucked strenuously when Mike bundled him into his own canvas jacket with its double back, front and sleeves. He reminded Mike now, in the too-big coat, of an elderly klootchman settled amid her skirts to watch the bucks spear salmon.

"Hey, pop," Mike said to him, cross with himself and more than a trace sheepish, "why don't you get busy and weatherproof us? That's your racket, isn't it?"

"Don't think I couldn't. If I get up from here, Scotty, I'll give you pop! How about a short smash?"

"Ask her."

"What do you say, Linny?"

"Definitely not, Morg. I don't think you should be given liquor at all." Her glance at Mike was frosty. "I'm sorry he found your bottle of bourbon in the plane wreck this morning."

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"Go buy a hatchet," her father told her. "Go bust up a saloon."

Linn settled with bare, scratched legs outthrust. She did not look beat. Just cranky. Mike reached for a damaged moccasin, peeled it from her foot, and threaded and knotted the lacing. The downhill jogging had worn the toe from her ankle sock. He had dived twice for her loafers, but had failed to locate them in the wreck.

"Any blisters?"

"No."

"My partner, Ves Jones, had the smallest feet I ever saw on a man. Size five, about. He would never wear socks, summer or winter. Used to grease his feet—claimed they stayed warmer so."

She said remotely, "With bear grease, no doubt."

Her word was a talisman. Mike said to them both without change of voice, "Sit still. Don't turn or move. We've got company."

The girl cut her eyes at him sidelong, but she had the sense to obey.

"Big brother is watching us," Mike muttered. "Keep still and he'll go away." It was a devout hope rather than a conviction. He feared and hated grizzlies. Like blasting powder, they were never predictable. You could thaw dynamite in an oven one day; look at it cockeyed the the next and it blew.

He could distinguish the barrel head plainly, with its smallish eyes and stub ears and tip-tilted muzzle. Less distinctly across the hundred-foot gap, he made out the ridged and massive shoulder hump, and the chest faintly yellow-splotched in a freakish mutation. But the hump wasn't up in hackles—not yet—and the teeth weren't popping. He prayed the bear wouldn't rear for a look-see. That spectacle was awesome; it played the devil with the nerves.

"Part of the snow job, Mr. Clendon?" She spoke with a scant stirring of her lips.

From the tangles below and across the creek came a grunt and a retreating crackle. Linn swallowed. Halsted murmured, "Lovely Judas!"

"A blacky," Mike told them. It was a lie, but if they'd failed to identify it, no point in letting them know Mr. Big had very nearly plowed into them. "He was just curious; they never harm humans." He added cheerily, but not loudly, "Must have eased up against the wind. I didn't smell him."

The brutes could move as quietly as ghosts when so minded, but that fellow hadn't been inclined to mischief; the old bear had lumbered off noisily at a tangent to their gully. Traveling, perhaps, bound cross-valley in the direction of the Tantalus country with its salmon-rich creeks, or just mooching through the Maxada with a pause here and there to dig whistlers, the hoary marmots of the high country, from their rock fortresses.

Mike gave him a ten-minute start. Then, wishing his .270 rifle were here and not stored at Kinross, he set his party in motion. For his own purposes, the twenty-two-caliber rifle cut to pistol size and jammed in his hip pocket was adequate. But with a hurt man and a girl to fend for, he would have preferred heavier artillery.

"Black bear, huh?" Halsted prodded him.

"You saw him, didn't you?"

"Sure. Do you think I'm blind? He gave me the eye like a punk on a street corner. Didn't look like the black bears Linny and I used to feed peanuts in their cages, is all I can say."

"You're suggesting again that I'd lie to you, Morg?"

"I certainly am."

"All right, so it wasn't a black. I'm glad Linn missed seeing him."

"What makes you think she didn't? The mood she's in, she figures you just planted him in your little Disneyland to thrill the trippers." Halsted chuckled; the hot damp of his body struck through Mike's wet shirt. "Some days, boy, you can't win. You better get used to it."

He ought to be in bed in a hospital. This was a courting of pneumonia. Perhaps if they'd stayed by their fires in the meadow —— But Mike put the weak-kneed thought from him. The chances had been too slim, his decision inevitable.

"Son, you've got to come home to Oakland with us. I insist on it. I'll take you in to the Optimists' luncheon, by the holy, just as you are, in those stovepipe pants and lady-heeled boots with the fringes in the tongues. I won't allow you a bath, a shave, or even a haircut. I'll tell them about that bear—and how I wish I had him on a hundred feet of color film! I'll lay it out for them, and when I'm through I'll turn you loose with the bagpipes ——"

"Shut up, Morg." He could not readily see himself in Halsted's home town in woods gear, piping at the one-legged paint maker's triumph.

"Why? I like to talk, especially to a captive audience. Wait'll you hear me at that luncheon."

"If that bear's hanging around," Mike told him moodily, "I want to hear him. I can't with you yattering in my ear."

Linn plodded after them, feeling the weight of her load now, the packstraps chafing her shoulders. She had lied to Mike—there were blisters, and she suspected they had broken, and the great ominous bulk of the bear had scared her so that her knees were still weak and her throat dry. It was the nothing-something that haunted this wilderness given tangible form. She realized profoundly that what Mike Clendon had launched them on was no stroll in a park, and while she was convinced still that they should have remained in the meadow camp, the last trace of anger had drained from her. And she had realized, too, kneeling by Mike with her heart in her throat, how utterly dependent they were upon him. If anything had happened to him back there—fractured skull, broken leg—they would have been lost indeed.

That was not a thought to be entertained. She traipsed after, keeping the high red head in sight while she worked to renew her anger. She resented every ounce that burdened her, the jam tin with its free gold, which represented Mike's take for the season, the jar of cold cream he had made her bring from her overnight case, and most of all, his cumbersome, clumsy, utterly useless bagpipes.

Ahead Mike halted where the slope leaped off into space. Linn saw him ease her father to the ground. Hair full of twigs, she limped down to them. She had lost another button; from an occasional look their overgrown Mowgli directed at her, it might be the part of wisdom to do something about those sweater buttons.

"Where's your handbag?"

It was like his other questions, abrupt and churlish.

She groped over her shoulder, then squirmed out of the packboard straps, vexed and dismayed.

"At the last stop—I'll have to go back for it; my ring's in it ——"

"Oh, no, you won't!" This from her father, sternly. "Why didn't you do as he said, duchess, put it in the pack?"

"I needed it. Let me alone." She brooded, mourning lost treasure, itemizing in detail. She felt exactly as she had at the age of seven, on her way to buy comics when her silver dollar dropped down a grating. A kind boy had recovered it for her with gum on the end of a stick, but she suspected from the stoniness of the male faces here—the one flushed and scowling, the other fearsomely bearded and mustachioed—that Providence was unlikely to move their hearts.

They had turned from her. Mike was staring out and down from the lichened terrace on which they rested. The creek spilled over it in a thin, gray-shining filament. Linn crossed to her father, where he sat with his good leg under him, the other stretched before him. That leg seemed not to belong to him. It had become a useless encumbrance, like Mike Clendon's bagpipes.

"Ever see a sight to beat that, honey?"

She answered soberly, gazing through mist across a lonely, lordly valley, "No, Morg, I never did."

"Did you check the car windows?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Maxada Glacier," Mike said. "Tantalus Range on the other side, but a day like this, the peaks are fogged solid." The rain had ceased. A breeze with ice in its breath set the girl shivering. Mike continued to stare out and down. "Edge of the Promised Land." He turned then, and his smile was grim. "Let's hope I do better than Moses. This next bit will be tricky."

The outcrop on which they stood was a rough excrescence bounded on one hand by plunging promontories of rock that rounded to near-vertical bluffs; on the other by a fan of boulders that swept down from the highlands across which they had worked their traverse. Some of those rocks were larger than houses. Fantastically they defied gravity on a pitch that seemed too steep-tilted for descent.

At the foot of the slide the fan widened and spilled against a misted gray highway that wound between ridges. Mist eddied in a wind which did not disperse it, closing upon them till there was only this airy perch, and the flanking rockslide, and the glacier below.

"How do we get down, Mike?" Halsted put the question. "That mess looks like one good holler would pull the trigger."

"We'll not holler," Mike told him. He was studying the bouldery chute again, hard, hawk profile intent. "We have a short stretch, just half an hour or so along the moraine at the bottom, then we make camp. Roof over us, a fire going, and that highball."

"Sounds good. I'll look forward to it."

"How are you doing, Morg?"

"I feel fine. I don't want to upset your schedule, but have we time for a gander at my foot? Damn thing seems to have started leaking."

Blood had soaked through the canvas outer wrapping. Linn saw Mike's quick frown. She said, forestalling him, "Yes, of course, Morg. It's high time we changed that dressing anyway."

Mike said, "Do you think you could attend to that, Linny?"

She glanced at him, startled. "Why, yes, I suppose so. But ——"

"I'd use one of the white shirts and what gauze pads are left."

He turned from them and she asked sharply, "Where are you going?"

"Back for your handbag." He spoke casually over his shoulder, moving away. "We haven't that many cigarettes, and there's your ring."

The mist eddied, the wind sang. A bar-winged bird, hawk or eagle, planed below them. With Mike gone the silence became more profound, and the fear that haunted moved nearer.

But the foot when Linn uncased it, easing the soaked dressing from the flesh, brought fear of a different sort. She interposed her shoulder, not wanting her father to see it, shuddering shocked at the horror her hands had exposed. It was barely recognizable as a human foot, so dreadfully had it swollen. The toes were indrawn, their nails blackened. A bone splinter jutted, startling white, from ruptured skin; it was that, she guessed, which had renewed the bleeding. She touched, tweaked, and the splinter came out easily. The blood oozed for a moment, then stopped.

"Say, that feels better!"

"Am I hurting you, dad?" It was in these later years she had taken to calling him Morg. She returned now, in fear and agony of spirit, to the child's diminutive. She had forgotten—he had made them forget—that he was a very sick man.

"Surprisingly little. It was bad for a spell this afternoon, but now it's kind of numbed off." He shifted his shoulders against the

(*Continued on Page 76*)

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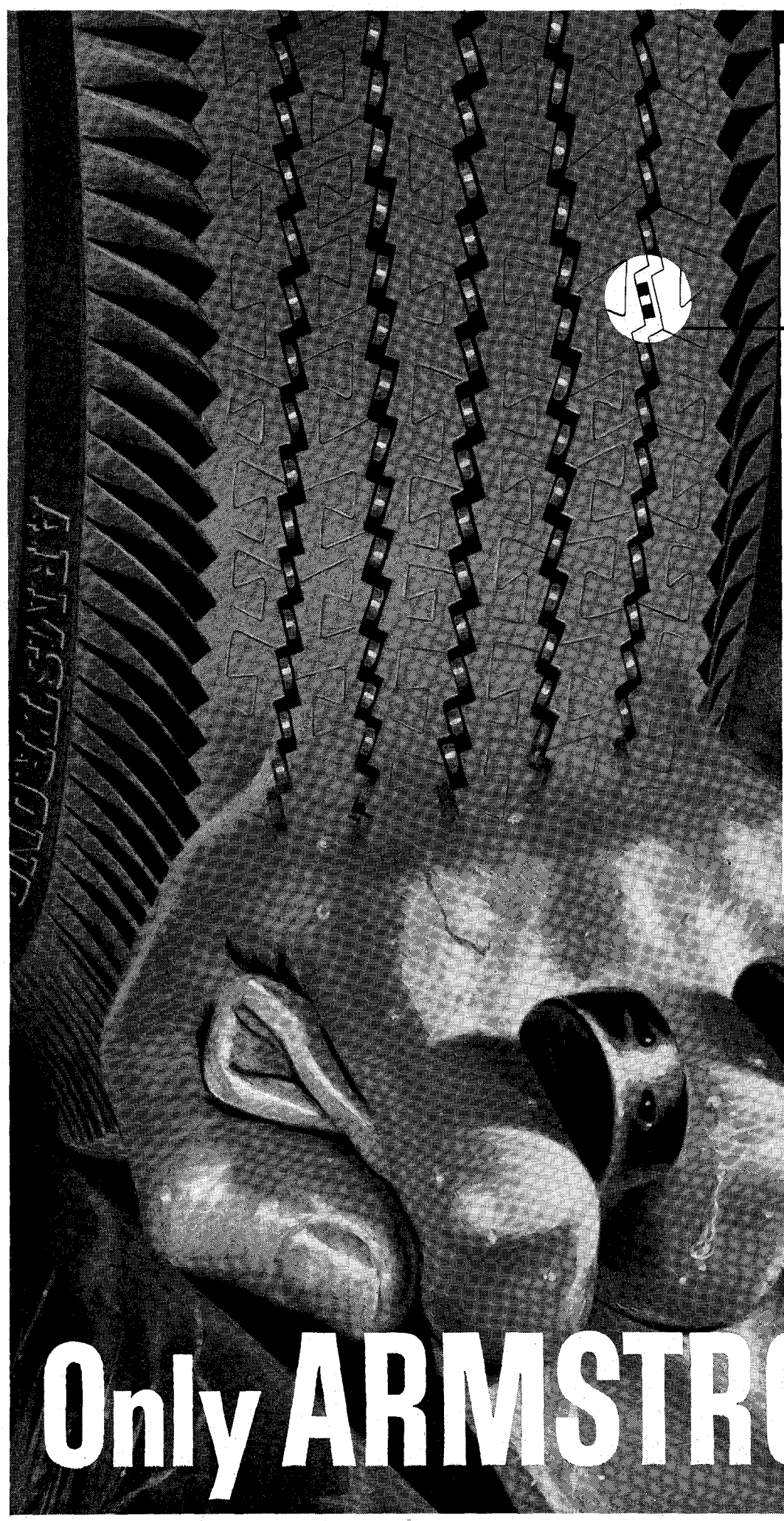

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(*Continued from Page 74*) packboard back rest; craning, she knew, to see. Again she put her arm and shoulder between.

"Stop that." He spoke irritably. "I want to have a look at it."

"Perhaps you'd better not."

"Come on, come on, girl. Move!"

He inspected the wreck. He said flatly, "It ought to come off."

"We'll let the doctors decide that, dad."

He did not pursue the matter, but lay back and stayed quiet while she worked from the opened pack, tearing the back out of one of his white shirts, swathing and securing with safety pins from the first-aid supplies.

"You're a good girl, Linny. You're doing O.K." Halsted took the cigarette she lighted from a metal case picked up in Seattle to hold a reserve match supply. That purchase had been their sole gesture toward a survival kit; it seemed incredible to her, here and now, that they should have flown over wild country so ill-prepared. Her father dragged deep; he attempted a smoke ring. "Doing O.K.," he said to her, "in most respects."

She knew what he meant, but remained stubbornly silent, nursing her resentment and a deepening worry. It was the fall that had driven the bone splinter through the arch of what had once been a foot. Had they stayed in the camp above, that wouldn't have happened.

"Hear any planes go over?" He seemed to be reading her thoughts.

"None."

"Me neither. Even if there had been, they'd never have spotted us, weather like this. Mike did right to move us. I want you to try to get along with that boy, Linny. Give him a break."

"Morg, I'll do anything I can. I'll keep the peace, I promise, and I'm bitterly sorry I blew up at him. It was infantile. But I don't have to like him."

"I don't ask you to, although that would help. Just see you don't add to his load."

"Have I done that?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry about the handbag. I wanted to go back; I didn't ask him to."

"You? You'd have got lost or run into that grizzly. You should have kept track of the bag. Actually you shouldn't have brought it. He left half his outfit behind. And Mike shouldn't have gone back. I never would have, you bet! There's a few things you must get through your head. The main one is that comfort—mine, yours or his—is secondary. The idea is to get a hurt man out fast. I subscribe to it. After all, I'm the guy with the foot."

"Yes, dad. I realize that."

"Linny, I hope you do. You fussed because Mike wouldn't leave us there and head down alone for help. His reasons should have made sense to you. They did to me. If he went out on foot it'd take him a minimum of ten days, and you've seen that mess on the end of my leg, kid. You know and I know it's infected. How long will that keep? And how about food? Even if he left us all his grub and lived off his gun, it wouldn't last us five days. If he tried it the quick way, running the river, he might drown. Mike's never been down it, but he knows of it—and it's a bad one, real bad. If he tried it alone and drowned, we'd be cold turkey, dead, as if we'd drowned with him. Me, I'd a lot sooner drown quick than rot slow while I watched you starve."

The burly shoulders stirred, but the hard eyes were steady in the sweating red face. "Quit figuring on a plane, honey. Luck won't get us out of this, and a plane would be bull luck, longer odds than we draw doing it Mike's way. You see, I changed our flight plan, Linny. Changed it and didn't get round to reporting the change. It was the act of a fool. The fact that I meant to is no excuse, and it don't help to tell you I'm sorry. We're at least two hundred miles from where they'll be looking for us, and even with a good fix, the Lord knows we'd be hard to find in this terrain. So that's it. We head out together, taking the risk because we damned well have to. I trust Mike. I believe he'll fetch us out. I suggest you start trusting him too."

"Yes, dad."

"Good girl." He, too, had gone back a few years. He spoke to her as if she were nine again, waiting to have a set of bass hooks snipped free by a country doctor. "There's nothing I can do except make like I'm tough, keep him amused any way I can. Maybe you can't do much either, but it'll count. What Mike has on his neck is the weight of command—and, two people or a ship's crew, it makes no difference. The commission the Navy dropped on me last war taught me that. I feel it at the plant too. It weighs heavy—I know ——"

His voice trailed into a drowsy muttering. He sighed, and was at once mercifully asleep.

She brooded till Mike jolted stiff-legged down to the terrace with her bag in his fist.

"How was his foot?"

"I don't know, Mike." She opened her handbag and stowed the cigarettes from her pocket, her fingers lingering.

"Go on, you've earned one." Mike offered a match from his shirt. No metal cases for him; he kept his matches sealed in a block of paraffin; each day he trimmed off a few for his needs. Squatting beside her now, he spoke in a careful, casual voice she had come to recognize. "By the way, I've meant to ask you. You lit us a fire yesterday. You didn't ask me for a match, or go into my gear, and you and your dad were both soaked. I suppose you had a cigarette lighter?"

"Why, no. Anyway, it would have been soaked too."

"Yes. I see. Then ——"

"I rubbed sticks together."

Mike snorted. He said snappishly, "Getting back to your dad's foot. Would you say it seemed worse?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. He thinks it's infected. How long will it take us? When will we be out?"

"I'm shooting for day after tomorrow."

"That long?"

He gave her a glance, puzzled, as if perhaps she had made a joke and he had missed her point.

"With luck," he said. "A lot of luck." He reached the half-burned cigarette from her fingers and helped himself to a drag sheepishly. "Can't stand waste," he told her. "My Aunt Meg drilled that into me along with other worthy precepts. You were just letting it smolder."

She had been putting off what she had to do. Delay wouldn't make it easier. "Mike, I owe you an apology. I'm sorry I hit you, and for the way I've acted since. I'll do better."

"I'm glad to hear it." The startling beard masked his expression, but the blue eyes smiled. "Would you be contrite enough, Linny, to admit we Canadians won the War of 1812?"

"Absolute nonsense! It's a matter of record you lost." Having taken the plunge, she persisted. "But I'm truly sorry, Mike, about ——"

He leaned to her and kissed her cheek, and it was equivalent to being saluted by a porcupine. "Ah, forget it! My fault too. My manners are rusty; I'm not used to having girls drop in."

Stretching hugely, he got up. "We'd best rouse the sleeping beauty yonder. That slide won't be easier for waiting. Once we're down, it's fish in a basket. You'll like our camp site, Linny. It's above the ice—a sort of bench. I spent a week there early in the season. There'll be avalanche lilies left—you can pick some for the table." He reached a hand and swung her up. "Hell's own quantity of mosquitoes, but a few may have starved. How's your appetite?"

"Ravening." His kiss had been so light, so casual, that it scarcely qualified as such. But the gesture startled her, and she took refuge in a lightness of mood to match his own.

"Lamb chops for dinner, Mike?"

"You can do better than that."

"Very well. A clear soup followed by duckling. Claret —— No, red Burgundy, I think, and for dessert a peach soufflé."

"Hit me again."

"Roast beef, rare ——"

"Roast marmot, crisp, and if we stretch our legs, maybe trout instead of porridge. There's a bit of a lake above the bench. Do you know what's my idea of a treat after a bush jaunt?"

"Steak, of course. It's traditional."

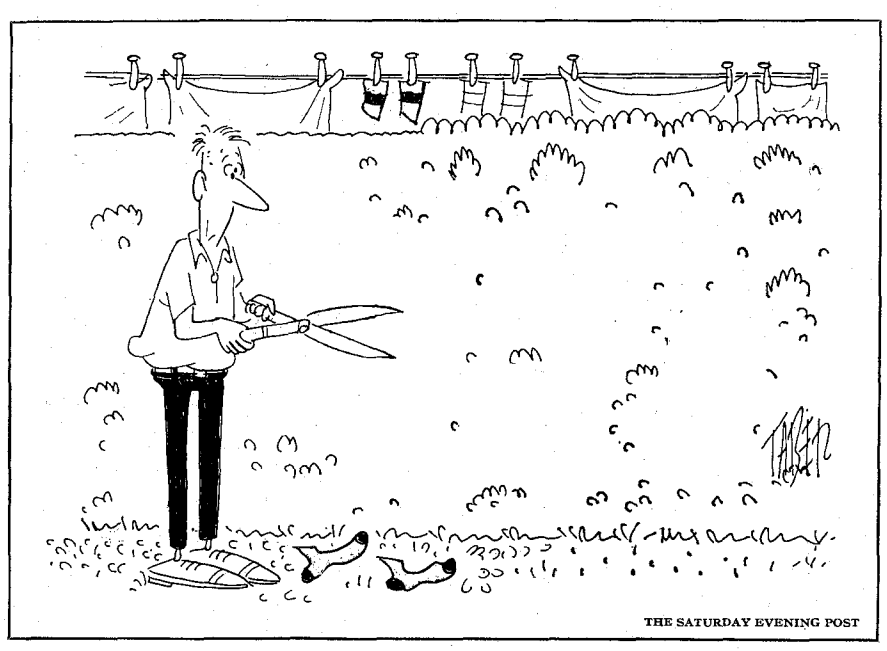
"Keep it! Mine's catchup on cheese."

"I believe I misheard you, Mike."

"A slab of cheese, Stilton or Cheddar, drowned in half a bottle of tomato catchup. There's nothing like it, I assure you, Linny."

"You eat this with a fork?"

"Fingers." He scooped up her battered handbag, the smile still in his eyes. "Here, you'll be wanting this. I'll not travel with any shiny-nosed female!"



She watched them from the terrace lip, not consciously praying, just willing the blocks and slabs to hold their places against gravity this little while longer. She lost them and recovered them—Mike with her father slung across his shoulder, moving slowly, far down toward the ice.

Kneeling still, she heard the rattle and clatter start somewhere above. Whizzing stone fire, an explosion of fragments, caromed down the slide. She waited for the mountain to loose its heavy guns, but no boulder shifted, and the formless shape which had vanished marmotlike into a burrow, reappeared. It picked its deliberate way on down, and presently was angling across the fantail, off the chute, out of her sight.

Mike had told her to wait here for him. He showed again, but Linn waved him back, working out and down from the terrace, careful with hands and feet. A constant purr and slither of minor detritus paced her descent.

Mike met her a third of the way up from the glacier, but she refused to surrender the packboard. They moved on down together, his boot nails clicking, her crepe soles silent, in a rhythm that became as formal as a minuet. The slide dealt kindly with them. It tossed an occasional shard, but spared them any true bombardment.

Her father lay on what seemed a beach of the glacier, a strand of crushed rock that offered an avenue between mountain and ice.

She knew she had been in danger, but this time her knees weren't quaking and she suffered no dry-throated aftermath. Her father's nod seemed to convey judgment and approval. She gave the men a hardy smile, tucked her thumbs under the packboard straps and, not waiting, struck off along the glacier moraine. Her fears and worries and doubts would return full swarm. The sky wept once more, and her feet and legs and back were one throbbing ache. She was a quiet, perhaps even a stuffy sort of girl, engaged to marry a quiet man. Violence she detested. This scrambling about on a grizzly-haunted mountainside had been forced upon her; such melodramatics had no place in her ordered life. Still, just for the moment, she saw herself through the wrong end of a binocular, a shawled but gallant little figure, telling unborn grandchildren how she had fought her way out of a howling wilderness with her own hands, on her own blistered feet.

Morgan Halsted lay in the blanket on another hemlock bed, under another roof of the same. As closely as he could estimate, they had covered between five and seven miles. It was an incredible distance to carry anyone on your back, and his respect for Mike Clendon's toughness had multiplied. Off the rockslide, though, at the start of the easier going, Mike had lurched more frequently, sometimes in places as near level as anything could be in a terrain the good Lord had seen fit to stand on edge. Even their iron man had his limits; they'd better start remembering that. Tomorrow, crutches. He had argued that out with Mike during the afternoon pickaback, and the boy had agreed reluctantly to rig him a set. Back in his Navy hitch—the first, when he was no more than a green Scandian boy off a Minnesota farm—he had cracked an ankle and become real handy on crutches.

The hurt man nursed his drink; warm, dry, and as close to pain-free as he had been since the snag in the meadow pond savaged his left foot. He studied his daughter where she sat by the fire with the rest of the marmot spitted to warm, her brown head turned so she could watch the slope for Mike coming down.

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Halsted had sensed a reaching-out since those two had patched their quarrel. A smile exchanged, an occasional turning of the head as if it were important to know at all times the other's whereabouts. It was a guarded and tentative reaching; both had grown up lonely and, from a word or two dropped, Halsted suspected that Mike as well as Linny still carried the hurt of a first love gone sour.

That kind of hurt developed its special scar tissue. His daughter was going to marry her tame little counselor and, short of the world blowing up in everyone's face, they'd have a pleasant, uneventful life together. Everything predictable and defined, minimum hazard, maximum safety.

And Mike—well, if he'd pegged the boy right, that one was doing his best to transfer his love to a way of life in which he walked tough, self-sufficient and alone.

Mike hollered from up the hill. Linny rose and turned, and Halsted knew by her pleased face that he had done all right at his trout lake. That look the girl wore was strange on her, but still familiar. He had seen it on his wife's face, the evenings of the three short years of their marriage, when he stepped in through the door. But he didn't recall that the counselor, calling to take Linny to one of those affairs he himself could never stay awake through, had been greeted with quite that look.

"Caught some, did he?"

"Yes. Dad, I wish you could see the big clown! He's dragging a bundle of poles and he's acting exactly like a ten-year-old on a holiday."

The thought in her father's mind didn't leap from a void. It had been shaping for a number of hours, the shrewd brain tapping and testing, eying and half-rejecting, only to inspect again and more closely. Now it took form, clear and defined.

Halsted leaned back, wickedly grinning. He projected his startling thought out of the twilight Maxada and down the coast, a guided missile targeted on Oakland or wherever Luke what's-his-name might be sojourning:

Hey, Stuffy ——

He remembered that Luke had a habit of blinking his mild brown eyes once, solemnly, when surprised or perturbed. If it zeroed in, Halsted reflected, that conclusion of his should be good for at least a double blink.

"How are you doing, pop?" Mike hunkered in his ragged shirt in the lean-to mouth. Out where their heathery bench broke to the glacier, the triangle of distress fires flared in the rainy dusk.

"Fine. Next time you call me pop, you're fired. Did you meet anyone we know?"

"As a matter of fact, I did." Mike lowered his voice. "But Mr. Big was moving off down the street; he'd not likely to call in."

"Well, if he does, I have my tree picked. Pour yourself a drink."

"I'll do that. I feel good. I feel lucky, Morg. Actually, we have more chance of being spotted here than above. If a bush pilot happened in tomorrow he'd follow the valley and catch us sure." Mike helped himself to a niggardly touch from the bottle. "You know, this blend grows on one. At a buck a pound an hour, I expect to own half your paint plant when we come out. Shall we convert to a distillery?"

"If you want the truth, son, it tastes like something made in a bathtub. I think it was a mistake, mixing my bourbon with your cheap rye."

"Six ounces of glassware less on your darling daughter's back." Mike smiled at Linn across the fire; and again, strongly, Halsted sensed that reaching from loneliness. "Toward the end of a hard day, even that much extra hurts. First time Ves Jones took me out, he made me cut the handle off my toothbrush. It's a practice I've followed since."

Halsted lay in the lean-to shadows, piped into uneasy slumber, a hard-used man who had weathered the day on will power and raw courage. A thoroughly domestic scene, his daughter reflected; she sewing, Mike busy with green poles and a length cut from his pack rope, lashing up crude crutches. No cat on their hearth, but the fire purring, the rain outside, and across a murky interval, their triangle of distress fires burning bright.

"I disapprove of this, Mike. I mean the crutches. It's a waste of time too. He'll never manage on them."

"Perhaps not. But he deserves the chance to try." Mike glanced at her and away. Firelight worked magic; his rocky face seemed softer by firelight. "You're lucky in your dad, Linny."

It was gently said. Linn felt the familiar stinging back of her eyes, and perhaps he sensed that, for he asked at once, "What's this you're tailoring?"

"A garment. Slacks or the equivalent. I think the kilt is overrated."

"There's a knack to handling it. For one thing, it's recommended you descend mountains on your feet. But you've a fine idea there."

She had put on her ring. It was a well-chosen stone, size moderate, setting not flashy. The diamond's cool fire winked as she turned her father's salvaged dress pants on her knee.

"Knife, please, Mike."

He flipped his short-bladed belt knife, caught it by the point, and passed it to her. Linn attacked the other pants leg. Morg had teased her about Mike's bagpipe recital an hour ago, insisting it was in the nature of a serenade. Wrong, of course; but in these, she thought wryly, she would draw no Highland wolf calls.

She asked him, "How do you spend your evenings when you're out alone?"

He smiled, threading the larger needle from his bag of oddments, and reached for the moccasins where she had propped them to dry.

"I used to think about her in the black Dior. Now it's mostly cheese and catchup."

"Seriously, Mike."

"That's your trouble, Linny. You're too serious, by a long shot. But I have plenty to occupy me. Samples to check, notes to make for my thesis. Then I generally take along a pocket book or two. There's the pipes, and at times I declaim verse just to convince myself I have a voice. Umpty-umpty stuff, mostly. The moderns don't come off well, but Tennyson's grand. With The Charge of the Light Brigade, I'm good. And Kipling. I've bounced The Ballad of East and West from many a mountain. 'Kamal is out with twenty men. . . .' Do you like Kipling?"

"Not especially." She pulled the needle through, looking down at her work. "He's hearty for my taste. 'Give me my scallop shell of quiet.'" This was very decorous; she could almost be discussing letters with Doctor Harkness of the English faculty. "Are you familiar with the Elizabethans, Mike?"

"In a hit-or-miss way." He forced his big needle through leather which no longer needed the backing of a chip to spare his palm. The green moccasins were in sorry shape, and much the worst still ahead. "I prefer the queer minor poets, like Chidiock Tichborne. 'My prime of youth is but a frost of cares.'"

"Executed for treason, wasn't he?"

"I believe so. It was easy to lose your head those days. Then, although I suppose technically he's pre-Eliza, there's Sir Thomas Wyatt, who went to the Tower for pursuing Anne Boleyn against King Harry's interest. A bitter fellow." His needle twinkled. The fire purred, the clever brown hands stitched. "'Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind. . . .'"

"I'm not familiar with that one. Go on, please."

He spoke it softly and, she thought, rather sadly, through to the cheated lover's summation. His hands had stilled; Linn watched them, and noted that the hair on the rawboned wrists matched the red of his beard. Listening, she wondered if his mind had strayed to that girl he had mentioned once with an odd, stiff reluctance, and again, casually, tonight. The one who looked fine in the Dior.

"*And graven with diamonds in letters plain*
There is written her fair neck round about;
Noli me tangere; *for Caesar's I am,*
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame."

She raised her head and he was smiling; and she realized with a small shock, a tingle not quite of dismay, that it was not the other girl he'd had in mind.

"Caesar can rest easy," he said to her. "It's hardly the time or place for hind hunting. Besides, I'm a respecter of closed seasons. Not like Sir Tom in the least."

He nipped thread and took up the other moccasin. "I'd like Morg to try the crutches, Linny, for my sake as well as his. And for yours too. I could take over the packboard. Even an hour would make a difference. When we hit the Maxada headwaters there'll be some rough bushwhacking before we can launch a raft. I'll have to pack him through that."

Later, her sewing done, Mike asleep like a watchdog across the mouth of the shelter, Linn stared out at a black sky sparse-sprinkled with stars. She tried to think of Luke Blaine. But he was farther away tonight than those chilly stars, secure in a world infinitely remote from this one of theirs. Unreasonably she resented him that world.

She had never seen a glacier before except from the air, and had thought of glaciers as static, locked and silent. But this monster below them was lively. It ground its jaws, it sent out ominous near-at-hand cracklings and distant grumblings. The girl lay and listened. Presently a tiny, familiar sound reached her. Her wrist watch—the watch Luke had given her on her twenty-first birthday—had stopped at the time of the crash. But it was ticking now, close to her ear like a small and busy conscience.

Their campfire flamed for an hour, died, and was renewed as charred logs tumbled. In the predawn chill, Linn sighed, straightened her knees from under her chin, and rolled over. Her feet, groping for warmth, settled against Mike's back.

TO BE CONTINUED

Rowing's No. 1 Spectacle (Continued from Page 25)

began before the turn of the century, when everyone connected with the regatta finally got fed up with the swans which claim this magnificent stretch of the river as home water. A contemporary chronicler explains that for many years these graceful birds "occasioned indescribable inconvenience to spectators and participants alike." They are now regularly rounded up and carted away to a temporary resting place by Mr. Turk and his assistants, the swan masters of the Worshipful Companies of Dyers and Vintners.

Some of the swans are owned by the two brotherhoods; the rest belong to the Crown. These three gentlemen, then, collect their charges, take a census and nick the beaks of the cygnets to indicate whose property they are—one nick for Dyers' swans, two for Vintners'. The beaks of Her Majesty's cygnets are, quite properly, not defaced. After the oarsmen have departed, the swans are returned from involuntary exile and put down on the water by the Red Lion Hotel. The river resumes its customary peaceful aspect for another year.

This year the regatta celebrates its 120th birthday. It was in 1839 that His Worship the Mayor of Henley called a town meeting to discuss the question of an annual aquatic festival. Attention was called to "the lively interest which has been manifested at the various boat races which have taken place on the Henley Reach during the last few years." It was decided that "the establishing of an annual regatta . . . would be a source of amusement and gratification to the neighborhood, and to the public in general."

In 1851, under the patronage of H.R.H. Prince Albert, the regatta became "Royal." Today Henley is the place where oarsmen and crews with pretensions to international stature must be seen, a fact recognized even by Mr. Khrushchev.

Rowing as we know the sport today was virtually born and nurtured on the Henley Reach. Here originated such developments as outriggers and the keelless eight-oared shell. Another innovation came in 1868 when the enterprising coxswain of the Brasenose College four-man crew jumped out of the boat and swam ashore at the umpire's call of, "Are you ready? Row!" With its boat thus lightened, Brasenose won, but was promptly disqualified. However, the "coxless four" had been created. Now this event is part of the regular program.

"Well, my dear boating or nonboating reader"—as the rowing correspondent of Bentley's Miscellany began his report on the regatta of 1853—"suppose us to have arrived together on any regatta day at this fine old town on the banks of Father Thames. We will not imagine it could be a wet day, for that is not the normal state of affairs. Well, then, granted fine weather, granted a great rush of Oxford and Cambridge men of all sorts. Some are reading the Times, one or two (I am sorry to say) the Morning Herald; a few that have come together are chatting, while others are wishing to talk to their neighbors, but dare not for they have not been introduced."

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Bentley's man, who signed himself as Oxford Gentleman, hastened to the stone bridge as soon as he arrived on the scene, and there joined a covey of beautiful ladies in an elegant carriage. He and his friends, to whom we must infer he had been introduced, enjoyed a champagne-and-lobster luncheon consumed to the strains of "a band of music."

The Henley Royal Regatta has not changed much since Bentley's man covered it. There is still a rush of Oxford and Cambridge men of all sorts. Some read the Times, and one or two (I am sorry to say) the Daily Worker. There is music. There are beautiful ladies and, for those who have the money, champagne and lobster. The same incomparable stretch of river, backed by green hills, is the stage for the English, Austrian, Belgian, German, Russian, Swedish, Swiss, Dutch, Polish, Italian, Irish, Canadian, Australian, French and American oarsmen who house their shells in tents on its banks. The course is, as it has always been, "about one mile 550 yards." It is marked off to accommodate two crews at a time; all races are staged in a series of two-crew heats.

From Wednesday through Saturday during the first days of July this year, thousands of spectators will pack the awning-covered stands downstream from the celebrated Leander Club, and other thousands who prefer to be water borne will line the booms—or course boundaries—in canoes, cabin cruisers, kayaks, skiffs, punts and runabouts. Most of the beautiful ladies will sit in the stands, although an adventurous few in high heels, floppy hats and frilly dresses will picnic in punts under their parasols. Still farther downstream, past the stands, a carnival will cater to hundreds of children who prefer riding the Ferris wheel to watching young men toiling on the river.

The Thames flows here at a leisurely rate, probably half a mile an hour, and the regatta, a masterpiece of unobtrusive organization, spins itself out in leisurely fashion. On finals day there is a civilized interval for luncheon, and another for tea. The ladies who promenade during these breaks are accompanied by gentlemen wearing boaters, caps, ties and blazers whose fading colors proclaim their various allegiances. The Leander tie is bright pink, which, as one of the officers of that most select of rowing clubs recently announced, "is all very jolly with a blazer and boater in summer, but quite unsuitable for going into town." The "town" tie is dark blue with a row of pink hippopotamuses marching up it.

In these surroundings it is only the young men on the river who are in a hurry. In 1954 the Russians came to Henley for the first time and hurried the fastest. In that year Russia's Krylia Sovetov club won the regatta's top trophy, the Grand Challenge Cup for eight-oared crews. The Silver Goblets (pair oars) and the Stewards' Challenge Cup (four oars) also went to Moscow.

This performance produced a profound reaction in capitalist rowing circles, and the following year the University of Pennsylvania varsity came over to redress the balance. This it did in the Grand, defeating the Vancouver Rowing Club, which had the day before disposed of Russia's Krasnoe Znamia crew. However, the representatives of the decadent democracies were unable to cope with the emancipated proletarians in the Silver Goblets, which was won handily by Buldakov and Ivanov; the Stewards' Challenge, won by Krylia Sovetov; and the Diamond Sculls, the big race for individual oarsmen, which was won by a muscular Pole named Kocerka.

In 1956, an Olympic year, the Russians stayed away, but Kocerka, an indefatigable sculler, was again successful in the Diamonds. The Grand was wide open, with neither Russians nor Americans present. For the first time in its long history the huge cup was carried to Paris, by a crew representing the French Army.

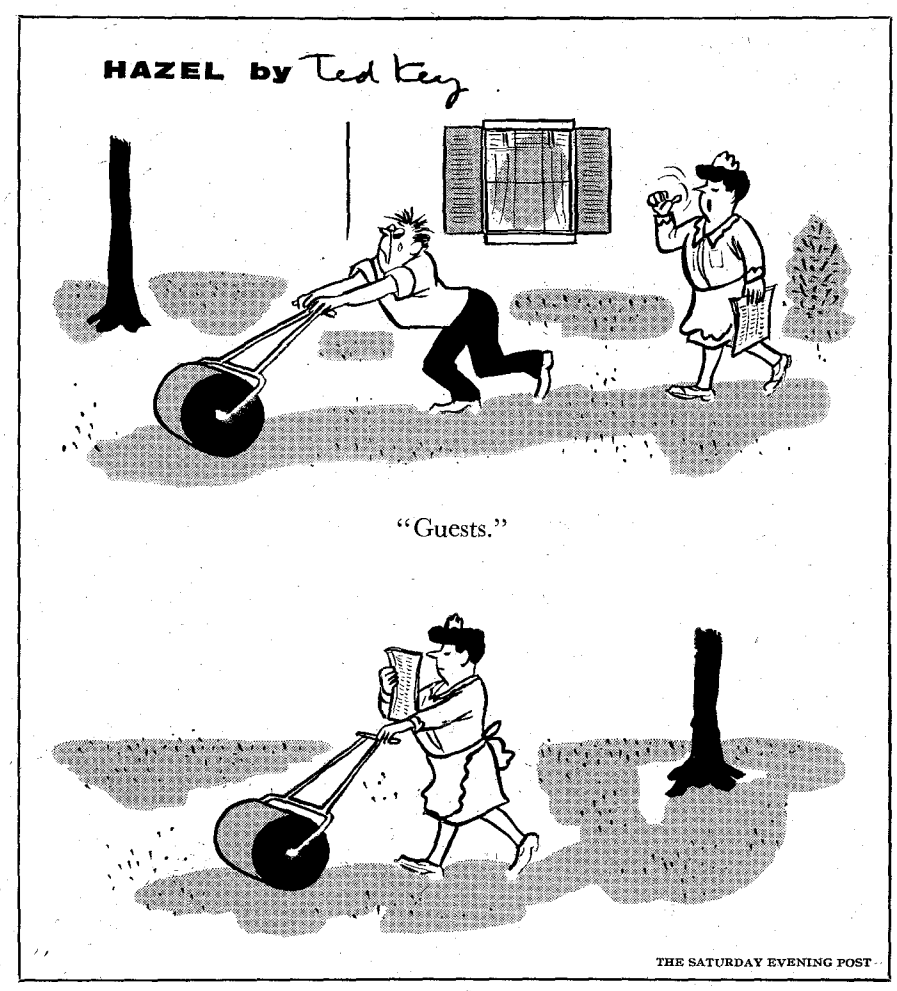
In 1957 the French did not defend, but the Krasnoe Znamia eight came back determined to make up for the mediocre performance of 1955. They came within a length of taking the Grand Challenge Cup with them to Moscow. In a record-breaking semifinal, a Cornell University crew of tremendous power and faultless precision rowed down the Russians. In this contest every record for the Henley course was smashed, including several intermediate ones by Krasnoe Znamia, which held a precarious lead for the first mile. The race had some 20,000 spectators on their feet and quite a few in the river, half a dozen canoes being upset in the excitement.

Even the normally imperturbable rowing correspondents of the London press pulled out all the stops in their descriptions of Cornell's triumph. On the following day, in an anticlimactic final, Cornell went up against a Yale crew with four Olympic oarsmen in its boat. Yale went the way of the Russians, and the cup went to Ithaca.

This victory settled an old score. In 1881 a four from Ithaca had gone to Henley, perhaps stimulated by the example of a coxless four from Columbia—the first Americans to row at Henley—who had traveled with their shell on a steam packet in 1878 and won the Visitors' Challenge Cup. When the Cornell four of 1881 arrived, they were told they could not row. Their entry form, which came in late, had properly been rejected by the committee. The oarsmen from Ithaca had not permitted this formality to deter them, and had crossed the Atlantic anyway.

The Henley stewards' "No" was polite, but apparently firm. As might have been expected, the New York papers raised a tremendous uproar. The London press took up the cudgels in the Americans' behalf in a more dignified way and waged a campaign which was vigorously supported by English oarsmen, who deluged the editors with letters. The stewards finally relented. The Cornell men rowed—and were speedily eliminated. Still, they could sing, and it was in that July that residents of Henley heard Far Above Cayuga's Waters for the first time.

Since this historic hassle the United States record at Henley has been a good one. The Thames Challenge Cup for lightweight eight-oared crews (150 pounds) has been won many times by American entries, some of them from East Coast preparatory schools, particularly Kent. In ten of the last eleven years this trophy has been taken to the United States, by crews variously representing M.I.T., Princeton, Pennsylvania, Harvard and Kent.



"Guests."

Last year Harvard won it. However, in spite of the victory of the Crimson lightweights, American rowing prestige suffered a severe setback in 1958 when the Trud Club of Leningrad defeated the University of Washington by a length and a quarter in the first heat of the Grand Challenge Cup, and went on to win this biggest prize. Sixteen days later the Huskies revenged themselves in a return match against the Russians in Moscow, but at Henley they were a mediocre crew.

This year there are no Russian entries but several American ones, including Harvard in the Grand. Also entered in this event—for the first time in 100 years—is the Oxford varsity.

Neither the Oxford nor the Cambridge varsity has appeared at Henley since 1859, but every year a dozen or more of the individual colleges at the two universities have boated eights, fours and pairs for the different events. There was a time when Jesus College, of Cambridge, turned out good eights. However, Jesus has not had a winner since 1953, when it won the Ladies Challenge Plate (eight oars) in very fast time. Recently Cambridge's Pembroke College has compiled the most consistent record of wins. It is less fun, though, for undergraduates to yell, "Row, Pembroke, Row!"

For many years the Henley Regatta did not receive much co-operation from Oxford, whose authorities forbade undergraduates to row there. This prohibition was regularly defied by Oxford oarsmen, who entered themselves under assumed names and their boats under the colors of "clubs" dreamed up for the occasion.

Such deceptions were not confined to undergraduates. One of the most accomplished scullers at Henley was a Church of England curate whose rector did not approve of rowing. The curate did what other dedicated oarsmen had done before him—he grew a handle-bar mustache and appeared at Henley under a *nom de rame*.

A great many unorthodox performances enliven the Henley records. A gentleman who saw Tokyo Imperial University in the 1936 Grand Challenge Cup relates that this crew rowed normally at forty-two strokes to the minute—most crews go no higher than thirty-eight or forty—and when spurting, struck the incredible beat of fifty-six. The Japanese crew did not win, but must have established a record for blade motion.

Then there was the time when Oxford University won the Grand without a bowman. This happened in 1843. Just before the final—against Cambridge—the Oxford stroke was hospitalized. Oxford reshuffled the seating and, in spite of "horrified protests" from Cambridge, was allowed to row with seven men. This unorthodox combination proved too good for the Cantabs. Since that day no abbreviated crews have been permitted to compete.

In 1872 misguided enthusiasts attempted to persuade the stewards to include an event for canoeists. The rowing correspondent of Bell's Life wrote at the time, "The regatta had been threatened on the second day with the indignity of a canoe race, but the list not filling, the misfortune was averted."

A lot of water has flowed under the stone bridge since the days when a man who had been "a mechanic, artisan or labourer" could not row at Henley, as was the case with the 1919–20 American single-sculls champion, John B. Kelly, a former bricklayer. Kelly today, of course, is a millionaire construction man in Philadelphia and the father of Princess Grace of Monaco. His own son, John B., Jr., came along to win the Diamond Sculls at Henley in 1947 and again in 1949.

As a further indication that the old gibe, "a sculler, but no gentleman," no longer applies, in 1956 a boatload of members of the Poplar and Blackwall Rowing Club, the British equivalent of our Longshoremen's union, reached the semifinals in the Thames Challenge Cup. This crew was vociferously supported in every one of its races. Even bankers are allowed to row at Henley, where crews representing the National Provincial Bank have established a reputation for rugged oarsmanship.

Well, then, "my dear boating or non-boating reader," if you are to be in England during the first week in July this year—or any year—plan to spend one day on the river at Henley. You are certain to find the proceedings there "a source of amusement and gratification." If the weather is right—and it usually is—the countryside will be at its best. You will, of course, see the greatest crews in the world, and when the winner of the Diamond Sculls passes you, just a few feet from where your skiff is tied up at the boom near the finish line, you will get a good look at the world's No. 1 oarsman. And last, but by no means least, if you wander around during the luncheon or tea intervals, you will, I guarantee, see any number of beautiful ladies.

THE END

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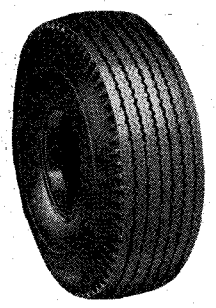

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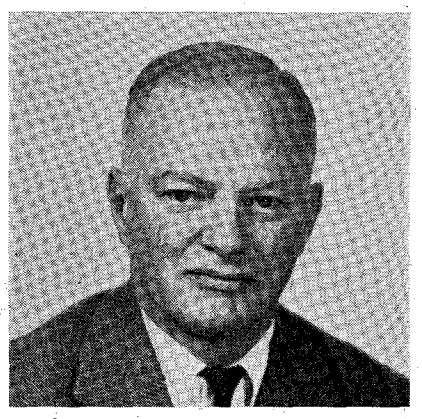

Samuel B. Griffith.

Scholarly Hero

You won't be surprised to know that **Samuel B. Griffith,** who describes England's famous Henley Regatta on page 25, is a student at Oxford University, but to spice this up, let it also be known that he is a fifty-two-year-old retired brigadier general of the United States Marine Corps who was a genuine combat hero of World War II. Furthermore the general, who is reading for a doctor-of-philosophy degree in Chinese history, has two daughters and five grandchildren, and so far as he can determine is the first grandfather who has ever been a freshman at Oxford's New College. The college isn't really very new; it was founded in the 1370's.

General Griffith, an Annapolis graduate, doesn't talk about his combat heroism, but the fact is that he was the first member of our World War II armed forces to win both the Navy Cross and the Army Distinguished Service Cross. As a lieutenant colonel he commanded the crack 1st Marine Raiders briefly in September, 1942, and got the Navy medal for personally leading his greatly outnumbered battalion on Guadalcanal, refusing to relinquish command until relieved although he was painfully wounded. Later the Army's citation came for brilliant leadership of the Marine Raiders in bitter fighting on New Georgia. Before his retirement in 1956 the general held several high staff appointments; and for some years he has written professionally, his work including a Post article in 1950 with Stewart Alsop, WE CAN BE GUERRILLAS, TOO. Author and Mrs. Griffith's daughters are Mrs. Harry B. Heneberger (she's married to a former naval officer who forsook the Navy for banking) and Mrs. Robert Rushing (married to a former Army officer who forsook the Army for the law).

Tales of the Authors

Dan Gallery is high commissioner of Puerto Rico's Little Leaguers.

Author Stephens communes with a shark.

Rear Adm. Dan Gallery, USN, is a busy man. He is commandant of the Tenth Naval District with his headquarters at San Juan, Puerto Rico. Two years ago he found time to originate Puerto Rico's Little League baseball, and he became its high commissioner. "The leagues are busting out all over now. Most of them are from impoverished districts, and you ought to see the boys' eyes shine when we hand out new uniforms. We had to make a rule that the uniforms could be worn only at games, not all day every day." Another Gallery interest is musical—he organized the only American steel band in the world. Actually this is the Tenth District's official Navy band, playing on tuned oil drums which the admiral bought for them; it made a smash hit last summer at the Brussels Fair. Finally, Dan Gallery also finds the energy to be an author, his seventeenth and latest Post contribution being the unusual short story that appears on page 20.

In that underwater picture you see author **William M. Stephens** (page 32) and a nine-foot shark. After writing his article about Dr. Eugenie Clark and her study of the behavior of sharks—they behave all right unless something makes them mad—Stephens tried an experiment at Marineland, Florida. To test how sharks, which have poor eyesight, react to bright colors, he entered the big tank with his diving lung, weight belt and knife painted vivid red, his swim trunks green, his camera orange and his flippers blue. "I guess my face was white when the eight sharks started milling around queerly. They kept swimming at me very fast, veering off at the last second." Marineland officials, watching through ports, said they never saw the sharks so upset, and they made a rule: No more painted divers.

Last winter **Glendon Swarthout** (page 24) returned to his English-teaching job at Michigan State University after six months in Hollywood, where his latest novel, They Came to Cordura, was filmed by Columbia with Gary Cooper and Rita Hayworth starring. His first words to his first class are reputed to have been:

Be, my academic friends, well greeted,
From the lotus land out yonder,
Where pools instead of homes are heated,
And birds, instead of singing, thunder.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Hollywood's Late-Blooming Redhead"

Four years ago she tried to take her own life; now she has an Oscar. The story of Susan Hayward.

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